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Women strange, Stranglers stranger

Page 35

new MUSICAL EXPRESS

A LIFETIME WITH THE BLUES

Muddy Waters' mojo working. Four-page interview with a blues legend. By Charles Shaar Murray

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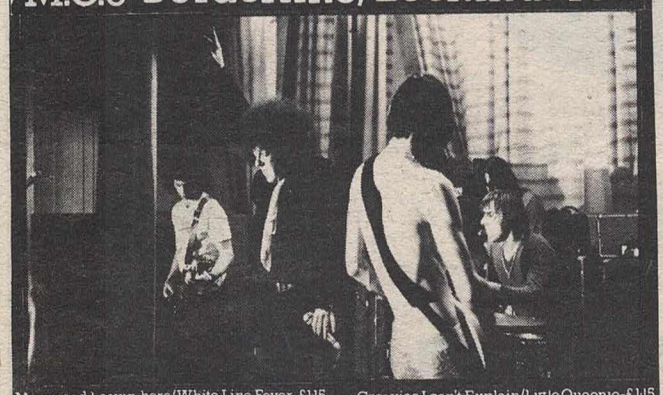

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending April 29, 1972

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	AMAZING GRACE	Royal Scots Dragoon Guards
3	2	BACK OFF BOOGALOO	Ringo Starr (Apple)
2	3	WITHOUT YOU	Nilsson (RAC)
5	4	SWEET TALKIN' GUY	Chiffons (London)
8	5	RUN RUN RUN	Jo Jo Gunne (Asylum)
16	6	COME WHAT MAY	Vicky Leandros (Philips)
9	7	THE YOUNG NEW MEXICAN PUPPETEER	Tom Jones (Decca)
6	8	DEBORAH	Tyrannosaurus Rex (Magni Fly)
7	9	HEART OF GOLD	Neil Young (Reprise)
19	10	UNTIL IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GO	Elvis Presley (RCA)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending April 29, 1967

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	PUPPET ON A STRING	Sandie Shaw (Pye)
2	2	SOMETHIN' STUPID	Frank & Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
3	3	A LITTLE BIT ME, A LITTLE BIT YOU	Monkees (RCA)
4	4	HA HA SAID THE CLOWN	Manfred Mann (Fontana)
7	5	PURPLE HAZE	Jimi Hendrix (Track)
5	6	RELEASE ME	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
8	7	BERNADETTE	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
11	8	I'M GONNA GET ME A GUN	Cat Stevens (Deram)
13	9	SEVEN DRUNKEN NIGHTS	Dubliners (Major-Minor)
18	10	DEDICATED TO THE ONE I LOVE	Mama's & Papa's (RCA)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending April 27, 1962

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	WONDERFUL LAND	Shadows (Columbia)
2	2	HEY! BABY	Bruce Channel (Mercury)
3	3	WHEN MY LITTLE GIRL IS SMILING	Jimmy Justice (Pye)
4	4	DREAM BABY	Roy Orbison (London)
7	5	HEY LITTLE GIRL	Del Shannon (London)
5	6	TWISTIN' THE NIGHT AWAY	Sam Cooke (RCA)
6	6	SPEAK TO ME PRETTY	Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
15	8	NUT ROCKER	B Bumble (Top Rank)
26	9	WONDERFUL LAND OF THE YOUNG	Danny Williams (HMV)
11	10	LOVE LETTERS	Ketty Lester (London)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

C·H·A·R·T·S

SINGLES

Week ending April 30, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	KNOWING ME KNOWING YOU	Abba (Epic)	9	1
2	(7)	FREE	Deniece Williams (CBS)	4	2
3	(5)	RED SPELLS DANGER	Billy Ocean (GTO)	6	3
4	(21)	HAVE I THE RIGHT	Dead End Kids (CBS)	4	4
5	(8)	I DON'T WANT TO PUT A HOLD ON YOU	Berni Flint (EMI)	6	4
6	(5)	SIR DUKE	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	3	5
7	(14)	PEARL'S A SINGER	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	4	7
8	(4)	WHEN	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	8	3
9	(2)	GOING IN WITH MY EYES OPEN	David Soul (Private Stock)	6	2
10	(16)	WHODUNIT	Tavares (Capitol)	3	10
11	(11)	HOW MUCH LOVE	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	4	11
12	(3)	SUNNY	Boney M (Atlantic)	7	3
13	(9)	YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A STAR	Marilyn McCoo/Billy Davis Jr. (ABC)	6	8
14	(15)	LONELY BOY	Andrew Gold (Asylum)	3	14
15	(10)	OH BOY	Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)	7	9
16	(—)	AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE	Joe Tex (Epic)	1	16
17	(12)	LAY BACK IN THE ARMS OF SOMEONE	Smokie (Rak)	7	12
18	(18)	SOLSBURY HILL	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	3	18
19	(24)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	2	19
20	(—)	I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT / FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST	Rod Stewart (Riva)	1	20
21	(25)	THE SHUFFLE	Van McCoy (H & L)	3	21
22	(17)	SOUND AND VISION	David Bowie (RCA)	11	4
23	(22)	GIMME SOME	Brendon (Magnet)	3	22
24	(30)	TOGETHER	O. C. Smith (Caribou)	5	18
25	(29)	A STAR IS BORN (EVERGREEN)	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	3	25
26	(27)	SMOKE ON THE WATER	Deep Purple (Purple)	2	26
27	(—)	ANOTHER FUNNY HONEYMOON	David Dundas (Air)	1	27
28	(—)	GOOD MORNING JUDGE	10cc (Philips)	1	28
29	(—)	SOUTHERN NIGHTS	Glen Campbell (Capitol)	3	27
30	(—)	ROCKBOTTOM	Lynsey De Paul & Mike Moran (Polydor)	3	19

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
I MIGHT BE LYING — Eddie & the Hot Rods (Island); IT'S YOU — Manhattans (CBS); WHERE IS THE LOVE — Delegation (State); SAY YOU'LL STAY UNTIL TOMORROW — Tom Jones (EMI).

ALBUMS

Week ending April 30, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	23	1
2	(2)	ENDLESS FLIGHT	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	16	2
3	(3)	PORTRAIT OF SINATRA	Frank Sinatra (Reprise)	8	1
4	(4)	THE SHADOWS 20 GOLDEN GREATS	(EMI)	13	1
5	(8)	ABBA GREATEST HITS	(Epic)	56	1
6	(12)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	18	4
7	(6)	ANIMALS	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	12	2
8	(14)	THE UNFORGETTABLE GLENN MILLER	(RCA)	4	8
9	(5)	HOLLIES LIVE HITS	(Polydor)	6	5
10	(7)	WORKS VOL. 1	Emerson Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	5	7
11	(18)	A STAR IS BORN	Sound Track (CBS)	3	11
12	(9)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	10	8
13	(11)	PETER GABRIEL	(Charisma)	7	11
14	(10)	STATUS QUO LIVE	(Phonogram)	9	5
15	(21)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	28	1
16	(17)	EVITA	Various Artists (MCA)	16	1
17	(15)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	21	8
18	(16)	EVERY FACE TELLS A STORY	Cliff Richard (EMI)	7	11
19	(30)	MAGIC OF DEMIS ROUSSOS	(Philips)	2	19
20	(27)	SMOKIE GREATEST HITS	Smokie (Rak)	2	20
21	(28)	LIVING LEGENDS	Everly Brothers (Warwick)	3	21
22	(22)	BARRY WHITE GREATEST HITS VOL II	(20th Century)	3	22
23	(20)	THE BEST OF JOHN DENVER II	(RCA)	7	13
24	(19)	LOW	David Bowie (RCA)	15	7
25	(—)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp (A&M)	1	25
26	(13)	COMING OUT	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	7	6
27	(—)	SHOWADDYWADDY GREATEST HITS	(Arista)	11	4
28	(25)	THE CLASH	Clash (CBS)	2	25
29	(24)	DAVID SOUL	(Private Stock)	21	2
30	(23)	IN YOUR MIND	Bryan Ferry (Polydor)	10	8

BUBBLING UNDER. . .
THEIR GREATEST HITS 1971-75 — Eagles (Asylum); SMASH HITS — The Detroit Spinners (Atlantic); IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS — The Stranglers (U.A.); SOUTHERN NIGHTS — Glen Campbell (Capitol).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending April 30, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(3)	SOUTHERN NIGHTS	Glen Campbell
2	(1)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
3	(4)	I'VE GOT LOVE ON MY MIND	Natalie Cole
4	(9)	WHEN I NEED YOU	Leo Sayer
5	(5)	SO INTO YOU	Atlanta Rhythm Section
6	(7)	RIGHT TIME OF THE NIGHT	Jennifer Warnes
7	(8)	LIDO SHUFFLE	Boz Scaggs
8	(2)	DON'T GIVE UP ON US	David Soul
9	(10)	TRYIN' TO LOVE TWO	William Bell
10	(14)	I'M YOUR BOOGIE MAN	K.C. & The Sunshine Band
11	(12)	I WANNA GET NEXT TO YOU	Rose Royce
12	(13)	COULDN'T GET IT RIGHT	Climax Blues Band
13	(15)	ANGEL IN YOUR ARMS	Hot
14	(21)	SIR DUKE	Stevie Wonder
15	(6)	RICH GIRL	Daryl Hall & John Oates
16	(19)	CALLING DR. LOVE	Kiss
17	(18)	CAN'T STOP DANCIN'	Captain & Tennille
18	(20)	YOUR LOVE	McCoo & Davis
19	(11)	DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY	Thelma Houston
20	(16)	THE THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE	10cc
21	(26)	HELLO STRANGER	Yvonne Elliman
22	(27)	DANCING MAN	Q
23	(—)	GOT TO GIVE IT UP (PART 1)	Marvin Gaye
24	(—)	DREAMS	Fleetwood Mac
25	(—)	LUCILLE	Kenny Rogers
26	(29)	FEELS LIKE THE FIRST TIME	Foreigner
27	(—)	AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE (WITH NO BIG FAT WOMAN)	Joe Tex
28	(22)	LOVE THEME FROM "A STAR IS BORN"	Barbra Streisand
29	(—)	CHERRY BABY	Starz
30	(—)	LONELY BOY	Andrew Gold

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

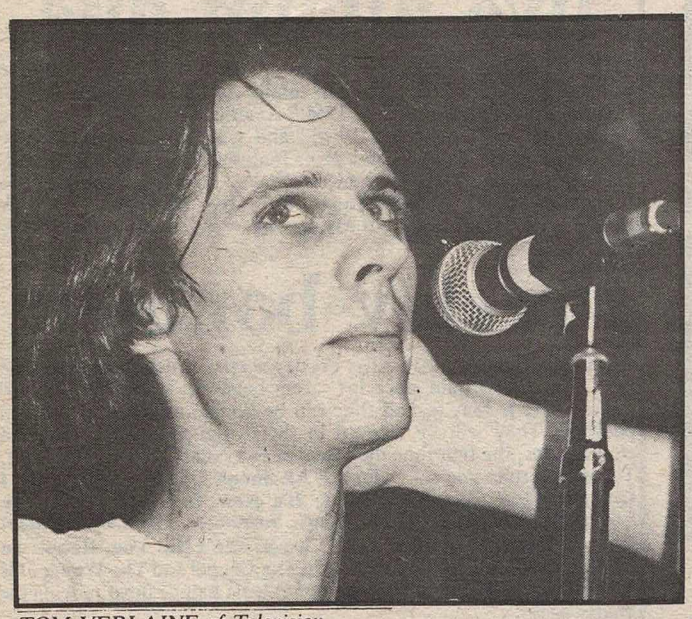
U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending April 30, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
2	(2)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
3	(3)	A STAR IS BORN	Streisand / Kristofferson
4	(4)	BOSTON	Boston
5	(5)	LEFTOVERTURE	Kansas
6	(6)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder
7	(7)	THIS ONE'S FOR YOU	Barry Manilow
8	(8)	NIGHT MOVES	Bob Seger
9	(9)	UNPREDICTABLE	Natalie Cole
10	(11)	SONGS FROM THE WOOD	Jethro Tull
11	(24)	MARVIN GAYE AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM	Marvin Gaye
12	(13)	A ROCK AND ROLL ALTERNATIVE	Atlanta Rhythm Section
13	(15)	WORKS VOLUME 1	Emerson, Lake & Palmer
14	(10)	ANIMALS	Pink Floyd
15	(16)	BURNIN' SKY	Bad Company
16	(29)	GO FOR YOUR GUNS	Isley Brothers
17	(17)	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE	Steve Miller Band
18	(12)	LOVE AT THE GREEK	Neil Diamond
19	(20)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra
20	(22)	SILK DEGREES	Boz Scaggs
21	(26)	ROCKY	Original Motion Picture Score
22	(23)	JEFF BECK WITH THE JAN HAMMER GROUP LIVE	Jeff Beck
23	(14)	YEAR OF THE CAT	Al Stewart
24	(—)	COMMODORES	Commodores
25	(19)	IN FLIGHT	George Benson
26	(27)	CAROLINA DREAMS	Marshall Tucker Band
27	(28)	BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US	Hall & Oates
28	(18)	ASK RUFUS	Rufus featuring Chaka Khan
29	(21)	GREATEST HITS	Linda Ronstadt
30	(25)	WINGS OVER AMERICA	Wings

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

Television, Blondie touring together



TOM VERLAINE of Television

TWO OF AMERICA'S hottest new bands, Television and Blondie, are to tour Britain together next month. Plans for them both to come over during the spring have already been reported by NME, and they were originally expected to tour separately, but now promoters Straight Music have decided to team them on the same bill.

Dates confirmed this week are Glasgow Apollo (May 22), Newcastle City Hall (23), Sheffield City Hall (24), Manchester Free Trade Hall (26), Birmingham Odeon (27), London Hammersmith Odeon (28), Plymouth Top Rank (30) and Bristol Colston Hall (31).

Tickets are available now priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50 at all venues, except Glasgow where extra £1 seats are available.

Television are currently climbing the NME charts with their "Marquee Moon" album and single, and Blondie — whose debut album has their name as its title — are primarily a vehicle for incredible girl rocker Debbie Harry. Both acts have been attracting rave reviews on the U.S. gig circuit, and it will be their debut in Britain.

The bill will be completed by a third act, probably a local new-wave band from the respective areas in the itinerary. The Cortinas are already set for Bristol.

DEBBIE HARRY of Blondie

ACE DATES CANCELLED

ACE have cancelled their British tour at short notice. It would have been their first for almost 18 months, following their year-long stay in California, and it was scheduled to open in Dundee tonight (Thursday). The tour had been set up partly to re-establish the band in Britain, and partly to promote their current Anchor album "No Strings," released at the beginning of this year.

Manager Tony Dimitriades' official reason for calling off the tour is: "Folowing our recent overwhelming American schedule, it has proved impossible to prepare properly for this tour, and it would be financial suicide for us to embark on such a venture at this time."

He said he hoped the tour could be re-arranged at a later date, but added: "The biggest problem is the economics of touring in the U.K. today. In America, we can earn a living — but in Britain, the monetary powers don't make that possible."

NME understands that this guarded statement hides a dispute between Ace and their record company. The band had hoped that Anchor would help to subsidise their tour, but the company apparently would not agree to this. At presstime, there were still hopes that Ace would play their major London concert at Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday, May 8.

H.M. KIDS together again — (left to right) HOLTON, BOYCE, THOMAS, WILLIAMS and PAUL.

HOLTON RE-JOINS H.M. KIDS

HEAVY METAL KIDS are back in business again after a nine-month lay off. Singer Gary Holton, who quit the band last summer because of "musical differences", has patched up his squabble with the other members and has rejoined the outfit. As a result, their album — which has been shelved during their inactivity — is being rushed out. And the Kids are to undertake their biggest-ever British tour.

Since they last worked, keyboards player John Sinclair has been replaced in the line-up by American Jay Williams, who was formerly with Lou Reed in Velvet Underground. He has been rehearsing with the other members — Holton, Ronnie Thomas (bass), Keith Boyce (drums) and Barry Paul (guitar) — since the beginning of this month.

Their long-delayed album "Kitsch", completed before Holton split, comes out on Rak this weekend. And producer Mickie Most is currently in France mixing and editing their new single, a shortened version of the opening track "Overture/Chelsea Kids", for release on May 27.

The band's tour, scheduled to start in mid June, comprises gigs in most of the major concert halls around Britain including London. Their date sheet is being finalised by Neil Warnock of the Bron Agency, and details are expected shortly.

CALE NIXED BY BISHOPS

COUNT BISHOPS pulled out of the John Cale tour this week, playing their final date at Stafford Top Of The World on Monday. No reason has been given for their withdrawal, although a spokesman for Cream International hinted at "undercurrents of discontent."

They will not be replaced for the remaining tour dates, on which Cale will now play an extended set, although The Boys continue to support him. Rest of his gigs are at Swansea (tonight, Thursday), Nottingham (Friday) and Leeds (Sunday), plus a newly-booked date at London Marquee next Monday (2). His date at Canterbury Odeon this Saturday is now cancelled.

It is understood that the Bishops — who also have an extra gig next Monday at London Covent Garden Roxy Club — are likely to support Caravan on their upcoming tour (see separate story).

The new CARAVAN line-up featuring (left to right) GEOFF RICHARDSON, JAN SCHELHAAS, PYE HASTINGS, DEK MESSECAR and RICHARD COUGHLAN.

Caravan: new member, tour

CARAVAN begin a series of British concert appearances this weekend, they have a new recording contract and a new bass player, and their latest album and single are scheduled for release.

The band kick off their spring schedule at Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic tomorrow (Friday), followed by Exeter University (May 5), Cardiff University (6) and Nottingham University (7). They then go to Germany for gigs until May 28, returning home for the second leg of their U.K. tour, running from June 1 to 14 inclusive. Details of June dates will be announced in a week or two.

After a lengthy spell with Decca, Caravan have now signed worldwide with Arista, with whom they were already linked in the States. Their new album "Better By Far" is due for release on May 20 — it contains six songs by Pye Hastings, two by Geoff Richardson and one by keyboards player Jan Schelhaas. The title track is issued as a single on May 6.

These releases and gigs mark the debut of Caravan's new bassist Dek Messecar, who replaces Mike Wedgwood, now resident in America. Previously with Darryl Way's Wolf and a long-time partner of ex-Fairport Convention guitarist Jerry Donahue, Messecar was recruited by the band in January.

SEGER GIGS OFF TILL SEPTEMBER

BOB SEGER's British tour is now officially postponed until September. Promoters Straight Music had lined up seven major dates for him in early June, and half the tickets for the proposed Hammersmith Odeon gig in June 11 have already been sold.

But Seger suddenly found himself without a drummer for his Silver Bullet Band. Regular sideman Charlie Allen Martin broke both legs in a car accident earlier this year, and Clapton's drummer Jamie Oldaker has been sitting in for him. Clapton now find that he needs Oldaker for a series of recording commitments, so Seger has decided to delay his British visit until Martin is back in action.

● Also postponed is the projected May concert tour by the Brothers Johnson. Reason is that, because of its success, they have extended their current American tour. Promoter Derek Block is now arranging a new itinerary for them in late June and July.

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10c.c. in concert with new line-up

10 c.c. HAVE NOW been confirmed for their first British tour since their extensive personnel upheaval last year, when Lol Creme and Kevin Godley left the band. The co-leaders are now Eric Stewart and Graham Gouldman but, although their tour dates have been announced, details of the remainder of their new-look line-up are not expected until next week.

They play Glasgow Apollo (May 27 and 28). Aberdeen Capitol (30 and 31), Newcastle City Hall (June 1 and 2), Sheffield City Hall (3), Liverpool Empire (8), Stafford New Bingley Hall (10), Manchester Belle Vue (12 and 13), Southampton Gaumont (15 and 16) and London Hammersmith Odeon (18 and 19).

Hammersmith tickets are priced £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50; at Glasgow they are £3.50, £2.50 and £1.50; at Stafford all tickets are £3.50; and at all other venues prices are £3.50, £3 and £2.50. They are available from box-offices and through the usual agencies from this Saturday morning (30).

The tour is promoted by Kennedy Street Enterprises, who have not yet named a support act. The new 10 c.c. album "Deceptive Bends" is issued this weekend by Vertigo, and their latest single "Good Morning Judge" is already on release.

ROUGH DIAMOND LONDON DATES

ROUGH DIAMOND — featuring David Byron (former Uriah Heep vocalist), Clem Clempson (ex-Humble Pie), Geoff Britton (ex-Wings drummer), Willie Bath and Damon Butcher — begin their first British concert tour early next month. And the highlight of their itinerary is a major London concert at the Rainbow Theatre on May 18. But prior to the tour proper, the band play their debut gig at London Marquee tonight (Thursday) in a special show being broadcast live by several commercial radio stations.

YOUR NME

We haven't kept boring you with the details, but the industrial action afflicting the printers of NME (that's right, the same dispute we told you about back in November last year) continues to cause us problems. The dispute is between local journalists and their management, and affects NME only indirectly since this paper is printed by the management under contract. This dispute has escalated this week, effectively barring the NME editorial staff from entering the printing works. The main consequence of this is that we are not able to maintain the normal level of scrutiny over the proof-reading of pages. Efforts have been made to keep mistakes to a minimum and to maintain quality, but we apologise in advance for any errors that may have occurred due to circumstances beyond our control.

Queen: not a London extra

QUEEN are not playing a second night at London Earls Court during their British tour, announced last week. Reports elsewhere suggest they would appear at that venue on both June 5 and 6, but a spokesman for promoter Harvey Goldsmith denied this. He confirmed that June 6 will be Queen's only london appearance, as NME stated last week.

Bandits quit

BANDIT are in the process of a personnel upheaval, following the departure of guitarist James Litherland and bassist Cliff Williams. They are still looking for a replacement for Litherland, who has decided to give up live work for the time being and will be concentrating on writing and recording. Williams is replaced in the line-up by Tony Lester, who has just completed 18 months of overseas touring with Russ Ballard.

Mud touring next month

MUD are to headline a short concert series next month, immediately following their previously-reported cabaret week at Batley Variety Club starting next Monday (2). They open at Southport Floral Hall on May 8, but the other seven dates are still being confirmed and will be announced next week. The gigs aid promotion of their first single under their new deal with RCA, "Slow Talking Boy" penned by John Kongos, issued this weekend. They are also completing an album for early summer release.

ERIC STEWART of 10cc

LONG TOUR FOR DARTS

THE DARTS are the latest upcoming band booked for an extensive tour on the major gig circuit. After three weeks of dates in Denmark, Holland and Belgium at the beginning of next month, they start a British club and college itinerary running through to mid-July. Gigs so far confirmed are:

Keele University (May 25), London Oxford St. 100 Club (31), Chichester Bishop Otter College (June 3), Liverpool Eric's Club (5). Exeter University (21), Newport Roundabout (22), Coventry Warwick University (23), Sheffield University (24), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (25), Southend College of Art (30), Bedford College (July 1) and Fishguard Frenchman's Motel (2).

STOP PRESS: Horslips play London New Victoria on May 15.

RECORD NEWS

Beatles' official live album due

THE OFFICIAL Beatles live album — plans for which have been the worst-kept secret of the year — is finally set for release by EMI on May 13. Recorded during their 1964/5 American tour, it is titled "The Beatles At The Hollywood Bowl" and was produced by George Martin. It retails at £3.35 and songs featured are **Twist And Shout, She's A Woman, Dizzy Miss Lizzie, Ticket To Ride, Can't Buy Me Love, The Things We Said Today, Roll Over Beethoven, Boys, A Hard Day's Night, Help! All My Loving, She Loves You** and **Long Tall Sally.**

Presley bonanza

RCA are reissuing all 16 Elvis Presley singles which have made the No. 1 spot in Britain since his career began 21 years ago. Official release date is May 6, and they can be bought either singly or as a package. They will be sleeved in their original colour American picture bags, the first time they have been available here in this form. Titles in chrononlogical order are **All Shook Up, Jailhouse Rock, I Got Stung, A Fool Such As I, It's Now Or Never, Are You Lonesome Tonight, Wooden Heart, Surrender, His Latest Flame, Rock-A-Hula Baby, Good Luck Charm, She's Not You, Return To Sender, Devil In Disguise, Crying In The Chapel** and **The Wonder Of You.** RCA say they are confident of at least half of them making the charts again.

Ferry follow-up

● **BRYAN FERRY'S** new single is "Tokyo Joe," taken from his hit album "In Your Mind" and released by Polydor tomorrow (Friday). Issued on the same day and outlet is "Rock & Roll Susie" by **Pat Travers,** while **Barbara Dickson** sings "Lover's Serenade" on the RSO label.

● Taken from her newly released album "Glorious," **Gloria Gaynor** aims for the charts with her single "Most Of All," issued by Polydor on May 6.

● **Real Thing's** second Pye - International album, due out on June 1, is "Four From Eight" — a reference to their home Liverpool 8 district. Written and produced by brothers Chris and Eddie Amoo, the set includes a 12-minute "Liverpool 8 Medley."

RCA's Century

● To mark the 100th anniversary of recording, RCA this month issue "A Century Of Sound," a double-album boxed set featuring highlights from their catalogue covering most of that period. Artists range from the **Original Dixieland Jazz Band, Duke Ellington, Spike Jones** and **Jim Reeves** to **Elvis Presley, Perry Como** and **Harry Nilsson.** It retails at £7.38, including a 12-page booklet.

● Singles issued tomorrow (Friday) by the EMI Organisation include "Trans-Europe Express" by **Kraftwerk** (Capitol), "Star" by **Kevin Ayers** (Harvest), "Roxy Roller" by **Suzi Quatro** (Rak), "Sam" by **Olivia Newton-John** (EMI), "Hello Baby" by **Marmalade** (Target), "I Get High" by **Freda Payne** (Capitol) and "Come With Me" by **Jesse Green** (EMI).

● One of Britain's leading electronic composers and musicians **Tim Souster,** who is also Research Fellow in Electronic Music at Keele University, has his first commercial solo album "Swit Drimz" (a phonetic transcription of "Sweet Dreams") released by Transatlantic on May 20.

Coverdale single

● Former Deep Purple singer **David Coverdale** has his first solo single, the self-penned "Hole In The Sky," issued by the Purple label on May 6.

● **Dr. Hook's** new single is "Walk Right In," for Capitol release on May 6. Out on the same day and label is "Right As Rain" by **The Band,** taken from their album "Islands."

Stomu disc deal

● Arista Records have signed **Stomu Yamashta,** who is currently in London completing his first album for the label. Featuring top British and American session musicians, it is planned for early summer release.

● **Carole King** has started work on her first album for Capitol, backed by Colorado-based band Navarro, for release later in the year.

Linda reissued

● The **Linda Ronstadt** album "Different Drum" is reissued this month on the Caps mid-price label, retailing at £2.20. A compilation of classic **Peggy Lee** material called "Songs For My Man," is released through the same outlet.

● **Bay City Rollers'** new single "It's A Game," out this weekend on Arista, was penned by former String Driven Thing member Chris Adams. The group's album of the same title, newly completed in Sweden, comes out in early June.

● **U.F.O.** have re-signed with the Chrysalis label in a half - million - dollar deal. Their latest single, the Love classic "Alone Again Or," is released this weekend. And their new album "Lights Out," the first to feature their new keyboards man Paul Raymond (ex-Savoy Brown), comes out on May 12. The band, who have spent most of their five-year career working outside Britain, began a long European tour this week.

Sun Sound live

BUDDY KNOX

● The Sun Sound Show at London Rainbow this Saturday and Sunday — featuring **Charlie Feathers, Jack Scott, Buddy Knox** and **Warren Smith** — is being recorded for release as a live album on the new Redwood Records label, for distribution in Britain through Pye. First release via this outlet is a new **Buddy Knox** single "The Harmony In You And Me Is Gone", which is rushed out this weekend.

STEELEYE SPAN'S double album "Original Masters" is released by Chrysalis this weekend. It contains 22 tracks selected from eight of their previous albums, plus the previously-unissued "Bonney Moorhen". Span are now writing material for their next studio album, to be recorded in Holland during July.

● Pye are launching a new label called Big Deal. Retailing at 99p, they are all 12-inch 45 rpm records containing four tracks. Among the initial supplement of 12 on May 6 are releases by **Status Quo, the Kinks, Melanie, Trammps, Johnny Wakelin** and **Isaac Hayes.**

News Desk

HEADLINE TOURS

Full House, Slim Chance

FRANKIE MILLER'S Full House begin the second leg of their British tour at Liverpool Polytechnic on May 6. Other confirmed dates are Aylesbury Friars (7), Maidenhead Skindles (8), Cjelmsford Chancellor Hall (12), Cambridge Corn Exchange (13), Sheffield University (14), Croydon Greyhound (15), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (18), Ipswich Corn Exchange (19), Newcastle Mayfair (20), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (24), Swansea Brangwyn Hall (26), Guildford Civic Hall (27) and Cromer West Runton Pavilion (28).

Miller's first single from the new Full House album is released by Chrysalis this weekend, titled "Be Good To Yourself". And plans are being finalised for the band to star in a one-hour TV special during the summer.

RONNIE LANE'S Slim chance, who tonight (Thursday) are at London Hammersmith Odeon as the final date of their tour with the Eric Clapton Band, tour Britain in their own right next month.

Support act is Sparrow, and the itinerary includes a major London gig at Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday, May 15.

Other confirmed dates are Dundee University (May 6), Glasgow Strathclyde University (7), Redcar Coatham Bowl (8), Sheffield Polytechnic (11), Liverpool Polytechnic (13), Colchester Essex University (21), Southport Theatre (25), Barnsley Civic Theatre (26), Newcastle Polytechnic (27) and Bradford University (28), with more still to be finalised.

Stranglers: major tour

THE STRANGLERS are the latest new-wave band to be named for a major British tour. Currently engaged in a three-week series of dates in Europe, they return to open at Uxbridge Brunel University on May 20. Other confirmed gigs are at Croydon Greyhound (22), Cambridge Corn Exchange (June 3), Southend Kursaal (11) and the final date at St. Albans City Hall (25).

Many other dates are in the process of being lined up, and these will include two nights at a leading London venue. The band will also play four of five one-nighters in mid-May, before the tour proper gets under way, and details of these are expected next week.

The follow-up to the Stranglers' "Grip" single is released by United Artists on May 6. It is a double-A coupling, "Peaches" / "Go Buddy Go", and it is marketed in a picture sleeve.

ON THE ROAD

IAN GILLAN BAND have made several changes to their debut British tour itinerary, opening this weekend. **Sheffield** City Hall (May 3) and **Bradford** University (13) are cancelled, and **Liverpool** Empire switches from May 4 to 22, while **Birmingham** Odeon moves back one day to May 23. **Newcastle** Mayfair (20) is scrapped, and intead the band play Newcastle City Hall on May 16. They have new gigs at **Plymouth** Fiesta (May 3), **Slough** Fulcrum Theatre (4), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (5) and **Belfast** Whitla Hall (12). All other dates remain as originally reported by NME five weeks ago.

FLYING ACES begin a new one-nighter series this weekend. Confirmed gigs are **London City** Polytechnic (this Saturday), **London Camden** Dingwalls (May 2), **Accrington** Lakeland Lounge (8), **Chester** Quaintways (9), **Petersfield** Mercury Club (11) and **Sunderland** Top Rank (20).

PAUL BRETT is the support act on the previously-reported Kevin Ayers Band tour, which opened this week. He plays a series of dates — yet to be finalised — in his own right starting at the end of May, to introduce his new "Earth Birth" guitar suite.

FABULOUS POODLES are gigging at **London** Marquee (tomorrow, Friday), **Chichester** Bishop Otter College (Saturday), **London Camden** Dingwalls (May 6), **Wolverhampton** Polytechnic (7), **Darlington** Incognito (11), **Dundee** University (12), **Hamilton** College (13), **Manchester** Electric Circus (20), **Dudley** J. B.'s Club (21), **London** Middlesex Hospital (27, **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (29), **Cardiff Top Rank (June 7, Abertillery** Rose Hayworth Club (8), **Burton** 76 Club (10), **Cambridge** Trinity College (13), **Rugby** St. Paul's College (17), **London** University College (18), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (24), **Nottingham** Rutland Hall (25) and **Doncaster** Outlook (29).

THE SUPREMES' major **London** concert venue on May 29 is now confirmed as Drury Lane Theatre Royal. This is the girls' only concert date in their three-week cabaret itinerary, reported earlier this month.

SPLIT ENZ have added two more dates to their British tour, opening at **St. Alban's** tomorrow (Friday). They are **Sheffield** University (May 3) and **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (19).

GRYPHON go on the road to promote their new Harvest Album "Treason", issued on May 6. Dates are **Hull** Technical College (tomorrow, Friday), **Birkenhead** Mr. Digby's (May 5), **Leeds** Polytechnic (6), **Manchester** University (7), **Solihull** Civic Hall (8), **Barry** Memorial Hall (12), **London City** Polytechnic (13), **Aberdeen** University (19), **Edinburgh** Heriot-Watt University (20), **Glasgow** University (21), **Shrewsbury** Music Hall (23), **Nottingham** Playhouse (27), **Southport** Civic Hall (29) and **Scarborough** Penthouse (June 1).

THE CLASH have made a couple of alterations to their May tour, reported last week. **Leicester** Polytechnic on May 13 is now cancelled, and they play **Woverhampton** Civic Hall on May 22 instead of **Maidenhead** Skindles.

AFTER THE FIRE were forced to cancel their April gigs because bassist Robin Childs quit the band at short notice. A replacement is being finalised this week, and they resume gigging at **Gosport** John Peel (May 6), **London Camden** Dingwalls (7), **Grantham** Kesteven College (14), **Abertillery** Rose Hayworth Club (16), **Swindon** Brunel Rooms (17), **Plymouth** Woods Centre (19), **Romford** Albemarle Club (21), **Norwich** City College (27), **Brentwood** Hermit Club (30), **Blackburn** Lodestar (June 2), **Ulverston** Penny Farthing (3), **Egremont** Tow Bar Inn (4), **Bradford** Princeville Club (9), **London Holloway** Lord Nelson (13), **Cardiff** Top Rank (14), **Bath** Viaduct Hotel (16), **Nottingham** Dutch House (17), **Accrington** Lakeland Lounge (19), **Warrington** Lion Hotel (20), **Chesterfield** Blue Bell (21), **London** Marquee (23), **Matlock** Pavilion (24), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (25) and **Ashford** Wye College (29).

GENERATION X and ASWAD are among acts appearing in a special "Rock Against Racism" May Day concert at **London** Chalk Farm Roundhouse this Sunday (5-10.30pm). Other acts set include Carol Grimes and the London Boogie Band, Steel and Skin, and Kartoon & the Clowns.

QUANTUM JUMP have added **Plymouth** Castaways on May 17 to their British tour, opening this Sunday. They have also augmented their line-up by bringing in ex-Nektar guitarist Roy Allbrighton who joins the nucleus of John Parry (bass), Trevor Morais (drums) and Rupert Hine (vocals).

JUDAS PRIEST, who opened a lengthy British tour last weekend, have added gigs at Liverpool Empire (May 7), **Leeds** Polytechnic (16) and **Lincoln** Drill Hall (17). But previously-reported dates at **Liverpool** Stadium (May 11) and **Canterbury** Odeon (17) are now cancelled, and **Glasgow** University moves forward one day to May 6. The band are now featuring a new drummer, former Eric Burdon sideman Les Binks, who replaces Alan Moore in the line-up.

MAGNA CARTA support Ralph McTell on his 15-venue concert tour, opening at **Brighton** Dome on May 10 and closing at **London** Royal Festival Hall on June 6.

REAL THING are being lined up for a short series of selected one-nighters in June, to coincide with the release of their new album (see Record News). Ant top promoter Mel Bush is to present the band in their first headlining concert tour in the autumn.

"LIONEL" is a new musical created from the works of Lionel Bart, with a story line built around his childhood days. It opens at the New **London** Theatre in Drury Lane on May 9 with a cast including Marian Montgomery, Adrienne Posta and 13-year-old Todd Carty as the young Bart.

F.B.I. have added another three gigs to their date sheet, reported last week. They are at **London Camden** Dingwalls (May 26), **London Fulham** Greyhound (June 16) and **Brighton** Top Rank (July 3).

FOUR C & W PACKAGES tour Britain in the autumn, promoted by Ken Cox of Dawn Promotions. They feature Pete Sayers, Culpepper County, Colin Christian and Ron Ryan (September); Jed Ford, Three Wheel and Ron Ryan (October); Tex Withers, Tenessee Stud and Anne & Ray Brett (November); and Patsy Powell & the Goodtimers, Ron Ryan and Pete Kingsway (December).

MUSCLES were forced to cancel gigs during the past week, following a leg operation on singer and keyboards man Geoff Brown. But they resume one-nighters at Folkestone's Clique tonight (Thursday).

CADO BELLE unveil their new stage act at **Sheffield** Polytechnic (May 4), **Grangemouth** Town Hall (5), **Dundee** Technical College (6), **Manchester** Electric Circus (7), **Slough** College (13), **Clacton** Colchester Institute (14), **London Chalk Farm** Roundhouse with Ronnie Lane (15), **Scunthorpe** Tiffany's (17), **Cleethorpes** Winter Gardens (19), **Coventry** Lanchester Polytechnic (20), **Oxford** Polytechnic (21), **Penzance** The Garden (24), **Plymouth** Woods Centre (25), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (26), **Birmingham** Aston University (27), **Loughborough** Town Hall (28), **Stafford** Top Of The World (30), **Cardiff** Top Rank (31), **London** Marquee (June 1); **Liverpool** Polytechnic (3), **Glasgow** Strathclyde University (4), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (6) and **Hamilton** Bell College (7).

GLITTER BAND go back on the road to promote their new CBS single "I Really Didn't Love Her At All", for mid-May release. After Irish gigs this weekend, they play **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (May 9), **Birmingham** University (14), **Douglas I.o.M.** Palace Lido (24), **Harlow** Town Park open-air (June 4), **Cambridge** University Centre (9) and **Oxford** University Centre (24). More gigs are being added.

JAMES & BOBBY PURIFY fly in for a short tour, visiting **Stoke** Bailey's (May 5-7), **Watford** Bailey's (8 week), **Manchester** Bailey's (15 week), **Leicester** Bailey's (25-28), **Barnsley** Montgomery Hall (30), **Plymouth** Castaways (June 1) and **Derby** Bailey's (2-5).

Lofgren extra

NILS LOFGREN has added another two dates to his British itinerary next month. He plays a third concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Monday May 16, following the complete sell-out of his gigs the two previous nights. The other new show is at Lancaster University on May 9. On both extra dates, the support act is again Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers.

County drops his drag act

AMERICAN queen of punk Wayne County has decided to tone down his act. He has dropped what his spokesman described as "camp theatrical excesses" and will not in future be appearing in drag. With his backing band (guitarist Greg Van Cook, bassist Val Haller and drummer J.J. Johnson) he is now going out under the banner of Wayne County and the Electric Chair. Latest gigs are London Islington Hope and Anchor (tomorrow, Friday), Liverpool Eric's (May 6), London University Union (7), London Camden Dingwalls (18), Scarborough Penthouse (20) and Middlesbrough Rock Garden (21).

DICKSON TOURING

BARBARA DICKSON headlines her first concert tour, starting next month and climaxing in her previously-reported London show at the New Victoria on June 4. Provincial dates are Redcar Coatham Bowl (May 22), Birmingham Town Hall (23), Newcastle City Hall (25), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (26), Sheffield City Hall (28), Stratford-upon-Avon Royal Shakespeare Theatre (29), Liverpool Philharmonic Hall (31), Dunfermline Carnegie Hall (June 1) and Glasgow Kelvin Hall (2). The tour ties in with the mid-May release of her Nashville-recorded R&O album "Morning Comes Quickly", produced by Mentor Williams.

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QUANTUM JUMP: 'BARRACUDA'

THE ELECTRIC RECORD CO. wish to apologise to Martin Hall concerning the inadvertent misprinting of some of his work on the above mentioned lyric sheet. The piece should read: "They could be the souls of paratroopers, trapped forever in a state of being about to jump. Imagine their feelings: there they all are making their routine checks and bragging about the girls back home, when suddenly they all hit the ground without even leaving the plane. You can sympathise with that. But then the old rumbling starts up again, and you say to yourself: America was wrong."

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THE ITCHYCOO PARK SHOW

*The re-formed **SMALL FACES** are on the road chasing that old Sixties magic. **STEVE CLARK** is on the road chasing the Small Faces.*

Big Pic: PENNIE SMITH

THE SMALL Faces, albeit the re-formed Small Faces, are whacked. Tired. Knackered. Kaput. Done in. About to drop . . .

Five concerts plus an exhausting TV show in as many days have left them feeling their age. But they're exuberant, with Rick Wills (Ronnie Lane's replacement) particularly high on the success of the past few days.

Steve Marriott still has *some* bounce left in him, but he isn't his normal perky self. He's looking pale and a little flabby round the gills, and he lost his voice three gigs ago — the victim of laryngitis and simply not enough on-the-road experience these past couple of years.

They're also very nervous Small Faces as the time moves irrevocably towards showtime at the Newcastle date of their 12-concert tour.

"Every night's New Year's Eve," croaks Marriott, his voice barely recognisable. "A singer . . . and I can't sing."

He's sipping brandy at the hotel bar prior to leaving for the gig, and complains of aching. As soon as a chair is vacant he sits on it. But then it has been a particularly gruelling couple of days for him, a guy who's trekked around *so* many gig circuits *so* many times. It's a wonder there's any desire left in him to ever see the inside of a dressing room again.

In the last ten years Steve Marriott — first with The Small Faces and later with Humble Pie who never quite delivered what they promised — has been a superstar twice over, first in Britain and then in America.

Of late, though, his career has hit the rocks, with A&M, the record company to whom he is still contracted as a solo artist, wanting him to pursue a solo career and Marriott himself wanting a band.

Says Wills: "Steve did that tour of America with the All Stars last year and hated it 'cause he was outfront. He was like a mercenary, paying everybody's wages. He came home pissed off. He went through it and he said he'd never do it again."

Problems . . . And there was another, more immediate one in Edinburgh this morning. Marriott and the rest of the group were woken up by the loud and incessant knocking of Old Bill on their hotel rooms.

Right, The Small Faces were raided — something that never happened to them in the 60s, although shortly after quitting the band Marriott was busted for dope.

The Edinburgh boys in blue found nothing in the band's rooms and the sum total of their raid was to arrest one of the road crew in connection with an alleged small piece of hash. Actually the police did seize a couple of pills in Marriott's room, thinking they might have been more illegal than the cold tablets he told them they were.

TALK OF a Small Faces reunion has been rife in music biz circles since 1975. Though still with The Faces, Kenny Jones — who'd publically critised Rod Stewart's attitude towards the band — had the idea of the old band getting together for a few reunion gigs at which, for the first time, they'd be able to perform some of "Ogden's Nut Gone Flake", their truly classic album from 1968 and one which took a year to record.

Maybe there'd be a new Small Face album too — but nothing permanent mind.

After all Jones and Ian MacLagan were still, if only just, with The Faces, and Marriott was talking enthusiastically about what turned out to be something of a halfbaked scheme, the All Stars.

Moreover, Ronnie Lane, who'd later turn out to be the proverbial fly in the ointment had established a respectable if not spectacular reputation for himself as a solo artist after quitting The Faces in 1973.

Come the end of '75 and the final, messy end of The Faces the way looked clearer for a more permanant reunion. But Marriott, Jones, MacLagan and Lane were still only interested in a one-off thing which — points out MacLagan — would at least make them some money, something they reckon they didn't see much of in the old days despite scoring ten hits in three years with five of them making Top Five.

But, despite Marriott jamming with Ronnie Lane's Slim Chance at Essex University last year, and The Small Faces' classic slice of tongue in cheek psychedelia "Itchycoo Park" racing up the charts for the second time in eight years, the reunion didn't happen. At least not until late summer, when press interest had waned.

In the interim Jones had finally severed his connections with Rod Stewart and Stewart's manager Billy Gaff.

According to drummer Jones, after The Faces split Stewart wanted him for his own band. Jones accepted the invitation and helped in the auditions for other members.

"I was the only one who knew the numbers," he says. "Rod would be off looning with press. We'd be rehearsing at IBS studios, and he'd occasionally come out of the control box to sing."

After the formation of the

■ *Continues over page*

STEVE MARRIOTT

The way we were . . . (from left) Marriott, Jones, Lane (replaced by Rick Wills in the new line-up) and MacLagan.

Strapps hit the streets

with their new album

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3rd May	PLYMOUTH Fiesta	16th May	NEWCASTLE City Hall
4th May	SLOUGH Fulcrum Theatre	17th May	ABERDEEN Music Hall
5th May	WEST RUNTON Pavillion	18th May	GLASGOW Apollo
6th May	BURY St. EDMUNDS Focus Theatre	19th May	EDINBURGH Playhouse
		21st May	MANCHESTER Apollo
7th May	SOUTHAMPTON University	22nd May	LIVERPOOL Empire
8th May	DUNSTABLE Queensway	23rd May	BIRMINGHAM Odeon

HARVEST

EMI Records Limited, 20 Manchester Square, London W1A 1ES.

SMALL FACES

■ *From previous page*

Stewart band three months of rehearsals were set — in Los Angeles. Naturally Jones wanted to take his wife and son with him, only Gaff didn't, according to Jones, see it like that. Jones' drums were despatched to the airport and BEA called him to say his ticket was ready. *His* ticket.

Says Jones: "They expected me to go to rehearsals for three months in LA without my family. Bollocks. 'Cause I'm more in love with my family than I am with you. Basically that's what made my mind up (to really do something about The Small Faces getting together again)."

And so, in summer '76, Marriott, MacLagan, Lane and Jones played together for the first time since early 1969. And it was so good that they immediately set about recording, scotching plans for a one-off reunion and instead deciding to make the reunion a permanent state of affairs.

The only trouble was that Lane, half of the Marriott-Lane partnership that had penned all those great songs in the Sixties, didn't want to know on those terms and "went off for a packet of fags and didn't come back."

Enter Rick Wills, bass player to Peter Frampton and Roxy Music, then out of a gig and back to working all hours on a building site for £60 a week. The Small Faces had always been one of his favourite bands and he leapt at the opportunity.

Since August the re-formed Small Faces have had an album in the can — and a burning desire to get out on the road and play. Only this time round they've had their hands tied behind their backs by the mechanics of the music business.

With past experiences in mind, they were reluctant to become involved with a manager. At first they thought they could manage themselves, employing a lawyer to handle their financial affairs. And when they did decide on a manager, it was difficult to find one.

Certainly a lot of managers, whose names they refuse to disclose, were interested in the group — until they discovered the contractual jungle from which Steve Marriott had to be freed. For instance, there was his contract with American king pin Dee Anthony, the man whose role in the rise of Frampton shouldn't be underestimated, and another with A&M with whom he had signed in 1969.

The band took A&M boss Jerry Moss their album — but Moss didn't want to know. The group had themselves produced and engineered the record, subsequently to be called "Playmates" after one of the songs. And Moss said he'd only be interested if they got a big-time producer in, say a Bob Ezrin.

The Small Faces didn't agree, so they took their new record to Atlantic chief Ahmet Ertegun, who, seven years previous, had expressed interest in Humble Pie.

Marriott beams at the memory. Ertegun was knocked out. "He knew more about where we're coming from than we do."

The lawyers are still delibrating so contracts between Atlantic and The Small Faces have yet to be exchanged, but "Playmates" should be out on Atlantic in late May.

And the search for a manager? One man who wasn't put off by Marriott's prior commitments was promoter Mel Bush. The Small Faces are the first act he's managed and Bush was only interested in managing a band with the potential to fill 100,000 seater stadiums.

He thinks The Small Faces have that potential. He is confident the group will be drawing 25,000 at outdoor events this summer.

Wishful thinking?

Whatever, after substantial cash settlements, particularly with A&M (who still retain Marriott as a solo artist), Bush nixed Marriott's previous contracts and is now officially in charge.

TEN YEARS on, as Kenny Jones remarks, and The Small Faces can walk through the stage door at Newcastle City Hall with no risk to life or limb. "Those sort of things don't happen anymore unless you're a younger kind of chap," he grins slyly. Kenny, looking like a trendy Des O'Connor, is shaking, partly with nerves and partly with 'alcoholic' tremors. He pours himself a brandy and disappears. MacLagan appears looking mischevious as always and wants to know where the brandy is.

In the five days the tour has been going there's been a fair amount of boozing, Billy Connolly and Roger Daltrey being among The Small Faces drinking partners. Despite the chronic state of Marriott's voice there is no thought of blowing out the gig.

Like Wills says, Marriott is a trouper. His voice was apparently non-existent for the Manchester gig — and yet the crowd reduced the singer to tears with their "Marriott Is Magic" chant.

Tonight he doesn't rest those precious tonsils before the gig and, in the dressing room, goes through a couple of numbers with P P Arnold, a foxy black lady who, like The Small Faces, recorded for Immediate in the 60s, coming up with at least a couple of gems, the Marriott-Lane song "If You Think You're Groovy" and a great version of Cat Stevens' "First Cut Is The Deepest".

The latter, presumably to fight it out with Stewart's own excellent version (Arnold's might just have the edge), is currently on sale again. It ought to be a hit.

P P's backing group in those days were three chaps by name of The Nice.

She'd visited the re-formed Small Faces in the studio and added a back-up vocal to their version of Bobby Womack's "Looking For A Love". Bush asked her to do the tour. She accepted. Whether she'll be involved in future Small Faces projects is uncertain.

NEWCASTLE CITY Hall isn't quite sold out and in the audience there's a large contingent of older folks (mid and late 20s) who must've been into the group first time around, as well as teenagers. Curiously enough there's also a handful of Rod Stewart lookalikes.

The Small Faces' set is preluded by blasts of "Worker's Playtime" (the early 60s British Radio programme) played through the PA. They kick off with "Lie To Me" (a Chuck Berry number?), raunchy, spare and reminiscent of Humble Pie's first record (their best), "Natural Born Bugie". Clearly the band haven't forgotten how to use their Booker T roots.

Given the circumstances (i.e. the state of Marriott's voice and the band's lack of sleep the previous night) they cope remarkably well, and occasionally there are glimpses of real potent energy, as on the first encore, "Tin Soldier". Though not as good, "All Or Nothing" and a slightly re-arranged "Watcha Gonna Do About" (they change the vocal inflexion on the chorus) are fine too. "Itchycoo Park" is thrown away carelessly and "Lazy Sunday" isn't much better.

The new songs are, at least on one hearing, no way in the same category as the old ones, a lot of them sounding like superior Humble Pie. One, "Smiling In Tune", is a dead ringer for The Faces' "Had Me A Real Good Time" but executed without that group's inimitable touch-and-go raunch.

I'm going to give the re-formed Small Faces the benefit of the doubt and pray they're better next time I see 'em. There's obviously more to this band than nostalgia but whether they can re-establish themselves as a potent force is questionable — especially in the wake of the New Wave (incidentally if you listen to The Small Faces first album you'll realise just how far the New Wave has to go — it knocks spot off, say The Damned's album) who, if nothing else, are making one listen to the established acts in another light.

I'd like to see them do it. They're all talented people and Marriott, when he's on form, is one of rock's greatest performers.

As Rick Wills points out, I didn't seem them on form.

Back at the hotel, MacLagan, Jones and Wills (an excellent bass player) get into some drinking. Marriott appears just to say good night. He doesn't look well.

So, I ask, how does it feel to be starting all over again at 30?

"It's like a new lease of life," gushes Jones. "It's like turning the clock back."

Wills chimes in: "I was told eight years ago that I wouldn't make it till I was 30. I said rubbish, but it was true. I'm 30 this year and we're gonna make it."

Jones: "You had to work for every audience when you were trying to make it — that's what makes you play great. And that's what's happening now. It's very exciting but it is a bit of a strain physically."

The band are thinking about including that old Small Faces' chestnut "Here Comes The Night" in their set. One song they won't be doing, though, is "Sha La La La Lee", a teen anthem if ever there was one.

Says Wills: "I don't think we can really relate to it anymore. How can you sing 'Sha La La La Lee' when you're bloody 30? It just don't feel right. I mean c'mon."

PAT TRAVERS

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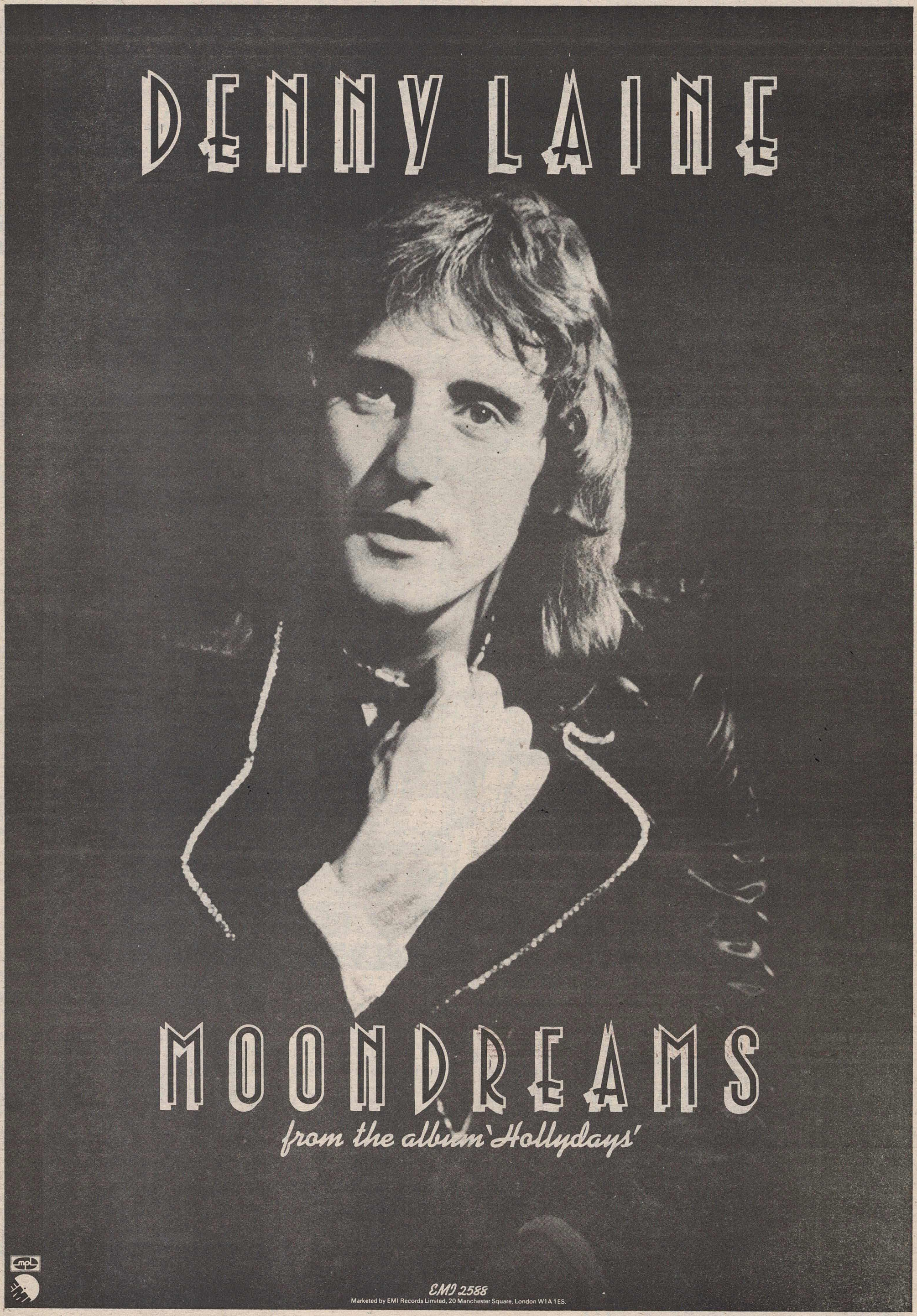

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It's so magnificent, any old fool could do one.

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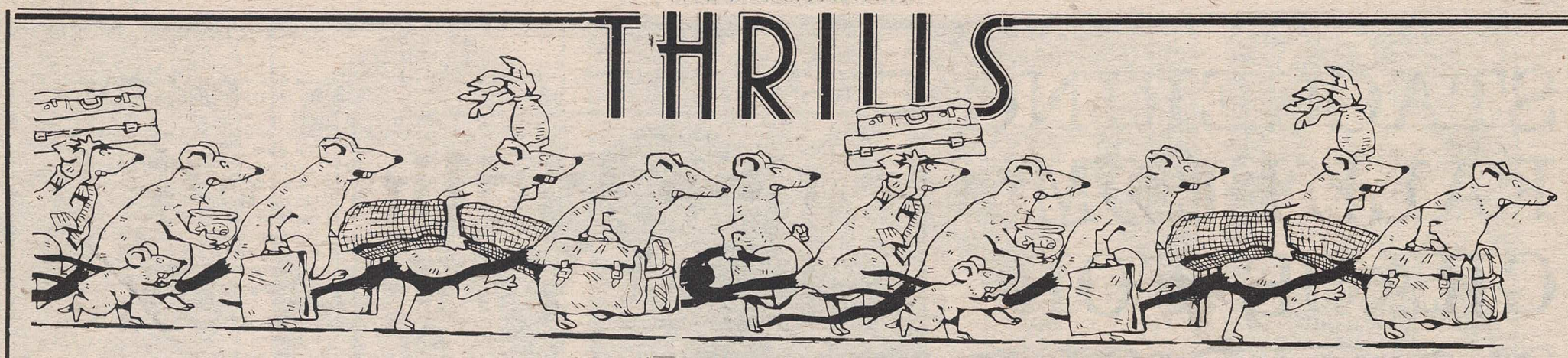


So you thought Joe McCarthy was right-wing

IT'S BACKLASH time, all across the U.S.A.

Latest to jump on the reactionary bandwagon is American Country singer Anita Bryant, who with her orange juice commercials and Miss America runner-up of 1959 heritage has become a ninor cult figure.

A choice quote of Mrs Bryant's, touted in a recent *National Enquirer* (the paper for people who believe in Anita Bryant) goes: "My beliefs are God, husband, children and country in that order, and I would die for all of them."

In the latest *Village Voice* Arthur Bell lays bare Mrs Bryant's interests and intentions. Her Book Of Rules is the Book Of Leviticus, which reads, "like a *Mad* magazine consumer report. For instance, the Lord suggests that the two ancients stop eating storks, cockroaches and bats. He suggests that lepers keep themselves spick-and-span and that a woman who gives birth to an illegitimate child bring a turtledove to her priest. To be a priest, one must not be short, blind, lame, flat-nosed or hump-backed. Only the pretty priests, I guess, were worthy of the good turtledoves."

Leviticus also says men should never shave or cut their hair, so there's no doubt who's got God on their side in the current Punx v Hippies blitzkrieg.

When a cynic recently pointed out to Mrs. Bryant: "But Anita, your husband cuts his hair and shaves", Anita replied, "Of course he does".

Bending the rules, eh? But the rules are the only thing that's allowed to be bent, according to the Divine Gospel of Anita and Leviticus Chapter 20, Verse 13, which says that if two boys get too friendly, they shall be put to death and their blood shall be upon them.

Savage stuff, which two months ago Anita Bryant zeroed in on. She declared, "God has put a flame in my heart" and proceeded to spearhead a fear-and-hate campaign which sleepy old Dade County hadn't encountered since Joe McCarthy saw red.

Last week, as an indirect result of the campaign, a Miami homosexual blew his own head off.

What upset Anita in a big way is the proposed Gay Civil Rights Bill which first saw light in New York in 1970.

It aimed to add an amendment to the City's human rights laws which would protect homosexuals in jobs, housing and public accommodation. Legislation was passed in Washington, Tucson, Seattle, St. Paul, and Alfred, New York. In January Dade County was added to the list.

Then the trouble came running.

Legislation was introduced by a lady named Ruth Shack, county commissioner who is coincidentally also the wife of Anita Bryant's agent.

Two days before the bill was passed Anita rang Ruth and turned nasty. On the Big Day Anita and a gaggle of cohorts turned up calling themselves Save Our Children and hurling abuse, based around the lame line that fags cannot procreate and therefore recruit from the young. Despite the presence in the gang of hefty baseball star and Youth Hero Alvin Dark the bill was passed.

Quicker than greased lightening, Anita produced a petition of around 60,000 signatures. But even the backlash had a backlash; Jack Campbell, president of the Club Bath chain withdrew $84,000 from the First Federal Savings And Loan in Miami because Anita did the bank's TV commercials. Others were inspired to withdraw close to a million.

The Miami tourist board received letters from outraged liberal vacationers; said one ultra-moral Chicago gentleman: "My wife and me have been coming to Miami since 1950, but the Bryant *mishagass* is a disgrace, so it's Puerto Rico next winter and orange juice, never."

The orange industry, however, is being greatly harmed by Bryant's blockbusting rhetoric. Gay bars have switched to serving cranberry juice or Tang. The Coco Plum, a fancy restaurant in Coconut Grove, refuses to serve oranges out of principle. Michael Giammetta, publisher of an influential catering magazine, ran an editorial urging readers to quit buying Florida oranges.

In February Anita got a taste of her own when Singer Sewing Machines snatched away a lucrative TV commercial contract on account of the many enemies she's made.

"This destroys a dream I've had since I was a child," sniffed Anita. "I'm a victim of blacklisting."

The Gay Task Force sympathized and issued a bulletin which went ". . . we are not happy to see that kind of discriminating, even when the victims are themselves discriminators."

In Lexington, Kentucky, Bryant supporters burned a Singer machine in the streets. Singer shuffled their feet and opened their arms to Anita once more.

Reinstated as the Queen of Clean, Anita appeared on *Good Morning America*, and compared allowing homosexuals to give class talks to children to "forcing pork down the face of an orthodox Jew."

She went on to remind us that "God calls homosexuality an abomination and a nation will be destroyed as He destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah."

Support for the Gay Rights Bill comes from the American Jewish Committee, The Mothers Alliance of America, Citizens for Human Rights, the American Psychiatric Association, blacks and Jews.

Support for Anita Bryant comes from orthodox religion (Jewish, Catholic, Protestant) and Dade County rednecks.

Said a caller to a television programme, "Anita Bryant doesn't have hatred, she has love"

Said a bumper sticker in Coral Gables: "Kill A Queer For Christ."

□ JULIE BURCHILL

Wee cowring timrous beastie

RETIRED rockmonger Alex Harvey, currently still recuperating from various illnesses that have laid him low in recent months, is about to reveal his new obsession — the Loch Ness Monster.

It appears Alex spent ten days with a tape recorder last year interviewing professional Nessie watchers like Frank Searle, who has lived for years in a caravan by the side of the Loch, as well as a monk and Muhammed Ali's cousin among others. The resulting tapes are now released by K-Tel in a package entitled "Loch Ness Monster — A Recorded History". K-Tel, whose main strength is TV promoted albums declined to comment on what sort of marketing treatment would be afforded this monster LP.

Apparently Alex's fascination with the monster dates back to his childhood and he decided to do the LP instead of a book because he feels records are a more familiar medium to young people

As to whether the beastie actually exists, Alex commented: "There is in Loch Ness a colony of creatures as yet un-named by modern science and which science cannot explain away."

□ DICK TRACY

Hollywood caste system

WHERE DO ALL the royalties go?

Time magazine attempts to lift the silk from the lens in the latest issue, listing a roll-call of rock and roll fugitives who ran to Malibu in their bids to evade the taxman.

The newest ratpack mansion costs a cool $800,000; it belongs to Keith Moon and the bathroom walls are covered with rocks.

"The house *does* belong to a rock star," quipped the little drummer.

From amongst his tangerine pool tables, mirrored King Henry VIII four-posters, Bergere ottomans and Death Race Videogames, he sighed: "It's just a quiet place to escape the madness, a little English manor house with modern conveniences."

Yesterday's celluloid heroes are slowly but surely being usurped by the Cocaine Kids; Greta Garbo's house belongs to Johnny Rivers, Brian Wilson has grabbed the Spanish colonial bungalow that once belonged to Edgar Rice Burroughs.

Uneasy peace reigns between yesterday's Chosen and today's; on hearing that Keith Moon was to move in next door, Steve McQueen planted a barricade of saplings — which Mr Moon promptly ran his motorcycle over.

Just round the block live Rod and Britt (avec a couple of warehouses of rare French glass), Linda Ronstadt in a $325,000 clapboard, Neil Diamond, Mick Jagger and Ron Wood.

Two years ago architect David Tobin took on a $50,000 remodelling job for Bob Dylan. "I quickly realized that this guy had so much money that he didn't need to conform to any of the rules binding me."

The remodelling became a $2.25 million mansion. "I had to keep a straight face when Dylan said he wanted a living room he could ride a horse through. It would have helped a lot to have been a shrink."

"Rock people are just like the movie stars of the '40's," says interior decorator to the stars Phyllis Morris. "It's exciting to watch them spend money. They're looking for something that says they've arrived."

And they keep on saying it. Al Kooper to the tune of $200,000, John Mayall with $230,000 worth of snakeskin, saddles and choice pornography. And he's still just 43!

When it comes to the caste system, the Hindus got nothing on these wild rock and rollers! The creme de la creme hang out at each other's houses to smoke dope and listen to each other's music.

The Alternative Charts nowadays go like this:

New bands with no gold records, first timers in L.A. and teenagers stick to the strictly C-type Starwood.

"Everyone seeks his own level," explains Uncle Alice Cooper. "A band with only two singles just hasn't paid enough dues. These people aren't cool enough to talk to Paul McCartney."

B groups such as Kiss and Boston go to the Candy Store and the Rainbow. Even Led Zeppelin (viewed as a typical Brit long-haired working-class shower) hesitate to venture beyond.

The In Crowd gather On The Rox, Lou Adler's Living Room above the Roxy, which has just 40 members, Norman Mailer, Carlo Ponti, Susan Blakely, Jack Nicholson and Warren Beatty amongst them. But the real stars are Alice Cooper, Elton John, Rod Stewart and Joni Mitchell.

"It's like a frat house," smirks Alice. "And only the cream of L.A. society belongs. The atmosphere is total cool."

□ JULIE BURCHILL

LONE GROOVER — BENYON

HEY MAN! EVERYONES TALKIN' 'BOUT THIS NEW CHICK, PLATINO!
HUH! WHAT'S SHE EVER DONE? SHE AINT EVEN MADE A SINGLE.
SINGLE NUTHIN' MAN, SHES GETTIN' MUCHO PRESS.
NATCHO DUMBO! WE'VE GOT A SEXIST ROCK PRESS.
AN' SHE'S GOT BIG BONGOS AN' CUTE LIPS..
EVERYTHIN'S MALE ORIENTATED....
THERE'S JUST A FEW TOKEN CHICK PEN PUSHERS LIKE BLACKS STATESIDE.
AS LENNON SAID 'WOMEN ARE TH' NIGGERS OF TH' WORLD'.....
RUBBISH! PLATINOS RILLY GOT BALLS.
HA! BALLS EH!
JUST A CLICHE GROOVER.
EXACTO BOZO CASE PROVED.
WHO MADE UP TH' CLICHES?

STAGGERING FALL FROM GRACE FOR 21-YEAR-OLD MILLIONAIRE

"The theme song will not be written by Jim Webb, nor sung by Glen Campbell." — From Gil Scott-Heron's "The Revolution Will Not Be Televised".

FOR A while there, it looked as though Jimmy Webb wouldn't be writing the theme song for anything, leave alone any revolution.

It's been three years since the last album (the excellent "Land's End"), but now he's back with his debut Atlantic recording, the George Martin-produced "El Mirage". And Scott-Heron's sloganeering polemic inadvertently epitomises Webb's current dilemma concerning the media.

You see, Jimmy Webb is as suspicious as hell; he's over here in Britain "helping out Glen (Campbell) with the symphonics" and he's mighty tired of being, as he sees it, victimised by radio programmers and reviled by the press.

His attitude was so churlish when I arrived that I wondered what I'd said (and that was before I'd opened my mouth).

He answered my questions with monosyllabic diffidence, and it wasn't until he'd agitatedly opened a beer that he became more lucidly forthcoming.

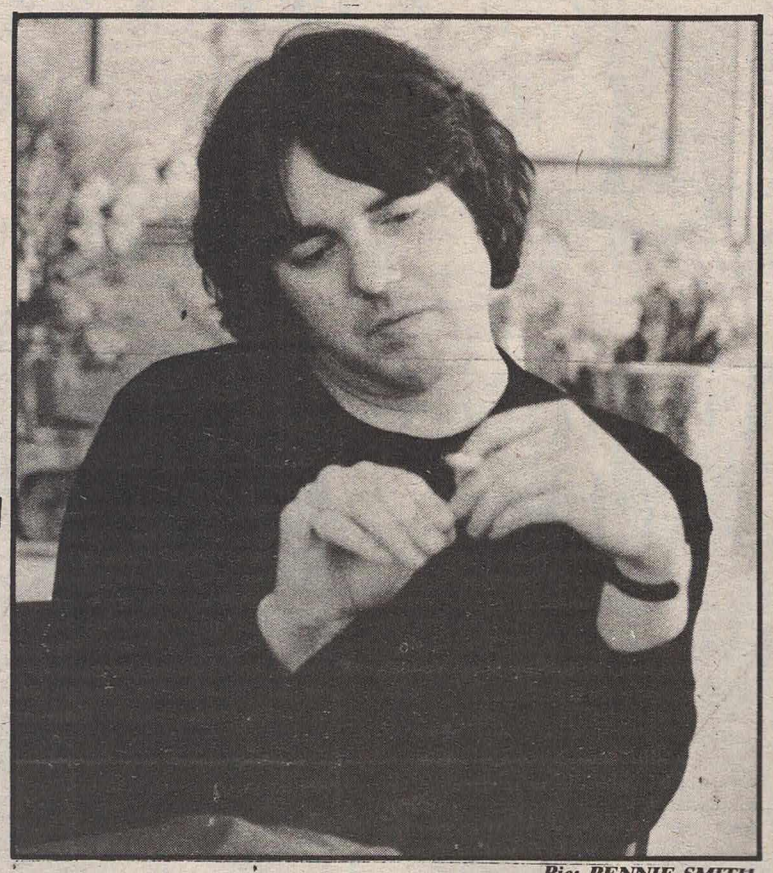
That, and the realisation that I actually liked his work and was curious to know what he'd been up to for three (basically inactive) years.

"That whole thing's a myth." He's still angry. "It takes me a couple of years to do an album, that's the truth. When I've let two or three years go by it may be because I'm trying to figure what the hell I should do next.

"If I try something and it's rejected in the market place, I have to seriously think about that as an artist. It may take a year to find out what was wrong with it."

It is an extraordinary turnaround: 10 years ago, Jimmy Webb was a 21-year old multi-millionaire, the successful composer of a string of huge hits ("Galveston", "MacArthur Park", "By The Time I Get To Phoenix", "Up, Up And Away") and the writer-producer of entire albums by the Fifth Dimension and Richard Harris.

" 'And So: On' was an immense critical success . . . and did we sell eight copies? No, we sold seven." Jim Webb



Pic: PENNIE SMITH

Yet as a solo artist his career, in his own words, has been less than meteoric.

At first, he's defensive.

"There was a tendency on the part of rock journalists, FM radio and the audience itself to typecast in those days. You were either on one side or the other. You couldn't be nice to Glen Campbell and still appeal to the dope-smoking, buckskin fringe-jacket set. If you were for Las Vegas, you were for Viet Nam." He's angry again.

"For that reason, I was forced into a position of being apologetic for associating with really fine artists. So I ran from that Vegas connotation — well, I was full of crap.

"It was an elitist attitude, a reverse musical snobbery. I can't see anything intrinsically wrong with playing music for people who are over 30.

"My records were so impressively unsuccessful (he allows himself a wry laugh) that I stopped doing anything. I was almost afraid of using violins at one point. Having violins on your records was like playing for people over 30. I mean, one just didn't do it."

Then he's resentful.

" 'And So:On' was an imense critical success, but do you think we sold eight records? No, we sold seven. Why? Because of the stiff resistance: 'Oh no, you don't. Don't think you're going to grow your hair and put on a sweatshirt and sneak in the back of this FM station because we know you — you're one of those guys who uses violins, aha!' "

By now, he's not only manically tapping on the table, he's doing a fair impersonation of Robert Newton.

"What does it have to do with music, really?"

That's rhetorical.

"All these outward manifestations of hipness are such a fraud."

But it's the media who creates the stereotypes.

"I can't find anyone else who's responsible. I don't think the mass creates stereotypes for artists, *that* belongs to an elite corps of opinion makers, just like there's an elite corps of opinion makers in government or anything else where there's money, power and fame at stake. That's OK by me, except at this point I have very little patience with them."

Finally, he's philosophical.

"One of the hardest things I've had to overcome — and I didn't realise at the time it was going to be such a disastrous blow — was that silly Epic album ("Jim Webb Sings Jim Webb"). I came out at the height of my success as a songwriter, *before* I was ready to be an artist.

"Everyone knows it's a load of rubbish but some self-serving, ambitious, people put that record of my demos out. "I think the only way I can find the magical connection with my old fans is to go out on stage and play for them, show them that I've made progress as a vocalist, that I'm still good at what I do and that you don't have to wince when I perform."

He agrees that working with George Martin on the new album might just prove to be a vital part of that magical connection. The few cuts he played me certainly sound impressively confident.

"George is so good at what he does."

Webb is extremely animated talking about his new album. He's just spilled some beer on his trews.

"When I decided the kind of music I wanted to make in my life, George Martin had a lot to do with it. I remember the first time I heard 'Yesterday' — a 12-string guitar and a string quartet on rock'n'roll radio — and I thought 'That's it!'

"That's what George has always has always stood for — and open musical mind. I don't like other people's arrangements of my songs. Maybe that's because I'm an arranger and I'm very selfish about the way I want things to sound. But with George, I didn't give it a second thought — it was easy turning the orchestrations over to him."

Jimmy Webb is a strange man. He apologises for giving off "negative vibes" earlier; he was upset about a Glen Campbell review in that morning's *Daily Mail*, and took it out on me.

There's still a lot of "madman full of beer" in him (from one of the autobiographical songs on "El Mirage", "If You See Me Getting Smaller I'm Leaving"), but there remains the inescapable impression that his awkward, almost self-injurious honesty has little to with candour.

He's under no financial pressure to record but after the commercial failure of "Land's End" he went into a deep depression.

"We put three months of our lives into that and the truth is, there's really nothing wrong with it. So what do your want me to say? Of course I get depressed. Of course it takes a while to get yourself up, dust yourself down and do it all over again.

"If 'El Mirage' doesn't make it, there may never be another one. And I don't say that like some Muhammed Ali, but for me it's just the emotional drain of having done it for all these years."

□ MONTY SMITH

What does David Soul like for breakfast?

Do you know the secret of Eric Faulkner's guitar technique? Like to hear Gary Glitter's answer to middle-age spread? Well, we can't help. But if you're looking for the best in depth music coverage around, there's only one place you can come.

The bumper April issue of **Zigzag** is packed with features on **Lou Reed, Racing Cars, Nils Lofgren** and **The Clash** — plus a sensational 8-page pull-out on the **New York Punk** scene — and that's just a beginning! Reserve your copy today, by clipping out this ad and handing it to your newsagent.

Zigzag is published by Prestagate Ltd, Reading. Watch out for their new publication, **Home Grown**, Europe's first dope magazine.

Readers who always believed that The Sun's overt sexism, page three nudes, etc., merely concealed a lurking prurience amongst its staff may wish to know that there is now evidence to substantiate such suspicions. An advertisement placed in The Sun two months ago, and fully paid for in advance, by the monthly rock mag Zigzag was rejected last week at the eleventh hour by the paper's editor after he had seen the copy (reproduced above), which he described as "too suggestive".

The episode leaves two bewildering considerations. First, why should such an integrity-loaded inoffensive little mag like Zigzag wish to add to the overflowing coffers of Rupert Murdoch and his team anyway? The second — can you imagine what would happen if the paper applied the same rigorous standards to its editorial content that it obviously exercises over its advertising department?

□ BOB WOFFINDEN

NEW FEELGOODS SHAPE UP

DOC FEELGOOD's new incarnation took its first tentative step out in public at Canvey Island's Bardots Club last Tuesday.

Billed as a Lew Lewis Band gig, what actually went down was a set from each band of half-a-dozen songs, and a closing jam session. Lew spoke to us last week and gave us his thoughts on Wilko's replacement John Mayo.

"Very enjoyable ," was Lew's response to The Feelgoods. "John Mayo is a good rock'n'roll guitarist, good on both rhythm and lead. It's a different guitar style to Wilko, and he wasn't really loud enough, but he fitted in well — it definitely worked.

"They all get on great," Lewis added — which will be good news for people who've been hearing the long running rumours of Wilko and the band's clashes, including his "leaving" on at least two occasions before the final crunch.

The Feelgoods' set included a couple of their oldies plus some newies, including Charlie Musselwhite's harp showcase, "Buddy Buddy Friend". As a buddy, Lewis is optimistic about their future.

□ PHIL McNEILL

The JAM

IN THE CITY

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THE FIRST SINGLE
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The Clash

JOIN US ON THE WHITE RIOT — '77 TOUR

MAY		
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Tues.	3rd	Birmingham, Barbarellas
Wed.	4th	Swindon, The Affair Ballroom
Thurs.	5th	Liverpool, Erics.
Fri.	6th	Aberdeen, University
Sat.	7th	Edinburgh, Playhouse Theatre
Sun.	8th	Manchester, Electric Circus
Mon.	9th	London, Rainbow
Tues.	10th	Kidderminster, Town Hall
Thurs.	12th	Nottingham, Palais
Sun.	15th	Plymouth, Fiesta
MAY		
Mon.	16th	Swansea, University
Tues.	17th	Leeds, Polytechnic
Thurs.	19th	Middlesborough, Rock Gardens
Fri.	20th	Newcastle, University
Sat.	21st	St. Albans, City Hall
Mon.	23rd	Stafford, Top Of The World
Tues.	24th	Cardiff, Top Rank
Wed.	25th	Brighton, Polytechnic
Thurs.	26th	Bristol, Colston Hall
Fri.	27th	West Runton, Paviilion
Sat.	28th	Canterbury, Odeon
Sun.	29th	Chelmsford, Chancellor Hall
Mon.	30th	Dunstable, California Ballroom

... now out + THE LP + The CLASH

Making tracks with HUNTER

Wherever you are, wherever you go,
HUNTER are sure to track you down. They are, quite simply, one of the most exciting new bands to emerge this year.

Based in Leek, this multi-instrumentalist five piece set the pace with a debut album that is at once inventive and original.

HUNTER is the name of the album and it's out now from HUNTER — The band there's no getting away from.

PELS 558

Penny Farthing
Marketed by RCA

CENSORSHIP CORNER

1. HEY WHITEHOUSE HAHA CHARADE YOU ARE*

BY THE TIME you read this *Gay News* should know the outcome of one of the two prosecutions previewed in our December 25, 1976 issue. *(See T-Zers).*

After delays which have put the hearing back from January 5 to April 25, the "world's largest circulation newspaper for homosexuals" will finally have been found either guilty or, one hopes, innocent of importing an "obscene" publication — Richard Amory's novel, *Frost*, which, significantly, was published in this country with no hassles a few years back.

But the real focus of our interest is Mary Whitehouse's fantastic charge of "blasphemous libel" — that's right, libelling Jesus, for Christ's sake — against which *Gay News* defends itself on the glorious Fourth of July, that annual celebration of the spirit of freedom.

The case is expected to last about a fortnight, and should be a press freedom issue to set beside the famous *Oz* trial of a few years back. Like the *Oz* trial, this one is likely to be immortalised in print: novelist and playwright Colin Spencer plans to rush out a book straight after the verdict.

Ever since the case started the Gay News Fighting Fund has gradually swollen until it now stands at just over halfway to their target of £20,000, helped by a donation of £500 from Python Productions (Monty's Flying Circus and Co), a gratifying stream of individual donations, and numerous benefits — three or four every week — mainly organised by CHE (Campaign For Homosexual Equality).

Even if *GN* is proven innocent of the ludicrous 301 year-old Common Law charge that Whitehouse has dredged up, they may still have to pay their own expenses, a fact they are well aware of after a disturbing precedent in an earlier trial when they found themselves £1,200 worse off as the price of innocence.

Mary Whitehouse badges inscribed "Gay News fights on" are available from *GN* at 20p each plus 10p P&P, post free if ordering five or more. Cheques and POs for badges or just plain donations should be made out to GN Fighting Fund and mailed to Gay News, 1a Normand Gardens, Greyhound Road, London W14 9SB.

All tight lips and cold feet . . . Mary you're really a cry . . .*

**** Headlines and caption courtesy Pink Floyd.***

● PROOF OF THE POWER of Ms Whitehouse was provided last month when she actually propelled a BBC sound effects record into the pop charts — albeit only to No. 100. The record was "Sounds Of Death And Horror", on the BBC label, the thirteenth in their series of effects records for use by amateur dramatic societies and the like.

Mary contacted the press on its March 8 release, informing them she was complaining to the chairman of the Beeb about it being "sadistic" and a waste of public money — and the resultant publicity, according to the self supporting label's marketing manager, Richard Robson, "greatly increased sales". So she does have her uses . . .

□ PHIL McNEILL

I'M A HOG FOR YOU, BABY . . .

HERE'S ONE for Pink Floyd fans as Ealing North MP William Molloy throws up his well-bred hands in horror apropos the award-winning Belgian vérite movie *The Wedding Trough* — a simple and heartwarming story of what happens when boy meets pig.

The testy Tory is to complain to the Home Office that the film should not be shown at the publicly subsidised National Film Theatre. He will ask the Arts Minister if public money should be spent on showing "the most horrific film ever made."

The film's touching story is of a man who falls in love with a sow and proceeds to emulate the "birds and bees" *(there's* a nasty bit of inter-breeding), causing his beloved to give birth to a pig-man mongrel. When his offspring dies, the poor man commits a ghastly suicide.

"I saw it in the National Film Theatre guide which anyone can get," shrilled Mr. Molloy. "The blurb has a picture of a sow and says that the man gets into the muck with her to mate. People are warned that some scenes in the film might be distressing. It's bloody revolting. It makes the chap who wanted to make a film about the sex life of Jesus Christ look good."

Protests Mr. Ken Wlaschin of the National Film Theatre: "He should see the film. I saw the film at Cannes; it's a 16mm black and white film, grim and non-erotic. It's not a sex film."

Our film critic described the movie as "sow-sow."

□ JULIE BURCHILL

LOWRY

THE TICKETS THAT EXPLODED

TWO NEW trends in the American concert business could be both good and bad new for UK promoters in the months to come.

The bad news is ticket counterfeiting which has taken over from bootlegging as the Number One headache.

Promoters are losing thousands of dollars as a result of forgers' activities and heads are being scratched to work out a way to cope with the problem. Many tickets are now watermarked so counterfeits can be detected with an ultra-violet ray machine, but the ultra-violet check holds up entrance queues.

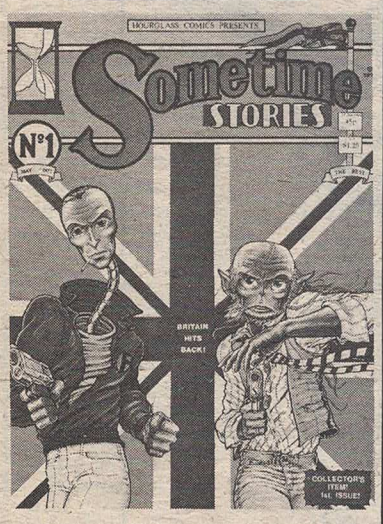
As an indication of how serious the situation has now become, Tickertron, who run the largest automated ticket service in the States, are spending $100,000 a year on private detectives to track down the culprits. Things have not been helped by recent federal budget cuts which have reduced the time the FBI can spend investigating the subject.

The good news — for bands and fans at least — is a new promotion technique being used in the States: The One Dollar concert. The shows are not designed to make a profit but to expose new bands to as many punters as possible, generating goodwill and — of course — stimulating record sales.

The bands usually work for little more than beer money and expenses, halls cut their rates, local radio gives free exposure, and record companies chip in on the costs. Among the bands who have successfully tried it to date are Sutherland Brothers and Quiver, the Ozark Mountain Devils — who did a nationwide tour of $1 shows — and Robert Palmer, whose album became the third biggest seller in Seattle shortly after he'd done his gig there.

Any takers here?

□ DICK TRACY



YES, IT'S COMIX IN THE UK '77

INTRODUCING SOMETHING uniquely great and — naturally — uniquely British. *Sometimes Stories* is a ground-level comic book — which means that it's further out than "straight" comic books and further in than undergrounds — and it's U.K. '77 in a decidedly-crass-it-ain't way.

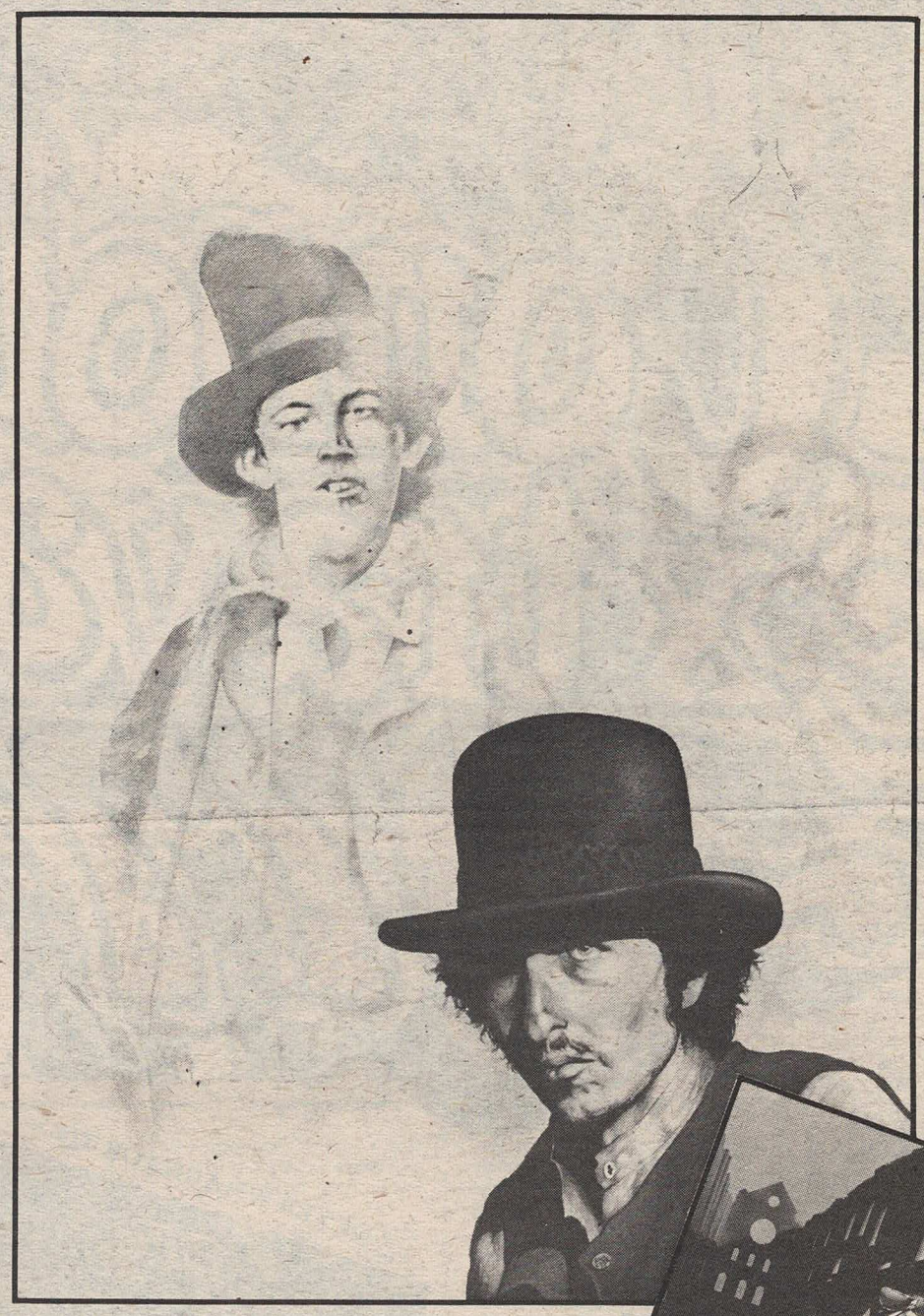
Mystery, excitement, action, suspense, warped humour, urban paranoia, plain daftness, the odd moment of unexpected poetic lyricism or hideous inanity, excellent artwork. . . all in all, the proverbial treat.

The responsible parties are Brendan McCarthy and Brett Ewins, two totally worthless young artists — they really are a pair of despicable human beings — and Jim Campbell of London's SF & Comic Book Co shop (based at 10 Hillgate St., London W.11), who put up the money and generally Made It Possible. It's but the first of many, and will showcase the absurd beings shown above, Felix Adler and Finn MacCool.

All that stands between it and you is 45p. . . may God forgive you.

□ SUPERSKULL

WHEN I PAINT MY MASTERPIECE . . .



. . . I'll be an old rocker from Bradford Art School, and I'll sell it to Elton John's manager for a whole pot of mazoolah. Likely or not.

IF ELTON John walks in on the first day of your exhibition and buys eight of your paintings, and then comes back later with John Reid, his manager, who buys four for himself, you really must be doing the right thing.

Once you've spent a little time looking round the exhibition "Oxtoby's Rockers" at London's Redfern Gallery, you're left in no doubt that painter David Oxtoby is doing exactly the right thing in painting in a way that, for once, truly reflects the spirit of rock and roll.

In the past, meetings between rock and the visual arts haven't always been happy ones. Peter Blake and other pop artists of the sixties caught a lot of the energy and imagery of the music, but generally they missed the real *feel* of rock music by a mile.

Oxtoby has copped the imagery, his work is super energetic, *and* he has the feel down (as they say) just like that. This is probably because Oxtoby is a true fan, an old rocker who grew up with Elvis and Ray Charles. They've never deserted him and he'll never desert them.

That's not to say that he isn't an accomplished craftsman. He was a contemporary of David Hockney's at both Bradford and the Royal College of Art, then for six years he taught at Maidstone College of Art. His work has been acquired for the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Tate Gallery, and New York's Museum of Modern Art.

The work on display at this exhibition covers almost the entire spectrum of rock and roll. It ranges from Elvis (there are literally dozens of images of Elvis) through Tom Jones, Jagger, Chuck Berry, right up to Bruce Springsteen.

Oxtoby paints very much in the living colours of rock and roll. There are electric blues, terse acid greens, sharp and shocking pinks and violent aggressive reds. They shout to you in the same way as custom cars, neon signs, juke boxes and the stage lighting at a cheap package show. Even when the colours are muted they have the feel of Hammer horror or a faded *Photoplay* back number.

It goes deeper than colour, though. His Gene Vincent portrait entitled "Craddock . . . Vincent Eugene Craddock" is spooky and threatening. A spectral and almost transparent Vincent lurks hollowly beside a very solid fifties Bel Ami juke box, the kind with the old, phone dial record selector.

The paintings range in size from a manageable 15½" × 15½" to the vast 8′ × 5′ Eddie Cochran painted in livid Jayne Mansfield pink (and, incidentally, bought by Elton John).

There is one danger, however, if you go and take a look at these paintings. You're liable to be smitten by terrible anger at not having Elton John's money, and not being able to take home an armful of the pictures to hang over the mantelpiece.

□ MICK FARREN

Oxtoby's Rockers are at the Redfern Gallery, Cork Street, W1, from 14 April to 4 May.

Left: artist David Oxtoby with Eddie Cochran in "Summertime Gold."

OOPS!

Oxtoby with his "portrait of Jimi Hendrix" says the caption. Looks suspiciously like Spring the Brucesteen to us, and to reader Derrick Angelo Curtis of Manchester.
Raspberries to 'The Sunday Times' 17/4/77. Time to swot up on Rock'n'Roll chaps.

Above, top to bottom: Dylan in "Knocking On Heaven's Door", Ray Charles in "Reflections On The High Priest", Elton in "Bernie's Mate."

THE SUNDAY TIMES, APRIL 17 1977

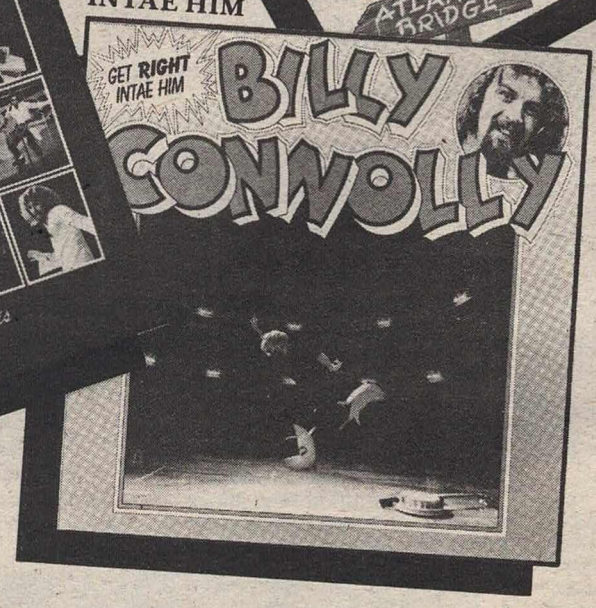
THE ARTS

The face of music: portrait of Jimi Hendrix by the Yorkshire-born painter David Oxtoby, whose exhibition, "Oxtoby's Rockers," is at the Redfern

Billy Connolly's Extravaganza 1977

COP YER WHACK FOR THIS

GET RIGHT INTAE HIM



ALBUM : CASSETTE

polydor

ON TOUR

APRIL

14th OBAN Corran Hall 15th CABELTOWN Victoria Hall 16th ARRAN Brodick Hall
18th MUSSELBURGH Brunton Hall 19th STONEHAVEN Town Hall 20th FRASERBURGH Dalrymple Hall
22nd LARGS Barrfields Pavilion 23rd AYR Gaiety Theatre 24th ROTHSAY Pavilion
28th BLACKPOOL Opera House 29th LLANDUDNO Astra Theatre

MAY

1st ISLE OF MAN Villa Marina 3rd ISLE OF WIGHT Ryde Town Hall 4th BRIGHTON The Dome
5th JERSEY West Park 6th HASTINGS White Rock Pavilion 7th BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens
8th PAIGNTON Festival Theatre 9th WEYMOUTH Pavilion Theatre 10th PORTSMOUTH Guildhall
13th WHITLY BAY The Playhouse 15th GREAT YARMOUTH Wellington Pier Pavilion 16th SKEGNESS Pier Theatre
17th CLACTON Princess Theatre 18th SOUTHEND Cliffs Pavilion 19th RAMSGATE Wilsons Hall
21st SCARBROUGH Futurist Theatre 22nd MORECOMBE Winter Gardens

JUNE

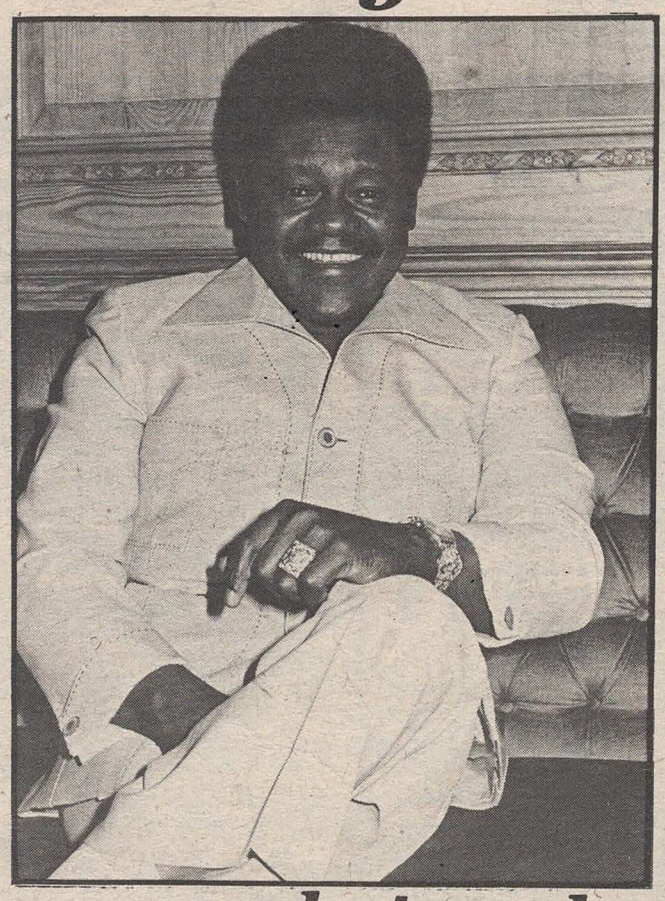
13th INVERNESS Eden Court 14th ABERDEEN Music Hall 15th DUNDEE Caird Hall
16th EDINBURGH Playhouse Theatre 18th NEWCASTLE City Hall 19th CARLISLE Market Hall
20th SHEFFIELD City Hall 22nd IPSWICH Gaumont 23rd Oxford New Theatre
24th BRISTOL Hippodrome 25th BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome 26th LEICESTER De Montford
27th MANCHESTER Free Trades 29th IRELAND 30th IRELAND

JULY

1st IRELAND 3rd YORK Theatre Royal 4th PRESTON Guild Hall
5th LONDON Rainbow 6th LONDON Rainbow 8th LIVERPOOL Empire
9th GLASGOW Apollo

DIAMONDS AND MR. DOMINO

I went on a two-week trial to Las Vegas ...



. . . and stayed there for seventeen years

THE VERY FIRST THING that hits you about Fats Domino is just how small he is. On stage and in photographs, you get the impression of a huge man dominating an even huger grand piano, the same piano that he can actually set in motion with one flip of his mighty girth.

In fact, he's only around 5'4", a short, dapper individual, more cuddly than massive.

The second thing that strikes you is just how wonderfully pleasant he is. In the past, I've not been the only writer to suffer at the hands (and tongues) of some of yesterday's heroes of rock-and-roll.

Fats is about as far as you can get from the churlish old rocker living on real or imagined past glories. He's willing to talk and pleased that you want to ask. His personality twinkles like the huge diamond ring on his pinky.

This affability is something of a surprise. Fats Domino started in the music business in 1947. He made his first record, "The Fat Man", for the New Orleans based Imperial label in 1949. He's been on the road for nearly thirty years.

If there's any truth in the rumour that the road turns a man bitter and sour, Fats ought to be as bitter as they come. In fact, quite the reverse is true.

Fats could quite easily be a successful black American businessman, in his stone-coloured lounging suit and two-tone casual shoes. The Endless Highway doesn't seem to have left any visible scars on him. He doesn't go in for the screaming chic of Little Richard or Chuck Berry's incongruous tie-dye.

Fats Domino has too much dignity.

The ring, and an equally diamond-encrusted gold watch, are the closest he comes to going over the top in any way at all.

Fats declines a drink.

"I started my diet today."

He does have that carefully-trimmed-down look of a middle-aged man who's been told to watch his weight or else.

IT'S ALWAYS hard to know where to start with a living legend. He has, after all, been playing longer than a lot of the people you're writing for have been alive.

The most obvious place to start was at the beginning. Fats Domino's origins are almost a cliche. He talks about them in those flat, matter-of-fact, down-home tones so beloved of white liberals and the makers of TV documentaries.

"We had an old piano back at the house. My father was in a Dixieland jazz band and he taught me to play. I started playing when I was eighteen years old.

"I had a lot of jobs before I started making a living at my music. I worked on an ice truck, delivering ice. In 1947 I joined a local New Orleans band."

After that came Imperial Records. At Imperial Domino worked with producer and trumpet-player Dave Bartholomew. Twenty-eight years later, they are still together.

"We called it rhythm-and-blues back then. A fellow in New York, by the name of Alan Freed, he used to have a big old show out of the Brooklyn Paramount in New York. I used to hear a lot of those shows on the radio.

"He called it rock-and-roll."

The coming of rock-and-roll as opposed to rhythm-and-blues brought something else. It meant that a lot of uppity, hillbilly white kids moved into what had previously been an almost exclusive black preserve.

"Ricky Nelson was also on Imperial Records. He did 'I'm Walking', which was one of my hits. I cut my version and then, right after, he cut his. He sold a lot of records."

Did you feel ripped off?

"No, not at all. It helped me a lot. I hadn't really got going back then, and when he sold all those records with one of my songs, well, I made a lot of money. Of course, it wasn't just the money, I got my music in front of a whole new audience.

"It don't make no difference whether you're black, white or coloured if you're doing it right. I was glad he did it. I never had no hard times, and I never hit no discrimination."

This is pretty surprising for anyone who's used to black R&B artists who seem determined to recite a catalogue, however justified, of how they were ripped off, discriminated against and generally screwed over when the white kids moved into rock-and-roll.

The next statement, which Fats actually volunteers, is still more surprising.

"I think those people did a wonderful job. In fact, I think they did a better job than some of the people who originated R&B, because they really had their heart and soul into the music and I dig them for that."

IT'S REALLY something of a switch-round to hear that the young Presleys and Ricky Nelsons had more soul than the black guys. But then again, Fats Domino's career has been noted for switch-rounds. One of the most successful of these has been the way he managed to carve a solid niche for himself in the neon tinsel world of Las Vegas casino lounges.

Up until as late as 1970, the big Vegas rooms were considered virtually rock proof. They were the sole preserve of Tony Bennett, Liberace and Frank Sinatra's mates. It was showbiz with a capital everything.

And yet, year after year, all through the Sixties, Fats was up there, pumping out "Blueberry Hill" and "Walking To New Orleans", the only rocker in the city where one-armed-bandits rule o.k.

Fats seems as surprised as anyone that the polyester suits and blue rinses of the Nevada night should have taken to him so readily.

"At first, it was kind of an accident, I suppose. I went on a two-week trial at the Flamingo, and I stayed there for seventeen years.

"I suppose I was working Casino for six months every year. I'd play Vegas for three months, then I'd play Reno for six weeks and Lake Tahoe for six weeks. It was a good way to make a living.

"I don't know why it happened that way. I suppose they'd never tried my kind of music before, and they just liked it. It's hard to know what the people who go to Las Vegas will like, they come from all over the country, all over the world, and mostly they come to gamble. The slot machines are going twenty-four hours a day.

"Little Richard played out there a couple of times, but he didn't happen. I don't know why."

Fats allows himself a maybe-I'm-just-lucky smile.

WITH THE SUBJECT of Las Vegas out of the way, the next most obvious question is how come there haven't been any new Fats Domino records in such a long time? I once tried this question on Chuck Berry and got a far from polite or satisfactory answer.

Fats, however, has nothing to hide.

"I've started writing and recording again because I think I'm with the right company."

United Artists?

"Right. There's already a live album planned that I cut while I was over here . . ."

(By over here, Fats means Germany.)

". . . And I'm working on some original things that I wrote. In fact, if I get enough time off after this European trip, I'll be through in three weeks."

It'll be a rock-and-roll album?

"Oh yes. There might be a few changes. I'll bring out the bass line a little more, but people will know it's me.

"Up until now, I wasn't rushing to record. They had me all mixed up with trying to change me, and change my music."

It starts to emerge that Fats was more than a little unhappy about the material he recorded for ABC and Mercury during the Sixties. It's the first time any kind of cloud has drifted across his sunny nature.

"Everybody wanted me to sing other people's style, other people's things, when I just wanted to do my own. ABC tried it. Mercury tried it. All those girl choruses and things, they just confused me."

This is the one time he seems genuinely hurt and resentful.

"I don't know why they wanted me to do all this. Hard rock, ballad songs. I just tried to write songs that stuck close to the rhythm. I don't like too much instrumentation on a record. It covers my voice. I like the words to be clear."

A simple man betrayed by a philistine business?

"I don't know."

FARREN 'n' FATS

(with a side-order of CHALKIE DAVIES)

WERE ALL THOSE ALBUMS bad, though?

"No, some of the stuff was all right. The song I like the best out of that whole period was 'Lady Madonna'. I was told that The Beatles had requested that I should do it. I don't say they wrote it for me, but they said that I should do it because they thought about me when they wrote it."

Fats looks pleased again.

"It was a pretty big thing for me. I liked The Beatles, they were good writers. You could understand what they were saying, more than the rest of the groups."

So you listen to The Beatles?

"Oh yeah."

Who else?

"Lately I've been listening to — what's his name — that little blind fellow?"

Stevie Wonder?

"Right, I guess he's not so little now. I like him a lot. He's made some really good records.

"The guy I've always dug, and still dig, is Presley. Not many people know it, but he did Vegas, really early after he got started, but he didn't do good at all. I was at the Flamingo then. Later on, in 1970, '71, whenever, he came back for another try. This time he broke it real big.

"I go up to his room when we're both playing in town. He's always real pleased to see me."

What did you think of Presley's version of "Blueberry Hill"?

"You know, I never heard it. I heard he'd done it, but I never heard it."

IMMEDIATELY after the interview Fats is scheduled to catch a plane. It's getting near time, and although the fat man seems more than willing to talk all afternoon, some of the entourage are starting to glance nervously at their watches.

Fats Domino seems to be into a new lease of life. He's out of the Las Vegas rut and back into recording again. He talks about a possible country album, trying some more Hank Williams songs after he's completed the album of his own material.

He seems energetic and full of optimism. He also realises the potential that Europe holds for him.

"I didn't used to be too bothered about Europe. I was working solid in the States and, to tell the truth, I didn't want to fly. Now I'm just crazy for flying. I figure Europe will be seeing a whole lot more of me."

One final question just begs to be asked. How can anyone keep on playing the same songs for close on thirty years? Fats has an obvious answer.

"That's what the people want to hear. They want me to get on stage and play my hits. They like me to keep them close to the records. If I played a whole set of new songs, a lot of people would go away disappointed."

Somebody mentions the recent Jerry Lee Lewis tour when he treated crowds of rockers to a less than stunning display of laid-back, traditional country music. Fats grins.

"I imagine the people weren't too pleased."

It's confirmed that they weren't. Fats' grin broadens.

"I like Jerry Lee. He's a fine musician."

You get the impression there's an unspoken 'but'. Fats, however, goes straight on.

"As long as the people don't get bored, I don't get bored. I do my best to satisfy the people and that's what counts. They must like it, or I wouldn't still be around."

You can hardly top that as a last line, and anyway, the entourage are moving towards panic. Still smiling, Fats Domino makes a polite and leisurely exit.

Baby you can't drive in my car...

The ***ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION*** *don't really get on well enough to travel in the same vehicle. There's a personality clash between the sober, introspective section and the booze-happy poozle hunters.* ***CLIFF WHITE*** *visited both camps*

MY CUSTOMARY haunts being around black artists, I'm used to thirsts generally being slaked by fruit juice, or, under pressure, a little light wine. But it soon became apparent that two days on the road with the Atlanta Rhythm Section was an assignment of a different kidney. Or should that be liver?

That's not to say that ARS are a bunch of itinerant drunks, but nevertheless between us we didn't harm the U.S. liquor trade.

After journeying to a semi-successful gig in downtown Pittsburgh (good music and crowd response, poor sound; see review) we — the lady from Polydor, the photographer, a fellow scribe and myself — returned to the hotel where we sought out two heavy members of ARS in the bar: keyboard player Dean Daughtry and drummer Robert Nix.

They're a formidable duo; tall and solid — and already several shots ahead of the visiting delegation.

Under such circumstances one doesn't whip out a notebook; one orders a drink, joins the company and hopes to be able to remember the proceedings the next morning.

Dean didn't.

On the morrow we had to tell him that he brought the early morning soiree to a close by sweeping a drink across the table with a lazy backhand, presumably just to see the effect. It smashed on the floor, stirring up a fight challenge from Robert.

"If you're gonna tussle, shouldn't we all go outside?" I suggested.

"Nah", drawled Robert good-humouredly. "I'll only need one good punch."

I'm later informed that Mr Nix is notorious. Apparently there isn't enough booze on earth to entice all of Lynryd Skynyrd up a dark alley against this one man . . . I'm mighty relieved we're in the same corner.

There was no fight. Dean swayed off to his room, my main impression of him being that his musical influences are diverse, considering he knocks out a Little Richard tribute on stage but spent most of his coherent moments in the bar praising Britain in general and Elton John in particular.

Between the two generations of rock, Dean was close to Roy Orbison, whom he backed in the late '60s as one of The Candymen. So did Robert and that's how come the two dudes are drinking partners; they've been working together for about a decade now.

After everyone else collapsed Robert and I shared a few more nightcaps while he talked of his days with The Big O, including a trip to Britain circa 1967/68. It was all pretty salacious copy, involving, as I recall, a tour of the isle with Marianne Faithful and a tale of two girl hitch-hikers who were picked up en route and released, tired but happy, some three days later.

The point is, Mr Nix has fond memories of Britain. Or, as he pointed out the next morning as we sped in limos out of Pittsburgh, "You've got some great pussy over there."

"I'll tell 'em to gird their loins in readiness for your arrival," I said.

NOW PERHAPS hereabouts I should be assessing the group's music but since you've got the chance to do that yourselves this week I'll stick with the personalities if you don't mind.

However, as ARS are virtually an unknown quantity over here we ought to also get into a bit of background detail. We kill two birds with one stone by next talking to bassist Paul Goddard.

Goddard is in the other car, literally *and* metaphorically. Which is to say there's a distinct rift in the Atlanta Rhythm Section and Paul's way over on the opposite side of the divide from Dean and Robert. Whereas the duo are hard-drinking, hard living, latterday rednecks, Paul's a sensitive soul who's not altogether happy to find himself in the rock 'n' roll biz in the first place, let alone on the road with ARS.

"I wanna play good music and be proud of what I do and then I wanna go home and have my time off," he told us in his motel room at the end of the second day.

ARS had just fulfilled a far more satisfactory gig on a university campus and, perhaps because he was happy with the show, or because we were British, or because he was lonesome, Paul had untypically agreed to meet the press. Normally he leaves that chore to the others.

"It's not so much that I hate people," he explained. "It's just that I'm happier by myself. Early in this band's career I said, 'Sure, let's go meet some people. I'll talk to them.' Maybe one out of every 20 would be really fantastic, the other 19 would be an absolute drag.

"I have no dreams of being a superstar. Matter of fact, the fact that I'm recognised really pisses me off. I'd really like to be left alone because I'm basically an anti-social person.

"That's how I got into playing music. I didn't want to deal with people when I was a teenager, so I stayed in my room and played my guitar. I was pretty much forced into playing with a group because I got tired of playing along with the record-player."

That was in the early-to-mid-60s. From thereon things get complex. As simply put as possible, Paul started gigging as lead guitarist alongside Barry Bailey, now ARS's lead guitarist but then playing bass. In various local Georgia groups (including St John/The Cardinals and Joint Effort) they backed a lot of soul artists (including The Drifters, Dee Clark, Mighty Hannibal and Grover Mitchell) while doing session work at Dopper Studio, mainly recording TV commercials.

At the same time Dean and Robert were working with Orbison and ARS's second guitarist, J R Cobb, was touring as a member of Classics IV (remember "Spooky"?, which he co-wrote) who were supervised by arranger/producer Buddy Buie at Lowery Studio.

When The Candymen left Orbison in the late-60s Paul and Barry joined him for a while in a replacement group until eventually the five founder members of the Atlanta Rhythm Section were brought together by Buie for an Orbison recording session at LeFevre Studio. By that time, at the instigation of Orbison, Paul and Barry had switched instruments.

The quintet became the top session men in Atlanta, Ga., and, at Buie's suggestion, began recording instrumentals after regular working hours. A result of one of these jams was their own interpretation of "Something In The Air" which was sent to Decca/MCA who flipped and shelled out 100,000 dollars front money for the group.

Somehow the tape of "Air" got lost, but with the 100 grand Studio One was built (the group's recording base, in Doraville) and an ablum recorded with singer Rodney Justo from The Candymen. It wasn't promoted and flopped; nationwide tours for the group were either miserably unsuccessful or aborted; Justo quit. He's recently resurfaced with a group called Beaver Teeth.

"We were left with a contract to fulfil with Decca", remembered Paul, "so we got Ronnie Hammond, who was an engineer at LeFevre Studio. I'd heard him sing and told Buddy 'You gotta get him, he's great.'

"I never will forget that night. He was living underneath me at the time — we were in real dumps. And one of our roadies went down and said, 'Hey Ronnie, guess what, you just became the new singer with the Rhythm Section.' He just kinda looked. . . couldn't believe it." (By then ARS were *big* news in Atlantic, even if the name meant nothing outside the city).

RONNIE IS another quiet member of the group who doesn't fit the accepted stereotype of a rock'n'roll frontman, although he's also got a zany side — actually his backside, which he flashed at the other limo as we motored between gigs.

He joined us halfway through the get-together with Paul but was happier to sprawl and listen to the increasingly disorganised conversation than take part.

See, what was happening — again — was a considerable degree of alcoholic degeneration, this time by way of champagne. Bottles of it. Paul's ample supply. His compensation for being on the road.

"I'm a different human being at home," he almost apologised. "You wouldn't even know me, I'm so happy. I don't drink at home, hate the sight of alcohol. But look at me now, I'm half drunk.

"In the early days, the first four years with the band, I had nothing at home to live for. No lady, no house. . . when I was in Atlanta I went to clubs, listened to groups and got drunk. That's about all I ever did. Now suddenly, since we started touring, I've got my life together — so I'm really confused. If it could only be that hour on stage and no more it'd be great."

What he was emphasising, to return briefly to the history of ARS, was that even when they

From left: Dean Daughtry, Bob Nix, Paul Goddard, Ronnie Hammond, J.R. Cobb, Barry Bailey.

RONNIE HAMMOND

cut the second MCA album with Ronnie as singer they were still basically a session group. But when they were picked up by Polydor a decision was called for: house band or road band? It had to be one or t'other.

The first Polydor album, "Third Annual Pipe Dream" (1974), sold well; the second, "Dog Days" (1975), did twice as good (the two albums, incidentally, being considered their best work so far by most of the group *and* fans); and so on through "Red Tape" (1976) to their latest smash hits: "A Rock And Roll Alternative" L.P. and "So In To You" single.

With such escalating popularity, naturally they had to relinquish the security of local work for the nationwide ratrace. Having found a lady and established a home in the meantime, the bemused bassman is currently having a hard time, especially as he's violently anti the traditional comforts of a travelling band.

"I hate groupies, they're trash. I've got a lady and I haven't cheated on her in a year and three months and I don't ever plan to. It may sound cornballs but I love my lady in Atlanta and I'm not gonna mess around.

"But to give you the other extreme, I get so lonely sometimes. . . like Barry and I have been known to cry on the phone to our ladies for an hour. Now this isn't the stuff that people want to print or talk about but it happens.

"I mean after about seven days on the road I call my lady saying, 'Goddamn, I don't think I can take anymore. I'm on the top floor of a place and I wanna jump out the window. Yet I don't wanna bring her with me 'cause I'm not myself on tour. I'd have to tell her to leave me alone before every gig. It wouldn't be right."

By this time we're all nearly weeping in our cups, and Ronnie's making his first statement of more than a couple of words to back-up Paul's sentiments.

"Playing music is not a purpose in life. The Rhythm Section won't last forever. I'll enjoy it while it does and possibly make enough money to open a business — my brother-in-law and I are thinking of buying a liquor store. I love music — but when it's over for me as a rock'n'roller I'm gonna go back home. What I really want out of life is to be married, have a family and raise 'em up real good."

SOMEWHERE IN between the extremes of these two good-hearted southern gents and the heavy duo lie Barry Bailey and James Cobb, although just where I couldn't rightly say as I didn't get a proper chance to talk to them. Both seem to be on the calmer, quieter side of the great divide, particularly J.R., who's that little bit older than the rest of the group ("30 going on 40" he hedged); both travel in the same limo as Paul.

Back at the late-night champagne party Paul is getting drunk enough to tell us about the music he *really* gets off on, a state of mind I'm hip to since that's exactly the way I bore all my friends too.

Not that I'm bored right now. We find we have a lot in common and reach total agreement over the merits of Gene Vincent and Bobby Bland. But I'm not so familiar with his more recent heroes.

Who'd you expect? A bunch of southern soul and rock-'n'roll artists? No chance. Turns out he's become hooked on Gentle Giant, Genesis, Renaissance and — his ultimate group — Kansas.

"I'd cut my dick and nuts off to play with Kansas and their bass player knows it. He's a good friend of mine. To me they are the best band that has ever functioned in the world. Dave Hope, who's one of the best bass players in the world, he knows I want his job. I sit and dream about it.

"We worked two shows with 'em and it impressed our band so much that I think it's the best thing that ever happened to us. I was telling then that our band says we're gonna tighten up like them and they said the same thing happened to them.

"They worked with Queen and saw how tight they were so they straightened their act up. So it's kinda like it's being passed down the line, which is good.

"Damn, I think I'm telling you too much truth. The other guys'll kill me."

Don't worry Paul, I've come to the end of the article anyway.

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SILVER SCREEN

Jimmy Cliff as Ivan the magnificent...

Jimmy Cliff totin' Butch Cassidy bravado

The Harder They Come (X)

Directed by Perry Henzell. Starring Jimmy Cliff, Janet Barkley and Carl Bradshaw.

"YOU THINK hero can dead till the last reel?" says Jimmy Cliff's companion in the Rialto as the sea of black faces around them howl with derisive laughter at a ludicrous spaghetti Western flickering on the screen.

The hero in *The Harder They Come* is Cliff's Ivan, an ambitious young singer who evolves from exploited innocent to embittered folk-hero during the 98 minutes which make up this extraordinary film. That it is Perry Henzell's directorial debut is notable enough; that it is Jamaica's *first* feature film is astonishing. Made in 1972, it is now deservedly reaching a far wider audience than on its initial (meagre) release.

The colourfully idiomatic, syrup-thick patois justifies the (occasional) use of sub-titles, however distracting, although the uniform intensity of the performances leaves little room for doubt as to anyone's intent.

Incorporating much lively detail, the film's tone is equally abrasive (an uncompromising critique of national and private corruption), echoed by the harsh lighting and bold use of colour.

Superbly integrated within the whole is the authentic reggae score (Toots and The Maytals, Slickers, Melodions and, of course, Cliff), beginning with the emblematic "You Can Get It If You Really Want" over the opening credits (this song is reprised, more facetiously, when Ivan drives a stolen convertible over a golf-course).

The first lesson Ivan is taught after arriving in the city as a mango clutching rube from the country is, "You don't have money, you fart." He doesn't have to break wind for long.

After flirting with religion (for sustenance) and fighting off a bellicose colleague with a knife ("Don't-fuck-with-me", intones Ivan rhythmically, as he criss-crosses the man's face with vicious slashes), Ivan's persistent "will to live" is rewarded by a recording session with the island's boss record man, Mr. Hilton (a neat caricature by Bobby Charlton).

"Oppressors trying to keep me down/Make me feel like a clown," sings Ivan. *"The harder they come, the harder they fall/One and all."*

When Ivan declines the $20 offered for his services, Hilton brands him a troublemaker and suppresses the record — only to avariciously release it after Ivan's inevitable skirmishes with the law (I shot the sheriff, indeed) result in his glorification as an outlaw-in-exile ("I Was Here But I Disappear" is the graffiti of the hour).

As the police and the influential ganja tradesmen cautiously conspire to capture Ivan (now fond of *Butch Cassidy* exhibitions of bravado), the complicit corruption rife throughout the island is explicitly delineated.

"Somebody makin' plenty money, I only gettin' spit," says Ivan.

Resplendent in a leopard-skin shirt and motorbike shades, he attempts to do something about it in the only way he knows how, and the poignancy of the remark made earlier from the stalls of the Rialto is brought into sharp, painful focus.

Like I said, an astonishing film.

Monty Smith

Airport 77 (A)

Starring Jack Lemmon, Brenda Vacarro. James Stewart

MY THEORY is this whole motion picture was secretly produced by the US Navy as a useful piece of technicolour public relations to demonstrate their technological and human resources.

It even says at the end of the movie that the story is fiction but the 'Rescue capabilities used by the Navy are fact.'

If this *were* the case it might explain the dumbness of the human interest element of *Airport '77*. Briefly, ageing American millionaire (James Stewart) is opening vast art museum to the public and has invited family and friends over for the opening aboard his own private superjumbo.

We are told before take-off that the plane and its cargo of valuable passengers are together, equal to the gross national product of Texas', so little wonder that a gang on board tries to pull a heist.

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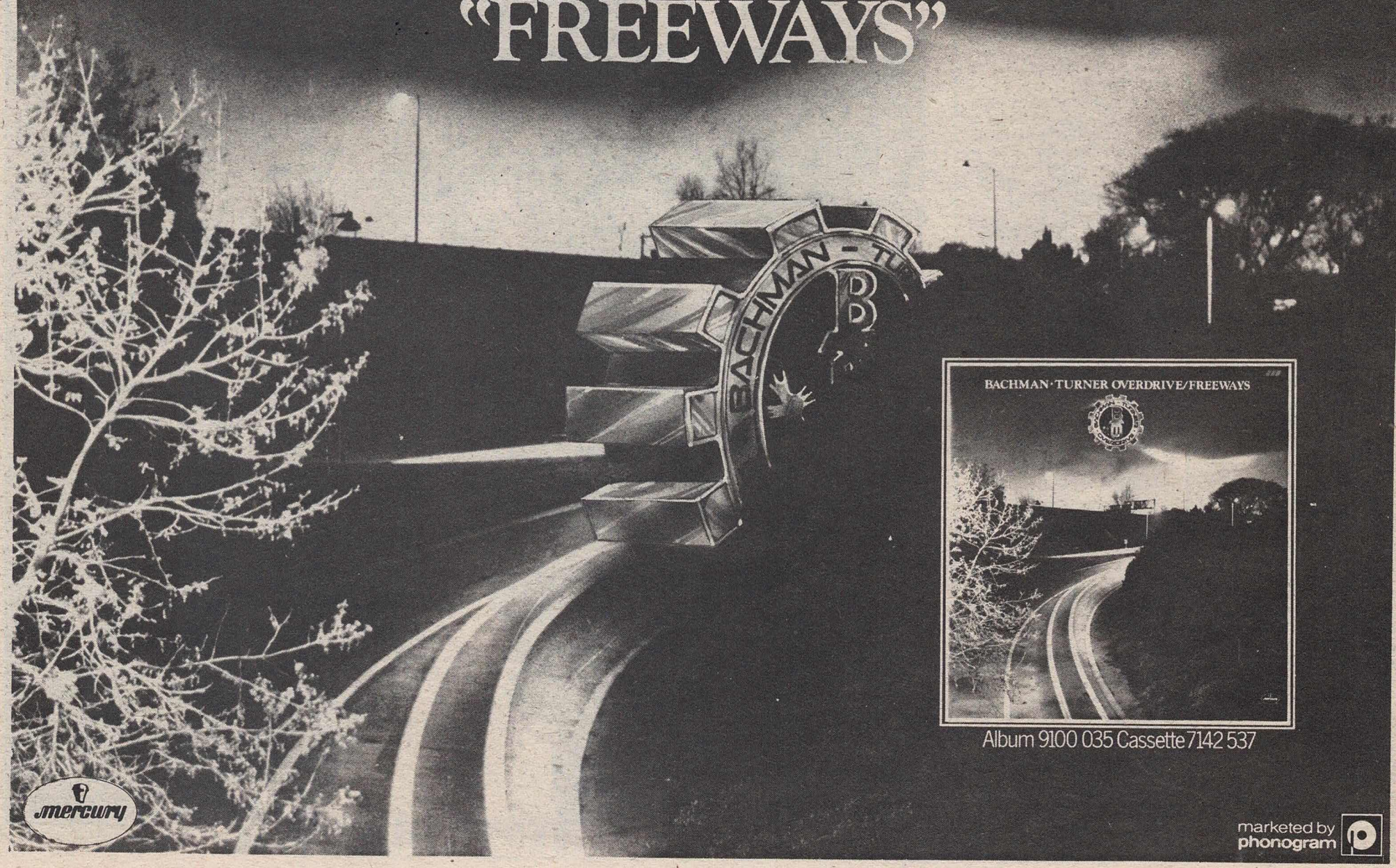

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People getting wet in Airport '77

Bad weather downs the plane, it sinks beneath the ocean, forcing brave pilot (Jack Lemmon) to attempt dangerous escape manoeuvre and summon the entire Navy to refloat the soggy Jumbo.

To be fair, the film is no worse than a multitude of late-night TV movies, it's just bigger.

James Stewart resembles an aged Muppett, Jack Lemmon is totally miscast in a 'physical' role, desperately trying to play seriously the kind of character he's been sending up all these years, while Joseph Cotton is shackled to the ridiculous name of Nicholas St. Downs III.

The advertising come-on just doesn't deliver. Even with such a tacky plot, the set scenes *could* have been spectacular. As it is, they're just dumb.

Have you ever seen a disaster movie where the only doctor on board is a vet?

Dick Tracy

The Eagle Has Landed (A)

Directed by John Sturges. Starring Michael Caine, Donald Sutherland and Robert Duvall

WHILST NOT exactly a complete turkey, *The Eagle Has Landed* certainly resembles an unwieldy albatross. The main fault, I think lies not so much with Tom Mankiewicz's verbose script as with John Sturges' cumbersone direction.

In translating Jack Higgins' best seller to the big screen (and precious little is made of the Panavision format), Sturges opts for dilatory character study rather than bother with any mundane exigencies relating to suspense. After all, everyone knows Winston Churchill was neither kidnapped nor assassinated by the Germans during World War 2.

It all begins as "a simple exercise in logistics". Hitler, in one of his daffier moods, orders the capture of Churchill; taking him seriously, Himmler sees an opportunity for negotiated peace (the Allies are winning and there's small hope of extra-time being played), though the Fuhrer's more rational underlings will go no further than carry out "a feasibility study".

Sure enough, Jungian syncronicity steps in, and the Germans discover that Churchill will soon spend a weekend near the remote Norfolk village of Studley Constable (Bullard's Beers on draught).

Humanitarian Caine in "The Eagle Has Landed"

This teasing set of circumstances coinciding prompts Colonel Radl (Robert Duvall, in an eye-patch) to authorise the actual setting-in-motion of the plan, to be carried out by the dazzlingly arrogant, cruel-but-fair Lt-Col Steiner (Michael Caine, in a haircut). Helping out will be Nazi agent Liam Devlin, an IRA-supporter (Donald Sutherland, in tweeds and "top-of-the-morning' " brogue).

Will they succeed? Will Stockport County win the European Cup?

John Sturges has made some pretty fair action pictures in his time *(The Magnificent Seven, The Great Escape)*, but give him a big budget *(Ice Station Zebra)* and he seems to go to pieces. His Eagle is as bloated as his Zebra, and there's not much to be gleaned from the fatty tissue.

Duvall is convincing as the over-studious Radl, and Caine's Steiner effortlessly conveys the precisely clipped enunciation of a German speaking impeccable English, but the rest of the cast are either over-played (Sutherland's excruciating Irish homolies) or under-used (Donald Pleasence's Himmler, all supercilious hypocrisy).

Though the SS are once again portrayed as thorough-going bastards, Caine's commandos tend to be Bach-playing, flaxen-haired youths who die slumped over church organs (Peckinpah made the point far less tendentiously in *Cross Of Iron*).

When Sturges had finished showing us how *decent* the Germans are, he spoils the climatic sequences with poor cross-cutting which further lessens what little dramatic impact there is (Lalo Schifrin's flabby music score is also a hindrance).

What finally irks is that the "Eagle" has really taken off at the box-office. Last year, Lewis Gilbert's far-superior *Operation Daybreak* (a gritty reconstruction of Reinhard Heidrich's assassination) hardly saw the light of projector north of Watford.

Monty Smith

AROUND THE CIRCUITS

LONDON

NETWORK (AA)
Dirty dealing inside American TV network. Worth a looksee. Reviewed NME 5.3.77 (Odeons/Gaumonts)

THE SENTINEL (X)
Newie creepo movie by Michael Winner. To be reviewed. (Selected ABC).

JABBERWOCKY (A)
See limbs chopped off. Laugh while the blood flows. Reviewed NME 2.4.77 (Odeons/Gaumonts).

STAND UP VIRGIN SOLDIERS
Fun in uniform. Reviewed NME 16.4.77 (Selected ABC's).

SILVER STREAK (A)
Amusing train movie with Richard Pryor & Gene Wilder (Selected Odeons & Gaumonts).

PROVINCIAL

HELTER SKELTER (X)
See the little piggies being chopped up. Reviewed NME 5.3.77 (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts).

CARQUAKE (A)
Smash, smash, smash, smash. Reviewed NME 2.4.77 (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts).

NEXT STOP GREENWICH VILLAGE (X)
Sharp little American comedy of modern mores. (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts).

ROCKY (A)
Blockbuster boxing movie. A loser's dream. Reviewed NME 16.4.77 (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts)

OUT ON the ABC subruns are **Ben Hur, The Front, Blazing Saddles, Monty Python and The Holy Grail,** (and lots of sex films).

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Disco Inferno makes Lazarus walk *(SHOCK)*

SINGLE OF THE WEEK Trammps: Disco Inferno (Atlantic). It's enough to make Lazarus take up his bed and dance. America's premier disco band have assembled a chunk of instant euphoria that knocks out all the competition. The Trammps actually operate at the conservative end of the market. No spacey, psychedelic, outasight, skinny-rib, zombie riffs. Just them good old sliding strings and jack-hammer drums that once made the Motown fortunes. Except that this is a good deal more exhilarating. Even the Bee Gees don't do it this good.

THE HOLLYWOOD STARS: All The Kids On The Street (Arista). Majestic street anthem that stomps along like Slade at the height of their powers. The vocals are too clean cut to be true, but the production has an awesome power that more than makes up. A soaring, surging song that transforms the street into the mythical wonderland that some devotees of Bruce Springsteen dream about. As Kim Fowley had a hand in the composing, you rightly suspect that this is a commercial put-on. But what the hell, it sure works well.

COUNT BISHOPS: Baby You're Wrong (Chiswick). Ferociously brash performance by a band too competent and confident to be alienated punks. Glorious ringing chords from Messrs Johnny Guitar and Zenon de Fleur, gritty aggressive vocals by Dave Tice. And a real neat tune, too. If Chiswick can stamp out enough copies, this should be a huge hit. If airplay is not abundant, then there's definitely no justice.

URIAH HEEP: Wise Man (Bronze). In which Heep — rather surprisingly — whip out a platter with huge chart potential. It features the Hensley Philosophy of Life in its glossiest wrapping to date. The Wise Man is asked: "What is the Meaning of Life?" Good question, Ken. And the gist of the answer: There is No Easy Way to Learn. All of which would be tedious in the extreme, but for a positively lush melody, a distinctly luxurious arrangement, and a dramatic performance from the newly acquired Les Humphries' Singer. What a shocker.

MC5: Borderline (Skydog Import). The Motor City rarely builds its products to last. These noisy gas-guzzlers were high on performance, but low on mileage, with a total absence of road-holding. They seized up very rapidly. Still, wheeled out of the garage again, they undoubtedly look handsome on the forecourt. And that's really about it. The traffic's got a whole lot fiercer in six years. Too fierce for such old bangers. In its day, "Borderline" must have seemed like a ferocious burst of raw energy. But now, it sounds like no more than a rattling exhaust.

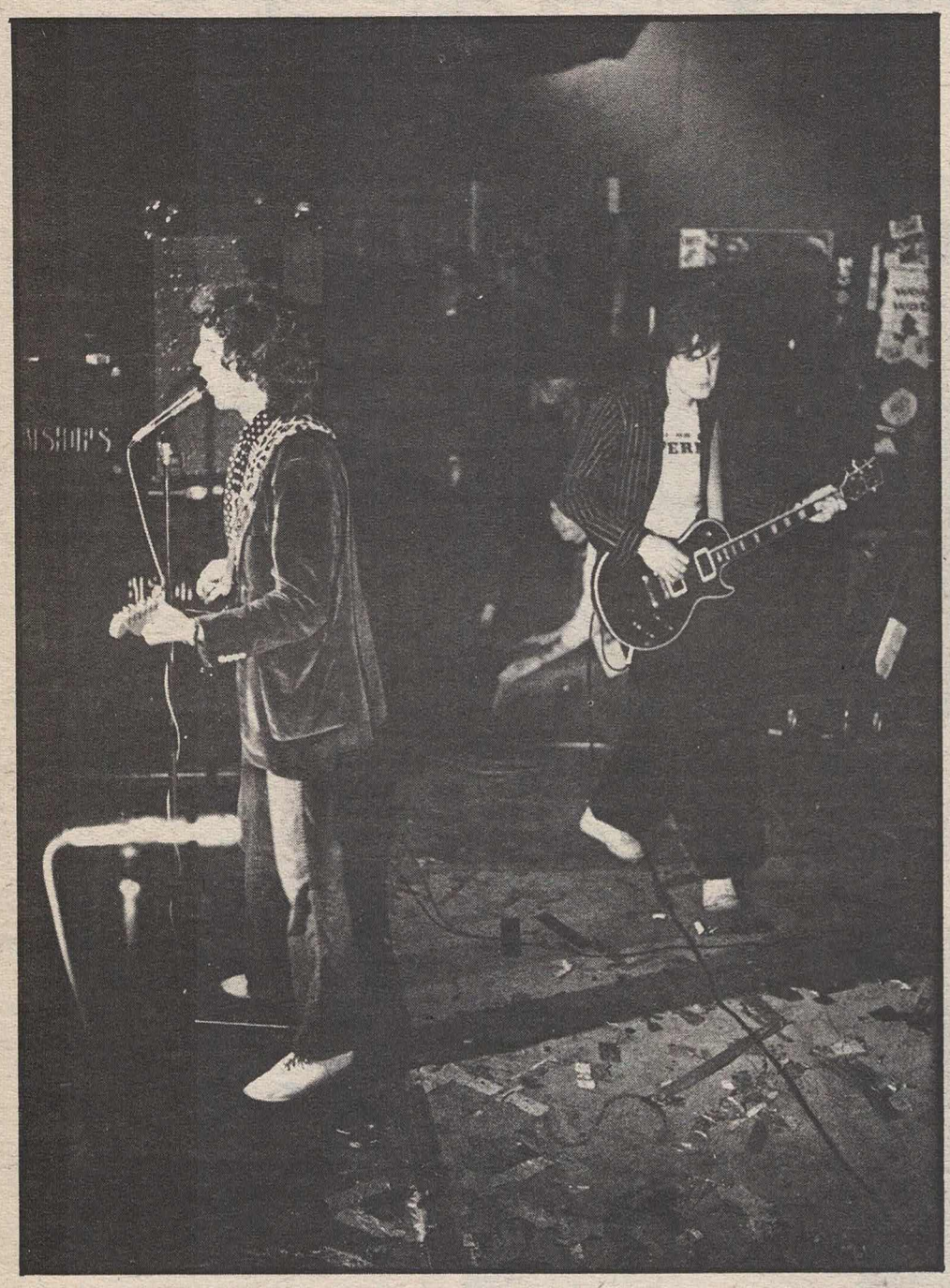
JOHNNY CASH: The Last Gunfighter Ballad (CBS). Is it really? The very last gunfighter ballad? The absolutely final butch, gnarled, world-weary monologue we'll hear that glorifies gun-play? Hard to believe it, somehow. There's too much holstered machismo around. Cash's hero in this unusually literate example of the genre gets run over by a car as he drunkenly recalls former glories — a well-worn irony that's not meant to detract from the reverent tone. The gunman's merely a martyr to modernity, a hallowed relic from the days when men were men, and tautology was wisdom.

MARVIN GAYE: Got to Give It Up (Motown). Marvin Gaye, or Marvin Drabbe? This has to be his dullest single in years. A monotonous, banal chorus: *"Keep on dancing/Got to give it up"*; an undistinguished falsetto that's at odds with his usual sensitive vocals; a melody that's unmemorable to put it mildly. It's the sort of thing that the Isley Brothers do with so much more style and panache.

CAPTAIN AND TENNILLE: Can't Stop Dancing (A and M). After The Carpenters, The Bricklayers. Make that Egglayers. By quaint coincidence, the chorus is similar to Marvin Drabbe's, but a little more jokey with it. *"Can't stop dancing/Just because the music's gone."* The song exudes the big, bouncy energy of big, bouncy people, and is, thus, sickening. The sort of gormless, narcissistic cheeriness that's enough to turn saints into Scrooges. Bah, humbug.

JIMMY WEBB: The Highwayman (Atlantic). After songwriter Webb scored with "MacArthur Park", someone left his cake out in the rain, all

SINGLES



COUNT BISHOPS Johnnie and Zen

the ice cream melted, falling down, and he never saw that recipe again. Which is perhaps as well. You can't have your cake and leave it out in the rain. Here, Mr Webb attempts to re-assert himself with a cosmic big ballad, which may well be about the potency of legends. Or chocolate gateaux. Or battenberg. Or bakewell tart. Or vanilla slices. Produced, arranged, and conducted by George "Smartin' " Martin.

QUINCY JONES: Roots Medley (A and M). Rich American tourists are always being hyped bits of local history wherever they travel, so what's so surprising about Alex Haley getting taken? Not much, except that a lot of people got taken with him. Still, *Roots* is a powerful piece of propaganda of the right kind, and anything that raises the mass consciousness of the Americans is to be applauded. Quincy Jones has created a suitably blasting, brassy anthem in support, but it's hardly self-sufficient away from the telly.

PETER TOSH: African (Virgin). You can't help but feel that Tosh is closer to the roots than a telly soap opera is ever likely to get. No one needs to explain the score to him. Here, he's making the very same assertion as Haley. "No matter where you come from, if you're a black man, you're an African." The song's a little too busy delivering its message to be entertaining, but the reverse is true with the flip, "Stepping Razor" which is as sharp as its title suggests. It's a very curious amalgam of sounds. The intro sounds like Spike Jones and His City Slickers, with added fuzz guitar. Weird. But it settles down to a loping, confident style. *"If you wanna live, treat me good,"* warns Tosh. *"I'm like a walking razor, watch my sides, I'm dangerous."* If you're black, the progression is from roots to thorns, even when you're a talent that's blossomed.

SCAFFOLD: How D'You Do (Bronze). Those of you hung up on the Scaffold will be pleased to hear that they're no longer drawn and quartered. Those who recall that the commercial highpoint of the trio's career was a monotonous toned-down rugby song, may be less happy. This is a somewhat over-produced attempt to score again with a warmed over Trad., Arr. The joke is to do with the hitherto undisclosed ambiguity of the expression "how d'you do's". The mixed infants will surely nudge and wink themselves to death in the audience of the Basil Brush show.

SINGLES REVIEWED By BOB EDMANDS

RUBETTES: Ladies of Laredo (State). Having abandoned their bid to out-shriek The Four Seasons, these guys continue their surprising comeback, which seems to have been triggered by the discovery that one of their guitarists looks like Roy Orbison's Dad. An unlikely enough asset to exploit. But given a subtle enough song, there's no doubt that those heavy spectacles, that suggestion of a double chin, that plump black leather all combine to lend a certain musical authority. This is an agreeable cowboy ballad about a good old boy who goes systematically through the aforementioned ladies of Laredo until he gets his comeuppance. Bound to be a monster. The record, that is.

DESPERATE BICYCLES: Smoke Screen (Refill). Genuine garage band make frenetic bid for superstardom in cut-price Dalston recording studio. If you can't persuade the major labels to invest, then the only answer is to do it yourself. Shades of Bill Nelson. But will it ring the bell for the Bicycles? This is a manic little performance of an oddly scrambling little song. The lyricist has more words than he get cram onto the melody, and the vocalist is breathless. Perhaps recalls the energy, the clutter, and the potential of early Mott the Hoople.

RAY DORSET AND MUNGO JERRY: Heavy Foot Stomp (Polydor). *"A little bit of bomp, a little bit of stomp. Come on, baby, do the heavy foot stomp".* You get the gist, already? Produced jointly by Dorset and former Tremeloe Alan Blakely, the song is totally in the tradition of both bands. Corporal and Tennille? Hardly a fair comparison, because Dorset's never been anything like as plastic or as glossy as American MOR acts. But the jovial tone is undoubtedly laid on with a trowel.

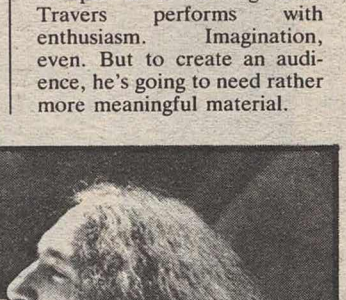
ROBERT WYATT: Yesterday Man (Virgin). With his exquisitely cute street urchin voice, Mr Wyatt sounds as though he's auditioning for the chorus of *Oliver.* Nick Mason's anarchic production takes apart the old Chris Andrews hit, and turned it into something distinguished. Where Andrews displayed more bounce per ounce than ordinary mortals, Wyatt is touchingly melancholy.

DENNY LAINE: Moondreams (EMI). Despite the adverse critical consensus towards Laine's Holly covers, both cuts here are tastefully done, with the B-side "Heartbeat" having the edge. McCartney produces with the care of a man protecting his investments. "Moondreams" is typical Holly, veering slightly towards the schmaltzy, but Macca rescues it with a subtle, crisp arrangement. The album "Hollydays" from which this comes should be a small treat.

FLAMIN' GROOVIES: I Can't Explain (Skydog Import). There can hardly be a rock classic left that the Groovies have failed to do over. This out-take from "Teenage Head" faithfully follows the Townshend blueprint, but with several quantums less energy. The flip is "Little Queenie" from the Dave Edmunds era, and they used tracing paper on the Stones' version, too. The appeal is mystifying.

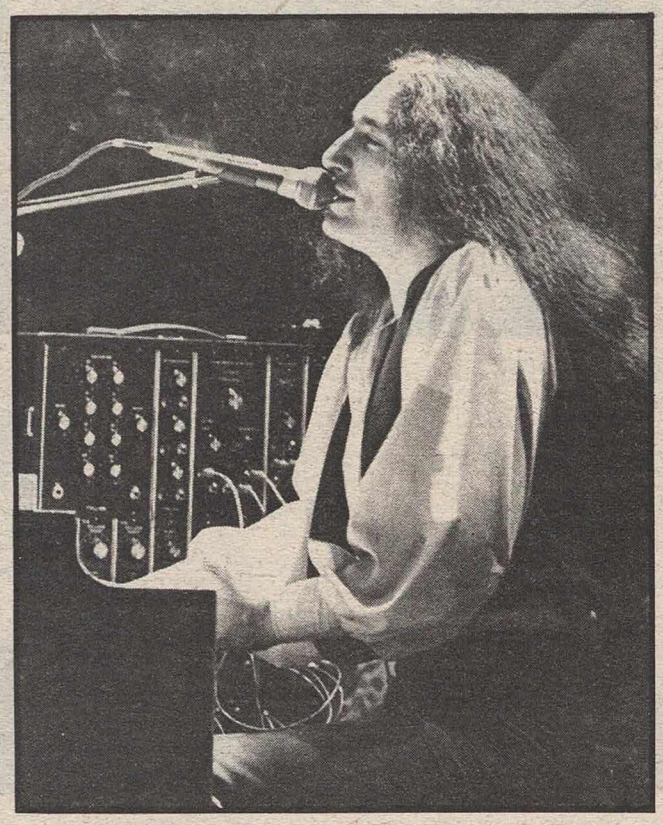
KC AND THE SUNSHINE BAND: I'm Your Boogie Man (TK). Maybe Casey is mellowing. Either that, or he's slightly unwell. Something very strange has happened here. The riff is understated — a revolutionary turn of events. The band even begin the cut quietly. Naturally, they crank up the intensity a little after a few bars. But there's no concealing the restraint. Can an outfit like this afford to stop running flat out? It happens to everyone eventually, of course. Success breeds complacency, and less adrenalin goes into the finished product. Besides that, we all know Casey's our boogie man without him harping on about it.

THE SUPREMES: Love I Never Knew You Could Feel So Good (Motown). Good to see that Holland, Dozier, and Holland, the world's funkiest solicitors, have patched things up with Motown. Brian Holland produced this side and also gets a composing credit, but it's not in the familiar style. The song depends more on its brisk pace and sharp rhythmic pulse than on the colourful arrangements that were the HDH trademark. The sound is definitely more Philly than Detroit, and that's a sad measure of the lack of confidence among the parties involved.



Z Z TOP: Arrested For Driving While Blind (London). It's Z Z when you know how, and there's not much you need to know to produce music this corny. The producer here is called, appropriately enough, Bill Ham. The record goes down like a buffalo with its foot caught in a gopher hole. A plodding 12 bar that recalls the least attractive aspects of Canned Heat, when Bob "The Bear" Hite elbowed Al Wilson aside. Pretty grizzly. The words seem to be some sort of redneck justification of drunken driving.

PAT TRAVERS: Rock N Roll Susie (Polydor). Up and coming guitar wizard Travers clearly enjoys playing with himself. In other words, he is very fond of overdubbing. The most effective part of the single is the two-guitar sound on the riff. Otherwise, there's not much to recommend it. The song is a turkey big enough to collapse an oak dining table. Travers performs with enthusiasm. Imagination, even. But to create an audience, he's going to need rather more meaningful material.

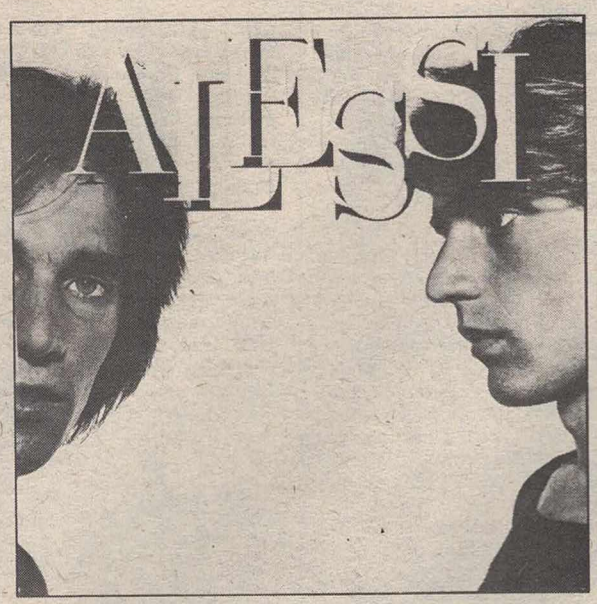


URIAH HEEP's Ken Hensley

bike
"STREET" IS NEAT..
IT'S PIN-UPTIME IN BIKE MAGAZINE
FREE!
BUTTON BADGE THIS MONTH.
LEADER OF THE PACK bike
SHEIK STREET SPECIAL
EXCLUSIVE ROAD TEST OF THE LIMITED-EDITION TRIUMPH TRIDENT- MADE FOR SAUDI ARABIA, NOW COMIN' AT YOU LIKE A BRITISH HARLEY DAVIDSON.
PURE STREET SINGLES FINAL-
BIGGEST EVER TEST OF ELEVEN 125's.
STREET STRIP.
SUMMER THREADS FOR BEST-DRESSED BIKERS.
STREET SLEEPER-
ADD A YAMAHA GRAND PRIX ENGINE TO AN RD250 STREET CHASSIS -STOP AT THE NEXT DRY CLEANERS..
STREET SURVIVAL
STAY ALIVE - PUT MIND BEFORE MOTOR CAR AND RIDE POSITIVE
-ITS ALL IN STREET SPECIAL MAY BIKE MAGAZINE-
OUT NOW!
bike

What the papers say...

ALESSI
"ALESSI"
AMLH 64608



"Alessi, Billy and Bobby, twins from the East Coast...their first album is rich in enthusiasm, originality and talent. Side One is a gem and as a commercial entity is quite faultless, and full of highlights: the guitar which announces the main passage of DO YOU FEEL IT is magic and always comes as a surprise...the hook of DON'T HOLD BACK is brilliant, full of ideas, neat touches and pet sounds...and so with every song...pick your own single.

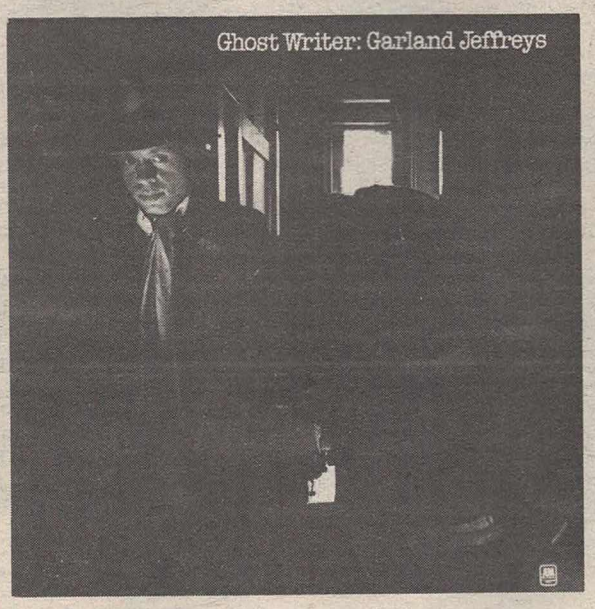
John Williams,
RADIO & RECORD NEWS,
February 15th 1977.

RITA COOLIDGE
"ANYTIME, ANYWHERE"
AMLH/CAM 64616

"She comes out of the speakers like liquid honey gently tickling your ears. Rita has a voice soft as a lullaby but with just the right amount of underlying grit. 'Higher And Higher' is a laid-back version of the old standard, Rita sounding relaxed and warm. 'The Way You Do The Things You Do' has a bluesy feel. Her handling of Boz Scaggs' 'We're All Alone' is superb, as her emotion-packed voice wraps around some superlative lyrics. A very pleasing piece of vinyl."

Robin Smith, RECORD MIRROR,
9th April, 1977

GARLAND JEFFREYS
"GHOST WRITER"
AMLH 64629



"On appearances this album will be filed in the Male Solo Artists' rack, but Garland Jeffreys is no ordinary singer-songwriter. This is not his first venture into the studios, having since 1969, held contracts and recorded for Vanguard, Atlantic and, briefly, Arista. The deal with A&M granted the opportunity to work with some of the cream of New York's musicians, including Steve Gadd, Don Grolnick, Anthony Jackson and the Breckers. Their performances, throughout Jeffreys' much varied material, are typically exemplary, without being clinical.

Garland Jeffreys has written ten thought-provoking, entertaining and unpretentious songs, excellently arranged, produced and performed... do give it the benefit of a listen. It would be tragic if it is forced into remaining an obscurity."

Barry Myers, SOUNDS,
April 2nd, 1977

LETTA MBULU
"THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR"
AMLH 64609

"This is the most imaginative, immaculately performed collection of songs I've heard in a long, long time – supported by supremely accomplished backing tracks running through an infinity of moods and textures – from lone guitar gently strummed over distant strings to throbbing red-zone wah-wah and brass. This album, plus the media interest bound to follow from her collaboration with Quincy Jones on the soundtrack of ROOTS, presents Letta the long overdue chance of mainstream breakthrough her talent so vociferously demands."

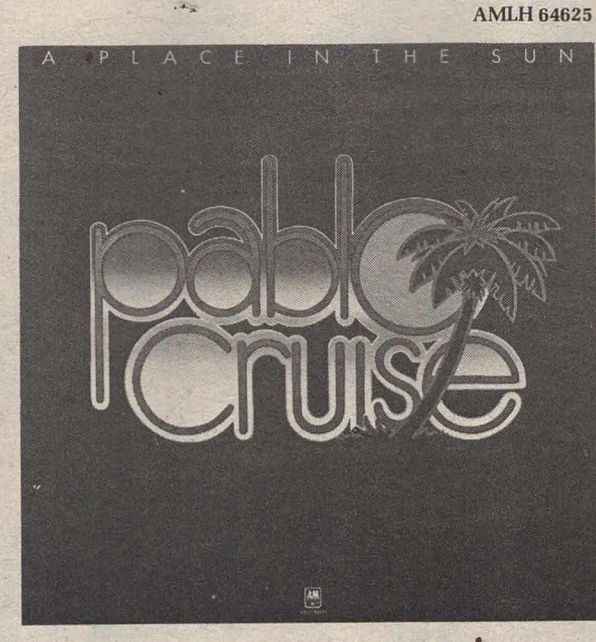
Chris May, BLACK MUSIC,
April, 1977

THE HOMETOWN BAND
"FLYING"
AMLH 64605

"The Hometown Band are an exceptional and different talent. The story really starts on the West Coast of America ten years ago, when a band called The Collectors came down from Vancouver to cut an album... called simply 'The Collectors', it proved to be one of the overlooked masterpieces of the West Coast rock explosion. Star of the show, and one of its originators, was saxophonist Claire Lawrence. The band gradually disappeared from view (in Britain anyway) until now, that is, and the appearance of The Hometown Band, which finds Lawrence installed as producer and saxophonist. 'Flying'... a superb tonic for jaded rock ears. An album for connoisseurs."

Michael Oldfield, MELODY MAKER,
April 2nd, 1977

PABLO CRUISE
"A PLACE IN THE SUN"
AMLH 64625



"'A Place In The Sun' is the third album from Pablo Cruise, who were originally formed from the remains of West Coast Bands It's A Beautiful Day and Stoneground, producing a flowing blend of melody and rock. Although extensive success evades them at the moment, something of a cult following is growing and chart entry in the States, proves that they are one of the classier outfits who could take advantage of the field opened up by Hall & Oates. The intention is to bring them over in the summer, to make a few live appearances, possibly at festivals, which hopefully will be the exposure necessary to break them here. Meanwhile, enjoy the album.

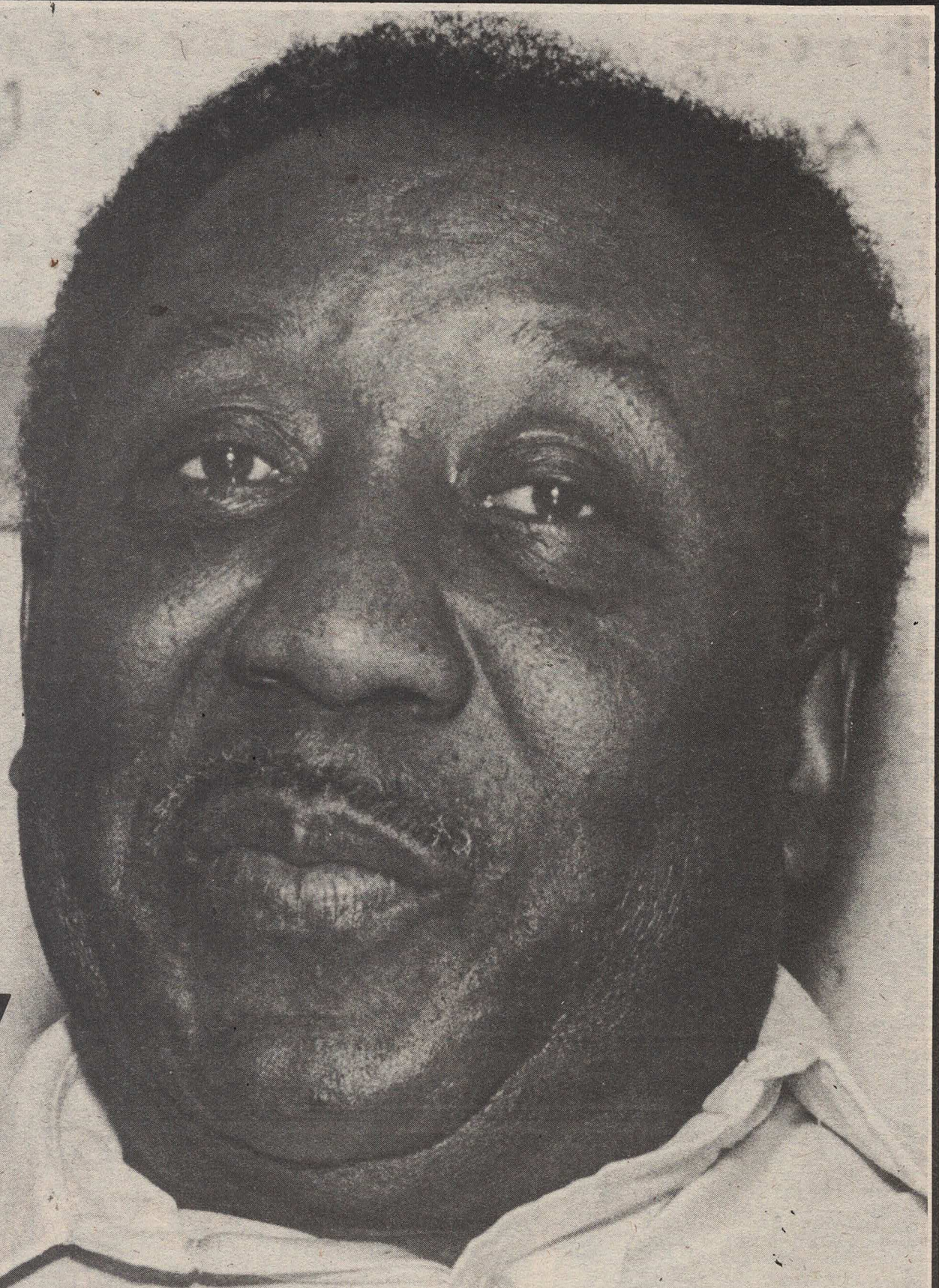
Barry Myers, SOUNDS,
February 19th 1977.

A&M RECORDS

...about A&M Records

The blues had a baby

. . . and they called it rock 'n' roll



"THE KIND OF BLUES I play . . . there's no money in it. You makes a good livin' when you gets established like I am, but you don't reach that kind of overnight million dollar thing, man . . . no way.

"If you play nuthin' but blues, it's hard to get big off of it. It takes years and years and years and still kids come in and go, 'Who he?'" . . .

THE KID with the cancelled eyes and the bombsite face has his eye on my bottle of beer. As we stand at the edge of the club watching Johnny Winter leading Muddy Waters' band through the first half of the show, he sees I have my eye on his pipe. We come to a wordless agreement and trade implements. As we swap back I ask him if Muddy Waters has been on yet.

He turns those dented hubcap orbs on me.

"Muddy *who*?"

In the end, I have to ask four people before I finally find one who says, "No, man, it's just been Johnny and the band on so far."

Once that's been established and I'm assured that I haven't dragged Joe Stevens, a lady from CBS records, her two kid brothers and a driver all the way from New York City to Willimantic, Connecticut, on a mere wild blues chase, it's possible to relax and take stock of the surroundings and the music.

We're in a sprawling, low-ceilinged wooden building called the Shaboo Inn. Kids from the neighbouring three or four states all converge there — it seems like every under-age drunken driver within a hundred miles is there; damage cases lurching around afterwards slurring, "Hey, whut city we in, man?", the lot.

It's crowded, smoky, sweatbox hot despite the noisy airconditioning and there are two small exits — upfront and backstage — which means that if a fire started in there the audience and bands would have to be sent home in canvas bags and the whole process would take maybe ten or fifteen minutes . . . imagine all those blurred-round-the-edges teenage casualties stomping each other to get at the exits. Jesus, what a mess . . .

As this horrific fantasy subsides, focus in if you will on the band.

Reading from left to right, the first man we come to is Pinetop Perkins, born at Belzoni, Mississippi, in 1913. He's played piano for Muddy since the death of Otis Spann, Muddy's half-brother and the finest blues pianist of his time, in 1970.

Next to him behind the drums is Willie "Big Eyes" Smith — formerly known as "Little Willie Smith" — born 1936 in Helena, Arkansas, a former harmonica player who switched to drums in the late '50s because the blues was in one of its periodic doldrums " . . . and harps went out. So I had to look for other ways to keep a job and I learned drums." He's played with Muddy since the early '60s, thrashing his kit with perfect power and control.

Next up is Bob Margolin, a young bearded white guitarist who's played rhythm for Muddy for three or four years. He keeps his Stratocaster turned well down and he looks unbelievably nervous, even after all this time. His playing is oddly hesitant as if he's perpetually waiting for cues from the older men around him — like James Cotton on harp.

■ *Continues over*

Twice the age he was then . . .

MUDDY WATERS, granddaddy of rock, finds overnight success at 62.

By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

(with contemporary shots from JOE STEVENS)

. . . half the age he is now.

"Robert Johnson was playing on the corner, people were crowdin' round him, and I stopped and peeked over. He was a dangerous man and he was really using the guitar. It was too heavy for me. I crawled away . . ."

■ *From previous page*

Cotton, born in Tunica, Mississippi, in 1935, is one of the guest stars on this tour. Taught by Sonny Boy Williamson II and Muddy's harmonica player for twelve years, he's led his own band for some time, and it's from Cotton's band that Muddy's borrowed bassist Charles Calmese, the youngest man on the stage, snake-eyed and agile, pumping out time-honoured lines embellished with a few contemporary fillips on a fretless Fender.

Up front taking care of business in the absence of The Man is a man who could be nineteen or ninety, a long thin streak of Texas white lightning perched on a high stool with a Gibson Firebird in his lap, clad in black velvet and a floppy hat of the same fabric, milky hair pushed back and falling to his shoulders, a face so white that it practically vanishes when he leans into the lights . . . born in 1944 in Leland, Mississippi, Mr Johnny Winter.

Shorn of his rock star accoutrements and 2001-watt monoliths, Winter's put himself back into the College Of Musical Knowledge for a post-graduate Ph.D course in the blues from the man who personally tutored the likes of Little Walter, Jimmy Rogers, James Cotton, Junior Wells, Buddy Guy, Mike Bloomfield and Paul Butterfield in the intricacies of their craft, and whose home-study course has benefited — among others — Mick Jagger, Keith Richard, Eric Clapton, Brian Jones, Peter Green, Elvis Presley, Carl Perkins, Bo Diddley, Eric Burdon, John Mayall, Stevie Winwood, Jack Bruce, Jimmy Page, Robert Plant, Jimi Hendrix, The Band, Rory Gallagher, the Feelgoods, Paul Rodgers, Lew Lewis, Rod Stewart . . . let's just say that Muddy's students have, over the years, done him proud.

LIKE JUST ABOUT every Southern kid, Winter had grown up hearing the seminal rock and country records over the radio and, for him, Muddy was always The Man.

He'd simultaneously paid off a massive musical debt and set himself up for the treat of a lifetime by getting Muddy signed up to Blue Sky records — his manager Steve Paul's label — and producing/kibitzing/guitaring "Hard Again," the album which inaugurated Muddy's stay with the company by recapturing the colossal vitality and crispness of Muddy's '50s recordings.

And now he's up front leading a stellar line-up of three generations of Chicago bluesmen, warming up the crowd for The Man. He's shouting John Lee Hooker's "Serve You Right To Suffer" into the mike and playing the sweetest, sharpest, saltiest blues guitar you can imagine, expanding the content of the genre without ever breaking faith with its form.

The audience is grooving on it, but they seem a bit puzzled as to why Johnny isn't wearing his satins and jewellery and playing the ferocious death-before-dishonour power-chord rock and roll that's been his major stock and trade in the '70s.

A kid who yells for "Rock And Roll Hoochie Koo" gets a poised "*Fuck* ya!" gouged into his face, followed by a galloping, hell-for-leather sword-cane version of Elmore James' Robert-Johnson-derived "Dust My Broom."

As he kick-starts his solo, his left hand sneaks to his volume control and he's up off the stool and dancing with it now, his face dreamily and serenely abstracted as he switches his butt across the stage. He doesn't do "Guitar moves"; in fact, it's like he's dancing to the music and he's forgotten that he's got a guitar in his hands and that he's playing, or — indeed — that he doesn't realise that he's off his stool.

He looked like a skeleton dancing in moonlight, answering some unearthly summons.

On this up, he ends the set and calls a fifteen-minute break before The Main Event — and even though sound commercial reasoning dictates whose name is highest and biggest on the posters, there's no question as to whose show it it.

When things reassemble, Perkins, Smith, Margolin, Calmese and Cotton essay an instrumental.

Cotton wails his brains out with a succession of devastating solos, but the stiffness and nervousness of Margolin's playing keeps things fairly earthbound until Winter re-enters, plugs in and starts striking sparks off his guitar. The other musicians ignite and things are burning pretty good when Cotton brings on Muddy Waters.

(Top) MURRAY and MUDDY with a side-order of champagne . . .

MUDDY WATERS was born on April 4, 1915, in Rolling Fork, Mississippi; the second son of farmer Ollie Morganfield, who named him McKinley. In 1918 his mother died, and young McKinley Morganfield was sent to live with his grandmother in Clarksdale, some hundred miles away.

"I was raised in the country, and out there they didn't have no *concrete*, ya know . . . just muddy country roads, and people used to clean their feet off on our front porch. I'd be playing' around crawlin' in the mud, probably *eatin'* it . . . and my grandmother started callin' me her little muddy baby.

"I started to play the harp when I was seven. At nine I was *really* tryin' to play. At thirteen I thought I was *good*. The kids I used to sing to would call out *'Hey Muddy Waters play us a piece.'*

"I didn't like that 'Muddy Water' thing, ya know . . . I didn't mind my grandmother calling me Muddy, but that whole Muddy Waters thing I didn't like, it just growed on me."

In the latter part of his teens, McKinley Morganfield saw the great Delta bluesman Charley Patton. Patton was nearly thirty years Muddy's senior and impressed him enormously — as he had also impressed a twenty-one-year-old Arkansawan named Chester Burnett, himself later to become a blues legend as Howlin' Wolf.

"I saw Charley Patton in my younger life days — him and Son House, a lot of the older guys. What got to me about Charley Patton was that he was such a good clown man with the guitar. Pattin' it and beatin' on it and puttin' it behind his neck and turnin' it over . . . I loved that, but I loved Son House because he used the bottleneck so beautiful. He was one of the best Mississippi things of the time.

"I think me myself and Robert Johnson got the most out of Son House. Of course Robert he come up so fast, but I had to stay with the Son House single-string kind of thing."

Muddy had formed a duo with a friend of his, a guitarist named Scott Bohannon. Within a year, though, Muddy had traded in his harps for a guitar, and by the time he was seventeen, he was playing bottleneck leads to Bohannon's rhythm. He'd already known for a long time that he was going to be a professional musician for life.

"I left the home with that when I was a little kid, and ever since I can remember, *this is what I wanted to be.* Something outstanding. If I couldn't make it in music, I'd be a big preacher, a great ball player.

"I didn't want to grow up with no-one knowin' me but the neighbourhood people. I wanted the world to know a *lot* about me. I thank my God I got it through . . ."

Throughout his late teens and his twenties, Muddy made his living in much the same way as many other unskilled and semi-educated young Southern blacks: he went to work on neighbouring cotton plantations, but he did better than most thanks to his musical abilities. A night's music earned him $2.50, as opposed to the $3.75 paid for five days' work.

Plus a small whisky still out in the bushes.

Son House, the man from who he learned the finer points of bottleneck guitar and a certain amount of his early repertoire, was a brilliant guitarist who remained in obscurity until tracked down and recorded in 1966 ("Son House, I presume"). Son House taught Muddy some of the songs — and the essentials of the style — of Robert Johnson, undoubtedly the finest country blues singer of all.

(Left) MUDDY at Newport 1960; (bottom) on album with WOLF and BO

TO SAY THAT Robert Johnson was a "mystery" and an "enigma" is to understate. No-one seems to know where he was born or when, although he must've been around Muddy's age. Nobody knows what he looked like (though he is frequently described as being "small and dark"), because there are no known photographs of him.

He was a shy young kid who desperately wanted to emulate the older bluesmen and seemed patently unable to do so until he vanished for about six months and then came back the best and most exciting singer/guitarist and composer that anyone had ever heard.

Between 1936 and 1938 he recorded twenty-nine sides for Vocalion Records — all of which are now available on a pair of indispensable CBS albums entitled "Robert Johnson, King Of The Delta Blues Singers (Vols I & II)" — a blues more supple, driving and achingly immediate than anything existing at the time.

The blues of Robert Johnson represent the absolute artistic peak of the pre-war rural blues: his guitar playing foreshadowed the future of the music, with funky bass-string riffing, vibrant, biting slide counterpoints and powerful, choppy chording that formed the basis of the way the electric blues bands — black *and* white — of the future would balance off lead, rhythm and bass guitars.

He was solidly in the tradition of the Mississippi Delta bluesmen who'd preceded him, but like his spiritual descendants Charlie Parker and Jimi Hendrix, he was just that much further out.

It was his songs, and the way he sang them, that mattered the most, though. Hearing Robert Johnson really drives home why religious folks called the blues "devil music" and why many musicians from religious backgrounds found the decision to play blues an almost Faustian choice.

Johnson opens a window into an almost apocalyptic world in his blues, a world where he and the devil walk side by side *("early this morning when you knocked upon my door/I said 'Hello Satan, I do believe it's time to go")*, where the blues walks like a man and pours down like hell ("Hell Hound On My Trail"), where he's out late at night after redneck curfew ("Crossroads"), and even when the devil/blues makes him impotent ("Phonograph Blues", "Stones In My Passway").

He sings in a voice that sounds like bare trees clutching hopelessly at a grey sky, as if he was running down the road trying not to look at them. Robert Johnson was serving life without parole on Desolation Row before Bob Dylan was even born.

The unnerving suddenness with which he'd acquired his powers and the subject-matter of his songs led many to venture the opinion that Johnson had, indeed, made a Faustian pact with the devil. He died in 1938 — no-one quite knows how.

Some say he was stabbed, some poisoned, but everybody agrees that it was in a fight over a girl.

The reason for the mystery is that he was an itinerant musician in a strange town, with none of his friends with him either to prevent or to record the manner of his death, and besides, who cares what happens to a vagrant black in some small Southern town where nobody knows him . . .?

MUDDY WATERS knew Johnson principally from his records and from what Son House had taught him, but Johnson influenced him enormously.

"I didn't know Robert well at all, because I don't remember meeting him. He was in a little town called Frye's Point, and he was playing on the corner there. People were crowdin' round him, and I stopped and peeked over. I got back into the car and left, because he was a *dangerous* man . . . and he really was *using* the *git*-tar, man . . .

"I crawled away and pulled out, because it was too heavy for me . . ."

The echoes of Robert Johnson in Muddy's first recordings were overwhelming.

Folklorist Alan Lomax recorded him for the Library Of Congress in 1941 and again in 1942, both solo and as a member of the Sons Sims Four, a group he played with occasionally.

In his mid-twenties at the time, his voice is considerably lighter and younger than the classic Muddy Waters Voice of his '50s recordings, and the phrasing and intonation are unmistakably derived from Johnson,

as is the guitar style.

Muddy's playing and singing carried a solidity and weight that Johnson's perhaps lacked, but similarly the realms of metaphysical terror which were Johnson's prowling grounds were closed to Muddy — perhaps thankfully, because Muddy Waters is still with us in the flesh, whereas Johnson's presence is ghostly beyond belief.

No mere Johnson *imitator* was Muddy, though, not even then. His sheer warmth, strength and authority completely polarised and redefined even the most obviously Johnson-derived pieces, and he displays thrilling, tantalising hints of the power that he would unleash on his next foray into recording.

He was absolutely determined that he *would* record again — and this time see the records released and paid for. (The Library Of Congress, which treats folk musicians as wildlife specimens rather than artists, never paid Muddy for the recordings until a quarter of a century later, when they were finally released by Testament Records as "Down On Stovall's Plantation").

"It took the people from England to hip my white people to what they had in their own backyard. It was The Rolling Stones. They told the truth about it and that really put a shot in my arm. I tip my hat to 'em."

THE CENTRE of blues recording was Chicago, which then — as now — boasted a substantial black population.

The industry was undergoing a hiatus at the time, since due to a combination of wartime raw-materials shortages and a massive union dispute, there were no recordings made for several years.

Muddy arrived in Chicago in 1943 — the year after his final session with Lomax — and went to stay with an uncle of his. He got a job in a paper factory, but he soon found himself making more money playing guitar and singing at parties and bars. In 1944 he found that he wasn't loud enough and got himself his first electric guitar.

"It wasn't no name brand electric guitar, but it was a *built-in* electric git-tar, no pick-up just stuck on. It gave me so much trouble that that's probably why I forgot the name; everytime I looked round I had to have it fixed. Finally it got stoled from me in one of them little neighbourhood clubs, and the next one I got me was a Gretsch, and that's the one I used on all my early hits."

In 1946, pianist Andrew Luandrew — better known as Sunnyland Slim — needed a guitarist for a session he was cutting for Aristocrat Records, a small label run as a sideline by Leonard and Phil Chess, who were proprietors of a bar called the Macambo, and a gentleman named Sammy Goldberg.

Slim knew Muddy from various jams and gigs, and so he brought him along to Goldberg and the Chess brothers, and they and bassist Ernest "Big" Crawford cut four sides.

Muddy and Slim each took two lead vocals, and therefore got a single apiece out of it.

On all four of the selections, Slim's piano is the predominant instrument — after all, he was the veteran and Muddy the novice — but the guitar is taut and inventive. Playing, surprisingly enough, without a slide, Muddy reveals himself as a lead guitarist who'd not only refined his existing tricks in the preceding five years, but has also learned an awful lot of new ones. His voice had developed considerably more power and control and the Johnson influences had been almost fully absorbed and transcended.

After one single as a sideman, one as a featured artist and a third where he and Slim shared billing, he was ready to step out on his own.

IN 1948, Sunnyland Slim quit Aristocrat.

Muddy, however, was already far more than just Sunnyland Slim's protege, a fact which he proved with devastating success when, accompanied only by Big Crawford, he cut a version of a song called "I Be's Troubled", which he'd first cut for Alan Lomax back in Mississippi in 1942.

This time it was called "I Can't Be Satisfied."

By blues standards, it was a smash hit around Chicago and in the South. Almost certainly, it was one of the records that, way over in Memphis, Tennessee, a thirteen-year-old po'-white boy named Elvis Aron Presley must've listened to on the black radio station.

Big Crawford's pumping, punching bass lines presage those which Bill Black was to play six years later when Presley cut his interpretation of Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup's "That's All Right Mama", an interpretation which owes much to the pacing and phrasing of Muddy's record.

The record had two major effects.

The first was to persuade the Chess brothers that the harsh, electrified Delta blues was *the* sound. They then dropped the cocktail pop and jazz that they'd been recording and quickly established themselves as a pre-eminent boss blues label.

The second was to make Muddy Waters the undisputed boss of Chicago blues.

He consolidated his success with a series of harder, heavier, more passionate and more electric hits, and began to assemble, member by member, the toughest and most exciting band in town. Muddy Waters' Blues Band was to become, not only the best and most influential band in Chicago, but what was for all practical purposes, the first electric rock band.

His first ally was Jimmy Rogers sometimes known as "Chicago Jimmy Rogers" to distinguish him from the white country singer Jimmie Rodgers), a fine guitarist and singer who, like many of Muddy's sidemen, cut solo recordings at Muddy's sessions with the leader backing them up.

"He was playing harp, I was playing git-tar — that was when I got my git-tar stoled. Then he switched over — we went with a guy called Blue Smitty.

"He made a coupla records for Chess, but I don't know if you'd remember him — he played a hell of a good guitar. Me and him played guitar, and Jimmy Rogers played harp: three of us. This lasted almost a year, and then Blue Smitty left us and Jimmy got a job, and this left me by myself.

"I got a guy named Baby Face Leroy (Foster). He played drums and guitar, but he and I was playing git-tars together. Then Little Walter came to play with Baby Face Leroy, and Jimmy was hangin' round. He was a good musician, and I wanted to cut him in with us and make four. So I put Leroy on the drums, Jimmy on the guitar and Little Walter on the harp."

MARION "LITTLE WALTER" Jacobs was born in Marksville, Lousiana in either 1930 or 1931.

He played both harmonica and guitar when, barely twenty, he joined up with Muddy's band. He was a more than fair guitarist — as his performances on some of Muddy's records amply testify — but his true turf was mouth harp.

Little Walter is the man against whom all other blues harpists must be measured. Rank him as of equal importance and influence on his instrument and in his field as Robert Johnson, Charlie Parker and Jimi Hendrix were in theirs.

"Before I had him as a harp player he was used to playing on his own. He didn't have very good time, but me and Jimmy teached him that. Plus we taught him how to settle down. He was *wild*, he had to play *fast!* He was always a jump boy, had that up'n-go power. *Lotta* energy!

"He could cool down and play a slow blues, but when he go for himself he play sump'n up-tempo."

Walter was a renowned hell-raiser, and even after his work with Muddy and his solo records both while he was in the band and after had made him as big a star as Muddy for awhile, his wildness and taste for the booze seriously damaged his career.

"He was a great guy. He had kind of a bad temper, but he was a great guy, man ... and if he wanted to love you he loved you.

"A lot of peoples give him the wrong thing, cause he just didn't want to take no foolishness off nobody. A *lot* of people don't want to take no jive from peoples, and he was that type.

"But otherwise, man, whatever he did, he did it to himself.

"He didn't go sticking up nobody or none of *that* jive, but he was a fast boy. People said he drank, but what the hell, *everybody* drinks. I drink too.

"I think he was one of the swellest guys that was ever in the business. And he *did* like me. Awwwwww man, he was another Robert Johnson. It's hard to find them kinds of peoples."

Charlie Parker, Jimi Hendrix, Billie Holiday, John Coltrane ...

"Yeah man ... whose guys, you don't run into them too often. They *born* with that. Walter was *born* with what he had and, man, you couldn't take it from him. He could *do* it.

"His mind was so fast he could think twice to your once; that's how he learned to harp so good. Kids are still trying to play like him but they not yet up to the point ..."

IN 1950, the Chess brothers separated themselves from Sammy Goldberg and Aristocrat in order to set up a new operation: Chess Records.

They leased a few masters from the South — among them the records Sam Phillips at Sun made with Howling' Wolf before he, too, moved to Chicago — but mostly they found all the blues they could handle right there in Chicago.

The Muddy Waters Blues Band ruled the roost, notching up best-sellers not only with Muddy's own records but with solo records from Jimmy Rogers and Little Walter. Muddy and the band also backed up other artists, notably Sonny Boy Williamson.

In contrast to the rockabilly records that Southern whites were to make in a few years time — in which only the lead guitar and the echo chambers sounded electric — the Waters band was making an almost totally electric music.

Since its music was an extension of country blues, they used a small number of instruments heavily amplified for maximum cut-and-thrust power, in direct contrast to the big bands which used a large number of accoustic instruments in which maybe only the singer and the guitarists used electricity to cut through the horns.

The drummers thrashed away mercilessly to compete with the cranked-up guitar amps used by Waters and Rogers (Rogers alternated bass and lead parts against

■ *Continues page 30*

(Above and below) LITTLE WALTER at the beginning — and towards the end

(Top) MUDDY and youngest daughter RENEE, 11

Tchaikovsky, Debussy and Haydn would have listened to it.

Tom, Dick and Harry can operate it.

Sony announces the impossible. A push-button, fully automatic music centre with a sound that satisfies the most demanding ears.

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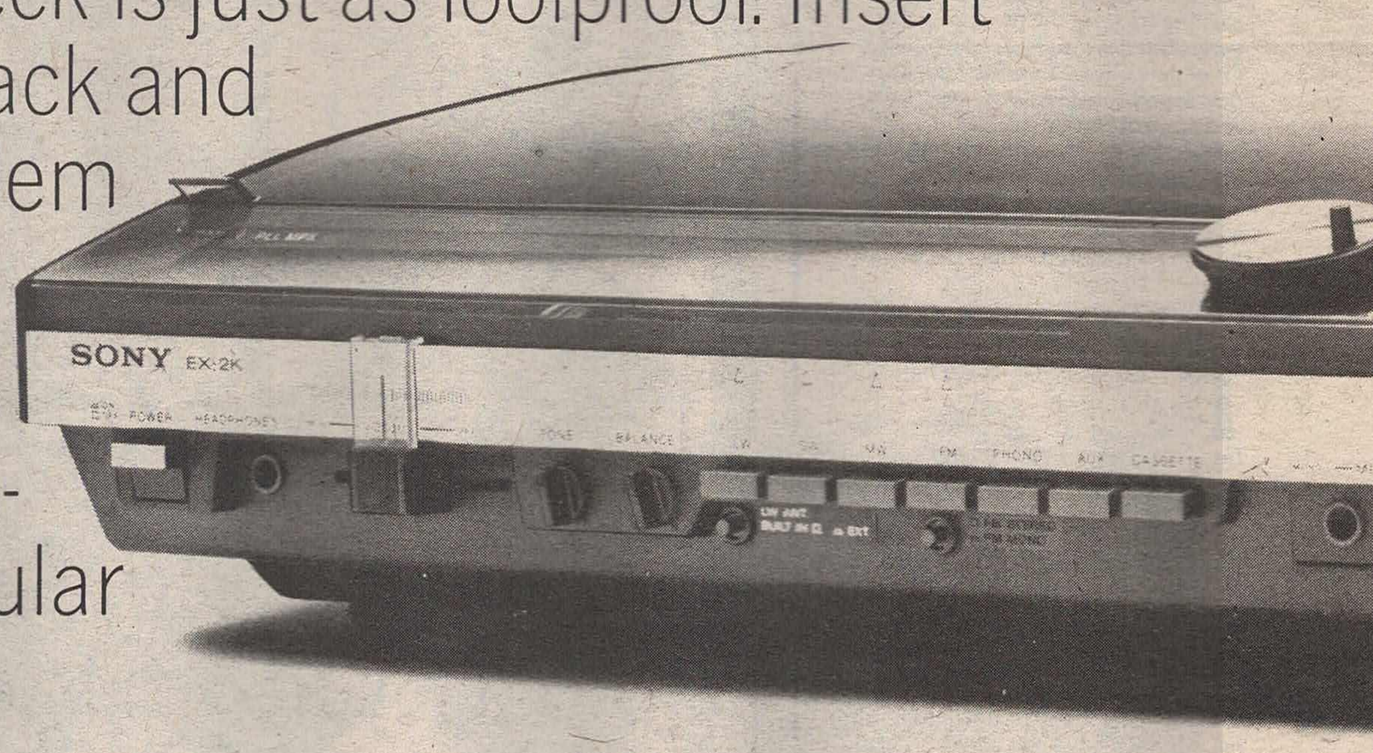

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That's just about all you need to know to operate the EX 2K.

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It sounds a good deal better than many systems made up of separate units.

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The speakers are the new passive radiator type. A great improvement on other small speakers, especially on the bass notes.

You get a servo controlled belt drive turntable, a magnetic cartridge, four wavebands and a tape select switch for either normal or chromium-dioxide tapes.

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Even if your name is Tom, Dick, Harry, Haydn, Tchaikovsky or Debussy. **SONY**

*a licence may be required. **40 watts total music power. Equivalent to 12 watts per channel rms.

MUDDY WATERS

From page 27

Muddy's rhythm and slide, since in those pre-electric-bass days, bass was really only practical in the studio).

Walter's harp was closely miked and gave him a volume, sustain and richness of tone that enabled him to fill the air with the huge chording of a four-piece horn section or else soar like a single alto sax, like a slide guitar or like a voice.

And over the top rode Muddy triumphant, slashing the air into thin slices with bare-wire slide and declaiming his witty, observant and poignant songs with magisterial dignity and savage aplomb.

Rock and roll proper was still two or three years away, but boisterous, rampaging, remorseless electric street music was developing by leaps and bounds in Chicago.

The music's still with us, but, sadly, Little Walter isn't.

He suffered a massive concussion in a back-alley brawl outside a Chicago club where he'd worked one night in 1967. He complained of a head-ache, took a couple of aspirins, went to sleep and never woke up.

"I was here when rock and roll first came out with Chuck Berry and all of them. I sent him to Chess, told him to tell Leonard Chess that it was me sent him over there. He recorded with the Chicago people: Otis Spann, the drummer Odie Payne, I believe ..."

Muddy has always been noted for his willingness to advance other people's careers. He not only let Rogers and Little Walter record on his time, but he played on their records, gave them solo spots on his gigs and gave them the benefits of all his experience, musical and otherwise. Many of his former sidemen who now lead their own bands have benefitted from both his advice and his object lessons on the tricky art of leading a band.

"Was a lot of changes made when we was goin' throught the thing ... I had a lot of mens in the band. That's why I feels that I did a lot more for blues players than anybody else I know ever lived.

"I taught a lot of people how to do it, I took 'em into my band and I made good blues stars out of 'em ..."

MORE THAN any other single event, it was Muddy's visit to England in 1958 that laid the first foundation stone for the Great British R'n'B boom of the early '60s.

Earthshakingly loud by the standards of the time (even Otis Spann's piano was amplified), at least one major British jazz critic of the time was so freaked out by the volume of the Waters band (he was more accustomed to the acoustic "folk" blues of Big Bill Broonzy and Brownie McGhee) that he reviewed the show from the toilet.

It was that visit that inspired Alexis Korner and Cyril Davies to form Blues Incorporated and provide the environment that produced The Rolling Stones, The Yardbirds, Manfred Mann, The Pretty Things and the rest of the Crawdaddy / Marquee school of young white Britblues bands.

It was in that same year that Muddy received the first real answering shout from across the colour line.

"It was when Elvis Presley made a picture with a song had that 'Hoochie Coochie Man' beat ... *ba da da da dum* ... and I thought, 'I better watch out. I believe whitey's pickin' up on things that I'm doin' '."

The song in question was "Trouble" from the movie *King Creole*.

It was probably Presley's last fling as a hardcore rock and roller, and also the last fling of hardcore rock and roll for a few years.

When the bottom dropped out of hard rock to coincide with Presley's induction into the army, the blues market also contracted sharply. Muddy's coup was to take his band — then consisting of Pat Hare (gtr), James Cotton (harp), Otis Spann (pno), Andrew Stephens (bass) and Francis Clay (drums) — to the Newport Jazz Festival.

From his triumphant performance there, slightly subdued though it was after his experience at the hands of the British jazz critics, came the superb "Muddy Waters At Newport" album, which introduced him to white jazz fans. He also recorded the acoustic "Muddy Waters, Folk Singer" album and the Broonzy tribute "Muddy Sings Big Bill", both of which gained him a foothold with white folk fans.

But nevertheless, his black public was being eroded by the smooher, jazzier "urban blues" of B. B. King and Albert King, and by the gospel-influenced pop-soul coming out of Motown in Detroit and Stax in Memphis. Both these forms seemed "classier" to the burgeoning black middle class, who were beginning to find the music of men like Muddy and Howlin' Wolf a little too rough and dirty.

"I'm dead outa Mississippi, the country. I play cotton-patch music, cornfield, fishfry. B. B. and Albert are a different style; a higher class of people'd see them, more middle-class people — in those days, anyway.

"Now you talkin' direct to black, because white people, if they like you, they don't give a damn. I have doctors and everything who come around: doctors, lawyers maybe even a judge slip in there sometime.

"But in those days some clubs would rather have B. B. in there than me, because a more white-collar guy comes in to see him. They'd want to be *sophisticated*, they'd say they don't dig the *deep* blues like me and Wolf were playin' ... John Lee Hooker, maybe Lightnin' Hopkins.

"What the hell, you can't please everybody.

"What do I care: back when I was playin' for only black I always had my house full, you couldn't even get *in*. I didn't need no guy in the necktie, y'know wh'mean?"

IN 1964, Muddy was to begin to reap the harvest of the seeds he'd planted over in England back in 1958.

"Then all at once there was The Rollin' Stones. When they did it, they created a whole wide open space for the music. They said who did it first and how they came by knowin' it.

"They told the truth about it, and that really put a shot in my arm with the whites. I tip my hat to 'em.

"They took a lot of what I was doin', but who care? The Rolling Stones ... it took the people from England to hip *my* people — *my* white people — to what they had in their own backyard. That sounds funny, but it's the truth.

"It was the Beatles and The Rolling Stones: The Beatles did a lot of Chuck Berry, The Rolling Stones did some of my stuff. That's what it took to wake up the people in my own country, in my own state where I was born, that a black man's music is not a crime to bring in the house.

"There was a time when a kid couldn't bring that music into a father and mother's house. *Don't bring that nigger music in here.* That's *right!*

"Those kids didn't give a damn what your colour is; they just want to hear the records.

"Then the college kids started comin' to see me in places where I was afraid for 'em even to be there, maybe twelve or fourteen of them a night. I said, 'Brother, I hope they can handle this, they don't know where they at. I hope don't nothin' happen to 'em. I hope everybody leave 'em alone!'

"This was before Martin Luther King's thing was happening, and even then they was going to the black places ... they had more nerve than I woulda had, man ... I mean, I'm scared to go in some black places myself now.

"All the kids got nerve these days; me, I don't got no nerve. I'd just rather stay peaceable, sit round and watch my TV and watch my kids grow up. I been through what they goin' through.

"I been in some *baaad* places in my lifetime, but I went through sound and safe. I didn't get nobody and didn't nobody get me. I used to pack *that thing* here ..." he slaps his hip pocket meaningfully —"but you don't need that to live.

"I don't think about *that* no more. I goes on havin' a good time, man ... I get in my car and go to the store ... I'm havin' a good time."

MUDDY WATERS lives today in a small white wooden house on a quiet street in a suburb of Chicago.

It's only in the last few years that he finally got enough money together to be able to move out of Chicago's ghetto South Side, but when one considers that Muddy Waters is a colossus of modern popular music and that he's been working his butt off as a star performer and recording artist for more than a quarter of a century, the smallness and modesty of his home comes as something of a shock, despite the expensive comfortable furniture, the electronic kitchen and the small swimming pool in the yard.

Suddenly you realise that over those years Muddy hasn't ever seen much of a financial reward for his work. He has little more than any hard-working man coming up to retirement age would have.

Over the years, he's made several stylistic experiments in the hope of clicking with a wider market in the way that B. B. and Albert have done, but his reluctance to move too far from the music that is his unquestioned forte has resulted in some less than enthusiastic performances on some less than worthy projects.

There was "Brass And The Blues", a lightly swinging album backing him up with jazz horns, and a pair of horrendous "psychedelic" albums, "Electric Mud" and "After The Rain" ("Chess thought they could make some money off of those and hell, I could use some money too"), neither of which made it either artistically or commercially.

A pair of "team-up" albums — "Super Blues" with Bo Diddley and Little Walter, and "Super Super Blues Band" with Bo and Howlin' Wolf — were better and did better, and in 1969 he teamed up with Otis Spann, Paul Butterfield, Mike Bloomfield, Duck Dunn and Buddy Miles for a superb double album entitled — appropriately enough — "Fathers And Sons."

(In the '70s, there was a "London Sessions" album with Rory Gallagher, Stevie Winwood, Georgie Fame, Rick Grech and Mitch Mitchell.)

It seemed that that was it, except that the following year Muddy was involved in an almost fatal car accident that laid him low for many months.

"I came back good. I came back much better'n I ever thought I would. The public didn't think I'd ever come back as strong as I am now.

"Some thought I'd never play again, because I couldn't even move my fingers, man ... but I can't play no hour and a half or two hours no more, man. My age is two old for that, I wouldn't even think about doin' that.

"Forty-five to fifty minutes, man, that's enough for a sixty-two-year-old man. I know the kids would love for me to stay out there more ... I could go on for a few minutes longer but I'm trying to protect this one body. The kids be hollerin' for more all night, but if I did in a coupla weeks I be lyin' on my back in a bed somewhere.

"I'm trying to protect Muddy Waters. You don't get a sixty-two-year-old man out on no stage for no two hours, man ... you kiddin'?

"The band go out there first and then I do my forty-five, fifty minutes ... yeah, cool ... but me go out there for an hour and a half? No way."

LAST YEAR, Muddy severed his connection with Chess Records, the company which his success helped to build and with which his name had been virtually synonymous for more than twenty-five years.

His departure coincided with the sale of Chess to the New Jersey-based All Platinum label.

"That be the second time they sold me, and I got tired of being sold to everybody. The first time was when they sold me to a company called GRT, and then they sold me to *another* record company, and I said, 'This ain't no good for me. I *quit.*' "

His manager, Scott Cameron, went to CBS records, who suggested that he apply directly to Steve Paul's Blue Sky Records, who CBS distributed.

"They said that this label was the *direct* one for me, and it was the one that Johnny Winters was connected up with.

"When they said 'Johnny Winter', this was it. I was just thrilled all over, because when I met Johnny a few years ago in Texas, he didn't have the big contract then and he wasn't a big rock and roll star. He was playin' so much of the old stuff ... all the old blues players like me'n Jimmy Rogers and a lot more, he was playing' all of our stuff.

"I figured that this was the greatest chance, man, of all my days, to get with someone who's still got it, got that early '50s sound."

Using Muddy's own piano, drums and rhythm guitar plus James Cotton and his bass player and Winter himself, they went ahead to make the album that turned out to be the magnificent "Hard Again."

"We tried to keep it down in the '50s style, and I think this is one of the best records I've made in a long time ... with that really *Muddy Waters* sound. I thought the "Fathers And Sons" was a heckuva good record, but it think this is *the top*. I really do.

"We're trying to get as close to the old sound as we can. We talked to Jimmy Rogers, and he's ready, and maybe on the next one we use Walter Horton" — also known as "Shakey Horton" and "Big Walter", another of the great '50s Chicago harps — "he's an old-timer, and he got some good old sound in his body, plus I'm sure ol' Sunnyland Slim got a coupla sides in him. We're just starting to think about it."

BUT MOST OF ALL, Muddy yields to no-one in his admiration for Johnny Winter; the only one of the young blues guitarists who has mastered the guitar styles which Waters and his contemporaries pioneered.

Most of the noted young white bluesmen of the '60s, like Clapton, Green and Bloomfield, took B. B. King as their model, but Winter is the only one who can capture Muddy's own style.

It takes a very careful listen to "Hard Again" to discern that it's Winter playing those Waters-styled guitar lines and not the old master himself. Waters will hear no criticisms of Winter, not even of his often rather strained blues singing.

"He got a *good* voice on him for a white boy. How the hell you expect him to be able to sing like me?"

Johnny Winter's former colleague Rick Derringer has a few things to say about the Winter / Waters relationship:

"I heard a whole lot of those albums where people like Muddy and Wolf and Hooker were doing the blues with wah-wah pedals, trying to make it a commercial, viable thing, trying to make it sell, but what I liked about Muddy and Johnny together wasn't how good Johnny was playing, but just the fact that when Muddy was on the stage with Johnny he was incredibly alive and aware and energetic ... he just had to look over and see Johnny there.

"If he could see him, it was great.

"If you ask Muddy, 'Which out of the young rock and roll guys turns you on?' he'd say, 'My favourite one is that Johnny Winter,' and Johnny'd tell you that his all-time *idol* — living, at least — is Muddy Waters. So when they get together it's a real two-way thing. That's why they work good."

UP ON STAGE at the Shaboo, Willie Smith sets up that two-fisted Chicago bump and grind, and Winter and Cotton power to the band into "Hoochie Man".

Seated centre-stage, plucking casually at a businesslike brown Telecaster, clad in short-sleeved sports shirt and slacks, Muddy declaims the classic braggadocio of Willie Dixon's Chicago anthem with the casual authority of a man who knows that he's not going to be called upon to prove what he sings but is still prepared to back it up every inch of the way.

An all-encompassing boast of mystic, secular and sexual power, he slams home the last chorus with as much zest and vitality and utter conviction that he must've put into his first performances half a century ago back in Clarksdale, Mississippi:

"I'm here, everybody knows I'm here / I'm that hoochie coochie man, Let the whole damn world know I'm here."

And they do. Lord *God*, they do.

And the one black kid in the club — tall, skinny, Afro'ed — is looking at Muddy almost in shock, as if he can't believe that this old man who looks like his grandfather is generating so much power.

When a drunken white boy behind him starts to babble and laugh during the next song, he turns on him savagely:

"Shut yo' white mouth, motherfucker. *This is the blues.*"

For Muddy, Winter must be the ideal sideman.

Whenever the old master needs to take a breath, Winter can take over the vocal for awhile, be it "Mannish Boy (I'm A Man)" or Muddy's time-honoured hard-charging finale number "Got My Mojo Working." And yet he never risks distracting the audience from Muddy, he stays on his stool until Muddy gets up and then he gets up too to groove around with him.

The programme includes Muddy standards like "Honey Bee" and "I'm A Howlin' Wolf" (an old song of Muddy's that he now sings as a tribute to his old friend, dead this past two years) plus "Way Down In Florida", from the new album.

It's on this song that Muddy takes his only guitar solo of the night.

The kids at the Shaboo have by now heard guitar players pull out every trick in the book, but the old man has a surprise or two left for'em yet.

Every time I see Muddy, I'm always taken aback at the sheer savagery of his soloing. I've never heard *anybody* this side of Jeff Beck generate so much attack, so much venom with a guitar.

Listening to Muddy soloing is like getting into a razor fight in the middle of a cloud of enraged napalm wasps out for blood and marrowbone jelly. He just *kills*, and for all his astonishing speed and flair and invention, Winter just can't hit as hard as Muddy.

And that's why we need old masters, 'cuz if younger folks could do what they could do just as well then they'd be superfluous, long overdue for rock and roll euthanasia. The reason that Muddy Waters is *still* a great and not just an honoured ancestor, a museum grandaddy, is that *no-one can do it like Muddy Waters.*

And somehow I don't think anyone ever will.

"I ain't no small-timer
I ain't no punk
My name is Muddy Waters
An' I'm the man who put the unk *into* the *funk."*

A SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

MUDDY WATERS— Chess Blues Masters (Chess) — definitive two-record compilation
Fathers And Sons (Chess) — double album, half live, half studio with Butterfield and Bloomfield
Hard Again (Blue Sky) — with Johnny Winter and James Cotton
MUDDY WATERS / JIMMY ROGERS / SUNNYLAND SLIM and others: Genesis: The Beginnings Of Rock (Chess) —three-volume compilation of early Chicago blues
ROBERT JOHNSON: King Of The Delta Blues Singers Vols 1&2 (CBS) — complete recordings of the definitive country bluesman
LITTLE WALTER: Chess Blues Masters (Chess) — definitive two-record compilation of the greatest of the blues harpists
JOHNNY WINTER: The Progressive Blues Experiment (Sunset); Johnny Winter (CBS) — his first two albums, containing his finest blues work.

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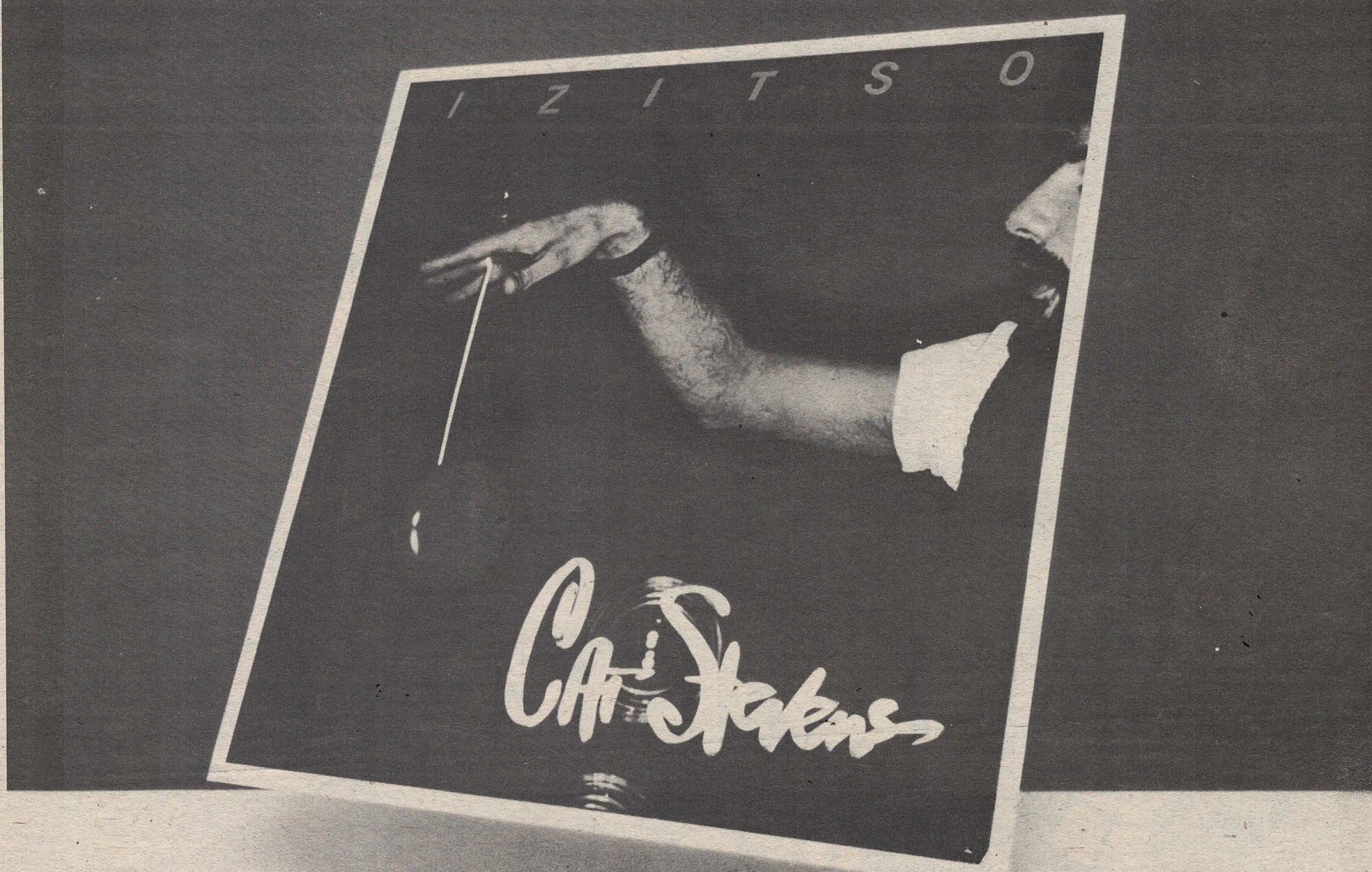

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ISLAND

One track from Hendrix with Love

HENDRIX, Mitch Mitchell and Noel Redding way back in August, 1967

COULD YOU tell me the name of the producer of "Are You Experienced?", the first album by the Jimi Hendrix Experience? — **TORBEN HAUPSTRUP, Hillered, Denmark**

I'VE HEARD that Jimi Hendrix recorded an album with Love. Can you provide the title and the catalogue number of this disc? — **T. W. COOK, Aberdeen, Scotland.**

● The producer of "Are You Experienced", originally released in Britain by Track in 1967, was Chas Chandler, the ex-Animals' bassist, who became Hendrix's manager — and later Slade's. Hendrix did in fact cut an album with Arthur Lee's band but this was never released. However, one track from the sessions, "The Everlasting First", did appear on Love's "False Start" album (Blue Thumb 8822) in 1971.

PLEASE SETTLE an argument — my mate reckons that re-winding a tape while the deck is still connected to an outside hi-fi system could cause one's loudspeakers to blow. But I say this is a right load of old flutter and wow. Who's right? — **PETE ARNOLD, London S.W.17.**

● Oddly enough, your mate is correct. If the volume knob of the amp is not turned down during the fast re-wind process, the high frequencies generated could prove more than your speaker units are designed to take. The result then would then be a couple of burned-out tweeters.

BEACH BOYS LP no mystery . . .

CAN YOU give me some information about The Beach Boys album "Wow! Great Concert!" on the Pickwick label. Where and when was it recorded and why isn't it mentioned in the *NME Book Of Rock?* — **STEN LUNDBERG, Mariefred, Sweden.**

● "Wow! Great Concert!" is merely one of the numerous budget-price re-issues of Capitol material that abound on such labels as Pickwick, Starline, MFP, etc. If we'd have included all these in the *Book Of Rock* the finished result would have made "War And Peace" look like a short story!

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Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

WAS A Donovan soundtrack album to the film *Brother, Son, Sister Moon* ever released? If so, what was its catalogue number? — **PHIL, Diss, Norfolk.**

WHICH TIM Buckley album contains the track "Dolphins" and is this track available as a single? — **IAN MASSEY, Marple, Cheshire.**

I READ in *NME* about an album by Sam Hagar, the ex-Montrose lead vocalist. Unfortunately, I've been unable to obtain it, so can you print some details? — **BRIAN STACE, Redhill, Surrey.**

● **Eyes down for the quickie bit — "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" can be ordered through any dealer by quoting the EMI Import number, which is 3C 064 93393 . . . "Dolphins" can be found on Buckley's "Sefronia" album (DiscReet K49201), no single is currently available . . . Hagar has in fact made *two* albums in recent times. One, "Nine On A Ten Scale" (Capitol ST-11489) is available on import only, while the recorded-at-Abbey Road "Sammy Hagar" (Capitol E-ST 11599) should be in ample supply at all rock-shops worthy of the title. Even in Redhill!**

CAN YOU help me obtain the album sleeve for "The Hissing Of Summer Lawns" by Joni Mitchell? I have written twice to Asylum Records but received no reply.—**MALCOLM RONAN, Parteen, Limerick, Ireland.**

WHERE CAN I obtain a new sleeve for my copy of "Revolver"? — **PENNY FORD, Harrow, Middlesex.**

● **Another of the recurring problems. Record companies seem generally loathe to supply spare sleeves, for a variety of reasons. Some record shops will try and order them for you — though you'll probably have to pay a fairly substantial handling charge — while there are a few companies who have very helpful Customer Services Departments you can deal with directly. It's all very much a cross-your-fingers situation I'm afraid.**

DAVE EDMUNDS: 1970 line-up?

IN WHICH stage musical did Steve Marriott appear during his teenage days? — **S. COX, Liverpool.**

● **Marriott played the Artful Dodger in the London production of Lionel Bart's *Oliver*. He also appeared in several films, though my *Filmgoer's Companion* fails to give him a mention, listing only Moore Marriott (born 1885), star of *Gasbags* (no kidding!).**

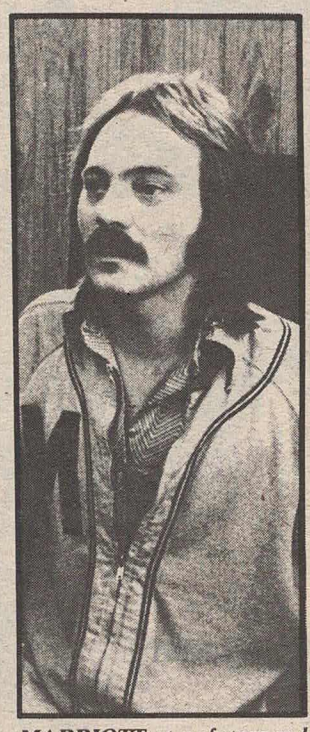
COULD YOU fill me in as to exactly where and when each ex-member of Deep Purple (i.e. Gillan, Blackmore, Glover, Lord and Paice) was born? — **ANGELA CERBAM, Gravesend, Kent.**

● **Microfilm smuggled out of Somerset House in the hollow heels of Farren's cowboys boots reveals that Ritchie Blackmore was born in Weston-Super-Mare, April 14, 1945; Roger Glover arrived in Brecon on November 30, 1945; Jon Lord became a native of Leicester, June 9, 1941; Ian Paice filled his first nappy in Nottingham, June 29, 1948; and Ian Gillian gave his initial vocal recital somewhere in deepest Hounslow, Middlesex, on August 19, 1945.**

ARE THERE any books published on Pink Floyd and Led Zeppelin? — **G. CORNISH, Stockwood, Bristol.**

● **The Zep book that comes most readily to mind is *Led Zeppelin* by Howard Mylett, available on Panther at just 60p. There are also several music-books (*"Houses Of The Holy"* etc.) and a list of these can be obtained from Musique Boutique, 70 Shaftesbury Avenue, London W1. Regarding the Floyd, the most popular book has been Rick Sanders' paperback, published by Futura at 60p but currently out-of-print. Again, a couple of music-books are available — including *Wish You Were Here*, which contains an interview and nearly 40 pics — while David Downing's *Future Rock* (Panther, 60p) is worth checking out.**

I'VE FOUND an old, Dave Edmunds single, "In The Land Of The Few", by Love (Parlophone R5831) and wondered if you could tell me who was with the band at the time of this recording? — **DENNIS HAYES, Harrogate, Yorks.**



MARRIOTT, star of stage and screen . . .

PLEASE COULD you list all the recordings that the Brinsleys made in their Kippington Lodge era? — **LOWE FREAK, Wakefield, Yorks.**

● **I'm not certain about the Edmunds line-up as there were one or two changes around the time that single appeared (February 1970) but as far as I can pin it down, the band then comprised Dave Edmunds (guitar and vocals), John Williams (bass), Trevor Williams (drums) and Mickey Gee (guitar).**

The Kippington Lodge question comes easier 'cos I can rip-off all the info provided by Pete Frame's "Rhinos, Winos, Lunatics, Playboys and Bums" chart in *Zig-Zag* 43, Frame listing five Parlophone singles, "Shy Boy"/Lady On A Bicycle (R5645), "Rumours"/"And She Cried" (R5677), "Tell Me A Story"/"Understand A Woman" (R5717), "Tomorrow Today"/"Turn Out The Light" (R5750) and "In My Life"/"I Can See Her Face" (R5776), The line-up of the band at that period was Barry Landerman (keyboards) — replaced after a while by Bob Andrews — Nick Lowe (bass and vocals), Brinsley Schwarz (guitar and vocals) and Pete Whale (drums).

I'VE BEEN trying to obtain a continental import album referred to in your issue dated February 12 — but so far I've had little success. The record in question is Blood, Sweat And Tears' "In Concert" (CBS) which is supposedly available from Parke Imports. But just how does one get in touch with this company? — **JOHN HODCROFT, Urmston, Manchester.**

● **Trouble is that Parke Imports have been moving around, trying to find a permanent home. But now they've actually got a place to call their own and you can contact them at 39/41 High Street, Bromley, Kent BR1 1DL.**

Siamese cat answering to name of Fido.
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May 20th	Leeds Polytechnic
May 21st	Glasgow, Strathclyde University
May 22nd	Manchester, Electric Circus
May 23rd	Doncaster, Outlook Club
May 24th	Birmingham, Barbarellas
May 26th	Aylesbury, Friars Club
May 28th	Hastings, The Pavilion
May 29th	Croydon, Greyhound
May 30th	Bristol, Colston Hall
May 31st	Swindon, Brunel Rooms
June 1st	Plymouth, Wood Centre
June 2nd	Penzance, Winter Gardens
June 5th – 6th	London, Roundhouse

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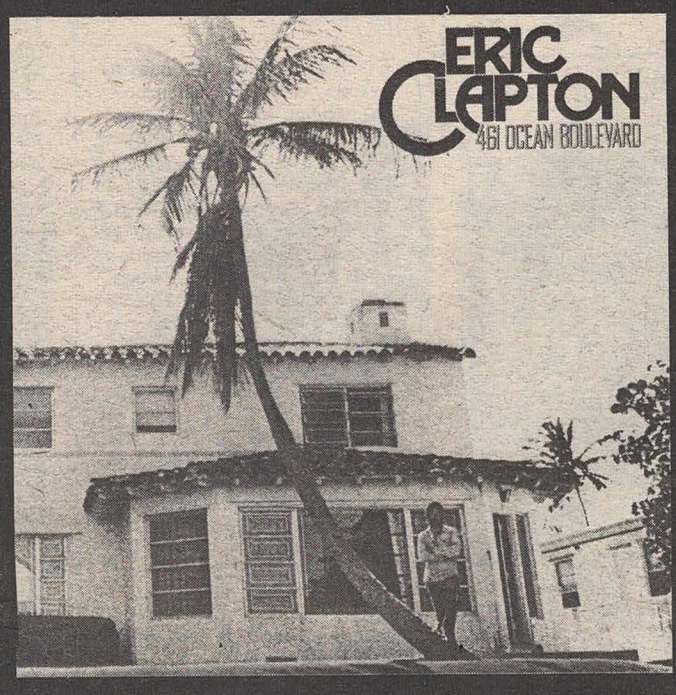
ERIC CLAPTON

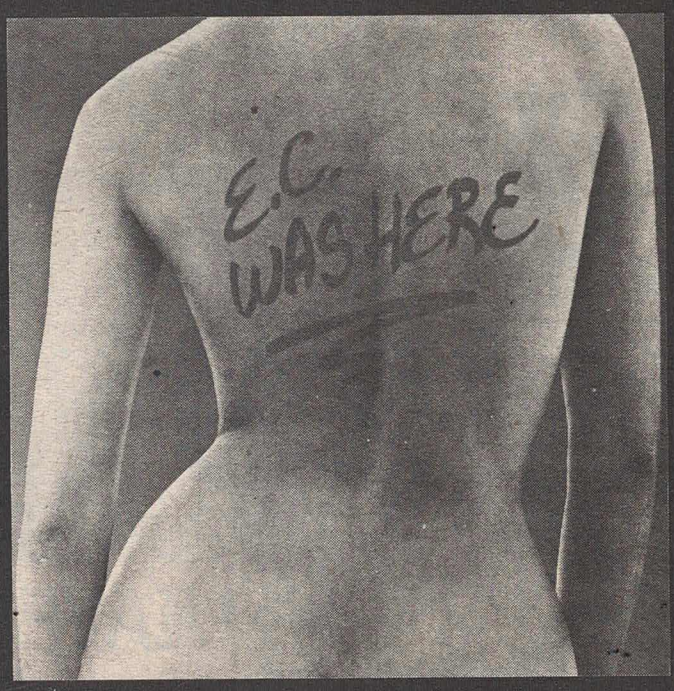
THE ALBUMS

'461 OCEAN BOULEVARD'



'THERE'S ONE IN EVERY CROWD'

'EC WAS HERE'



'NO REASON TO CRY'

THE TOUR DATES

APRIL 20 : LEICESTER. DE MONTFORD HALL
APRIL 21 : MANCHESTER. BELLE VUE
APRIL 22 : HANLEY VICTORIA HALL. STOKE ON TRENT
APRIL 23 : GLASGOW. APPOLO
APRIL 24 : NEWCASTLE. CITY HALL
APRIL 27 & 28 : LONDON. HAMMERSMITH ODEON
APRIL 29 : LONDON. THE RAINBOW

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PLATTERS

THE STRANGLERS
IV Rattus Norvegicus
(United Artists)

"ABOUT GIVING the woman some stick."

Thus begins the ecstatic review of this album (referring to the opener, "Sometimes") in *Strangled*, the apparently Stranglers-sanctioned free fanzine of what seems to be The Stranglers Fan Club.

Evidently the niceties of the late '60s social humanism — women's lib, gay lib, and the respectful terminology that seemed such an essential basis for their fragile advances (not calling women "peaches" or gays "faggots" like you don't call blacks "nignogs" unless you're wearing an NF armband and have a crowd of thugs around you) — all this seems to have gone by the board with the emergence of a generation seemingly devoid of self-respect and thus, by trite but true extension, devoid of self-respect for others.

It is with this defiantly oafish and thoughtlessly rebellious "attitude" that The Stranglers, visitors from another generation which may have wavered into complacency these past few years, choose to align themselves.

Not being a great C&W fan, I'd have to think hard before I could name an album as grossly sexist as this.

If I've misunderstood, and someone can demonstrate the underlying "subversiveness" of the insults that fly relentlessly at the opposite sex on "Rattus Norvegicus", then I'll be overjoyed to understand, and to take back my criticisms.

But don't tell me it's just The Rolling Stones and "Brown Sugar" however many years on, because that was pretty pathetic too.

Permanent immaturity is a heavy price for rock to pay for permanent youth, and maybe we're the ones who are afraid of change if we're prepared to pay that price.

This is an album that can move people to tears — female people to tears of humiliation, that is. I've seen it happen. Really. Bully for The Stranglers — hey, they get a *real* response, those guys. They can make you feel sick, too.

Take it away, boys.

"Someday I'm gonna smack your face/Someday I'm gonna smack your face/Somebody's gonna call your bluff /Somebody's gonna treat you rough/You're way past your station/Beat you, honey, till you drop."

That's "Sometimes". What is it? Realism? It's a godawful, vindictive reality in The Stranglers' minds then. Documentary? If so, it fails. If they are role playing then they're just a little too convincing . . .

"Little lady / With Dingwalls bullshit / You're so stupid / Fetid brainwaves / Little lady / What really happens / When you see mirrors / You get the shivers/ Making love to / The Mersey Tunnel / With a sausage / Have you ever been to Liverpool? / Please don't talk much / It bugs my ears / Tonight you talked / For a thousand years / Plastic's real when you're sick / Plastic's real when you're real sick / Tell me what you've got to look so pleased about / London lady/ Why did you lay me? / Your head is crowded / With the names you've hounded/The rings around your / Eyes they show me / You realise / The party's over / London lady."

Stranglers: standing l. to r. Jean Jacques Burnel, Dave Greenfield, Hugh Cornwell and, crouching, Jet Black.

WOMEN ARE STRANGE WHEN YOU'RE A STRANGLER

Jean Jacques Burnel once actually quoted those words at me in order to show me "London Lady" wasn't sexist, which is pretty extraordinary as it's a nauseating putdown of female promiscuity, with all the old, subliminal, reactionary what's-all-right-for-the-man-is-wrong-for-the-woman dogma whose destruction would prove a far more radical step than destroying tower blocks — a "policy" which The Stranglers, who actually once claimed to be "too political" for my taste, don't even advocate anyway.

Burnel's defence of his putdown of the Dingwalls groupie is that "that's no way for a chick to be". No way for a *what* to be?

Go on, JJ: "We were drawing lots on who was going to screw this female column writer, and someone said, 'But it'd be like chucking a sausage up the Mersey Tunnel.' Someone else said, 'Dangling a piece of string in a bucket' — it's been done before, so we decided it wasn't valid to do it.

"It's just about some chicks in a very small scene. It's not a 'retrogressively sexist song'," he concluded, quoting a phrase from a previous review of mine.

Well, you could fool me. For a start, without announcing before playing it that it's only about one person, not "London ladies" in general, it's bound to be taken as a generalisation — and how anyone who stands around sneering at a woman in such gross chauvinist terms can deny regressive sexism is quite beyond me.

"She's gone and left me/I don't know why/She's the queen of the street/What a piece of meat."

And he doesn't know why she left him? That's "Princess Of The Streets". The rest of it is a tribute to this *"piece of meat"'s* animalistic (read less than human) sexuality.

"Strolling along minding my own business/Well there goes a girl and a half/She's got me going up and down/Walking on the beaches looking at the peaches."

Etcetera. That's "Peaches". The Stranglers patrol the beaches looking at the sex objects.

"Look over there/Is she trying to get out of that (obscured — presumably a garment)/Liberation for women, that's what I preach/Preacher man."

Quite. Only a man could preach that kind of "women's liberation". It's demeaning just listening to it.

"I was here/She was here/We did the only/Thing possible."

That's "Ugly". I don't think they talked about Heidegger, do you? There's only one thing "chicks" are good for, eh? (Yes, I know insults like "chick" and "yummies" are horribly frequent in this paper — if I were you I'd write about it).

"I guess I shouldn't have strangled her to death/But I had to go to work and she had laced my coffee with acid."

Ah, the surrealist bit. Actually, he strangles her because her acne assumes massive proportions while she's tripping. The not unreasonable moral of the story, which Burnel rather overstresses by bellowing it out all unaccompanied, is: *"Only the children of the fucking wealthy can afford to be good looking!"*

For once the grossness is in context as they end with JJ yelling "MUSCLE POWER MUSCLE POWER . . ."

But compared with The Clash's lyrics, this album is drivel.

There might be some kind of justification if it were mixed with a vestige of the humanity which, as Nick Kent pointed out about The Clash, identifying it as "a sense of morality", is conspicuous by its absence from this scene. There might even be some justification if The Stranglers' sexism were tempered with the least iota of political drive.

But their "political stance" is just that — a stance and nothing more, on the evidence of the songs. And the only thing they are anti- is women.

Sad thing is, the joke's on us because this album is just so damn brilliant musically. The most playable record I've heard in ages, virtually every track is a little masterpiece. There isn't another new wave band within several leagues.

Not that The Stranglers are astounding technicians: sure they are compared with their peers, but follow them with a Bobby Womack LP (first in the pile, is all) and their efforts sound mighty stilted.

What The Stranglers have is the aggression that's today's currency, particularly Burnel's snapping bass, and a knack of stringing together great series of melodic, compelling riffs.

"Down In The Sewer" is the archetype, launching from a glorious warm peak into the riff that best conjures up Burnel and Hugh Cornwell's great patented sneakered Groucho walk, seesawing like some inane grin, before building to that weird sub-Ventures bubblegum psychedelic lick from Cornwell's twangy guitar.

As Cornwell (a far better singer than JJ) spits out his crazy tale of life in the sewer, the band seethe monotonously behind him, Dave Greenfield rippling off into genuine archaic strangeness on his organ.

And so on — an ever-shifting, disciplined, tough version of the danker psychedelic days (the strange ones, sure), perfectly arranged in a blunt, linear fashion — no coming back and finishing where you started for these blokes, once you've hammered a riff forget it — that rings weird and very refreshing: tangible music, with just the right immediacy on Martin Rushent's production.

They may sound a little like . . . But The Stranglers have somehow managed to find a place in rock that hasn't been overkilled, that is instantly comprehensible, yet it is totally absorbing.

The same claim could possibly be made for a handful of other recent arrivals, here and in the States, but for nobody can it be stated as strongly as for The Stranglers.

And they do have good songs, too — "Hanging Around" and "Goodbye Toulouse" and "Grip" all have words that at least do not detract from (and with "Hanging Around" positively enhance) the music which flows so splendidly throughout the album.

The cloud nine lizard propulsion of "Sometimes" drags you in, those twisty guitar / organ lines cushioning it so well and the chords soaring and skydiving.

"Toulouse" is a ridiculously thundering 3/4, like an army running as they re-envision Nostradamus' prophesy of the city's destruction; the subsequent Velvets bludgeoning and less than inspired individual shots of "London Lady" are a let-down.

"Princess Of The Streets" is amazing, a deliberate (as in robotic) Scots jig-meets-the-underworld, with sinuously wild-eyed, real lead guitar played real good by Cornwell. As for "Hanging Around", well, it's just truly wonderful.

"He's alright in the city 'cause he's high above the ground/He's just hanging around . . ./I'm moving in the Coleherne with the leather all around me/And the sweat is getting steamy but their eyes are on the ground/They're just hanging around."

Why can't they keep to that standard elsewhere? Anyway, it's a gas musically.

Flipping, we get "Peaches" — a real *violent* riff devalued by the wanky would-be Charles Atlas lyrical posturing until finally a really good line comes up: *"Oh shit, there goes the charabanc/Looks like I'm gonna be stuck here the whole summer/Well, what a bummer."* And for a few bars the riff changes completely, vanishing and coming in backwards like stubbing its toe. Great.

"Grip", the single (next one's probably "Go Buddy Go", which explains its absence), chugs along okay. "Ugly" is, I think, Burnel's only vocal apart from "London Lady", and that's not the only reason they're the worst tracks — it's a noise; and finally the ecstatic look-at-me-I'm-a-bad-guy *West Side Story* underground saga of "Down In The Sewer".

A big tick for the music, an emphatic cross for the words — but words don't sell records. Perhaps sadly, they don't stop people buying either.

Phil McNeill

The return of the magnificent sound-track

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Original Soundtrack
The Harder They Come
(Island)

IT SEEMS a small age since the "The Harder They Come" film and soundtrack package first hit the sit-up-and-take-notice button five years back.

I'd like to say that it gave the rock scene a sobering slap to its jaundiced chops, but despite widespread critical action the movie and its soundtrack never really 'crossed over' from cult status (albeit a large and intense cult) among the white audience.

While the film presented a faithful portrait of Jamaica and its piratical music biz and ganja trade, its soundtrack crystallized the current groundswell of JA musical creativity and suggested the huge potential of 'reggae' which has in some measure been realised since.

In short, it has become the cornerstone of many a white reggae collection — and no discredit to it for that.

As a soundtrack to producer/director Perry Henzell's and star Jimmy Cliff's brilliant saga of a young man's disillusionment and corruption in the big city — country boy to rude boy, a shooting star, dazzling and short-lived — it's near perfect.

What a shame the version of "The Harder They Come" here is a glossy, speeded-up version of the film's compulsive original.

As it stands, the title track sounds uncomfortable alongside the subtler and more seductive atmosphere generated on roots material like The Slickers' "Johnny Too Bad" and The Melodians' "Rivers Of Babylon", which still makes *my* all-time JA top ten any spliff of the week.

The same must also be true of the awesome oft-echoed "Pressure Drop", which together with "Sweet And Dandy" is Toots And The Maytals at their glorious prime.

There's more Marten-stomping skinhead faves in Desmond Decker's "007" and "You Can Get It If You Really Want It" (the second as sung by Cliff).

Of Cliff's own contributions, the sparse, reflective beauty of "Sitting In Limbo" and "Many Rivers To Cross" shines out undulled by time or Jimmy's own sad slide into near obscurity.

In retrospect, Cliff's subsequent alienation from his roots and roots audience was doubly ironic in view of his starring role in the movie — he was certainly never the same man afterwards.

This album remains a necessity for any collection, an ideal companion piece to a great movie and a neat historical package.

Neil Spencer

Handfuls of beauty

John McLaughlin has been making innovations in music for a decade.

With the Mahavishnu Orchestra he experimented by combining Indian music with Western electronic technology and producing unearthly melodies.

With Shakti, his new band, composed of L. Shankar, violinist, Zakir Hussain, tabla, and Vikku, percussionist, John pulls out all the stops by fusing the Western acoustic jazz tradition to Indian rhythms.

The result is "A Handful of Beauty," a masterful offering from John McLaughlin and Shakti.

Shakti UK tour

May 5th Dublin Stadium
May 7th Oxford Polytechnic
May 8th New Victoria Theatre*
May 11th Birmingham Town Hall*
May 15th Manchester Free Trade Hall*
May 16th Bradford St Georges Hall*
May 17th Newcastle City Hall*
May 19th Glasgow Apollo*
May 20th Edinburgh Usher Hall*
May 21st Sheffield University
May 22nd Norwich Theatre Royal*

*plus guest Kevin Coyne

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with
JOHN McLAUGHLIN
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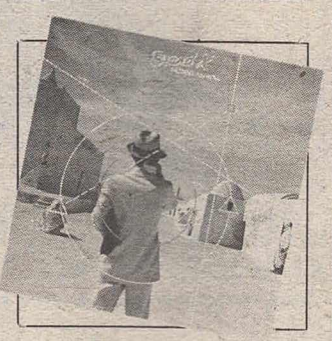


BRAND X
Moroccan Roll
(Charisma)

WITH RESPECT, Brand X are still cutting too close to their influences to succeed in making an original contribution.

Perhaps they should have called themselves Blend X since they're er, 'fusionists'. There's an attempt here to convey a sense of improvisational freedom and facility that's absent from most mainline rock — and even a little imagination pushed along these lines goes a long way.

But whilst "Moroccan Roll" is generally more convincing than its predecessor "Unorthodox Behaviour", X seem all too often palely derivative of Weather Report, Mahavishnu Orchestra and Return To Forever.

Guitarist John Goodsall's electric chords introducing "Macroscosm" and his ensuing acoustic parries are unadulterated John McLaughlin. His "Sun In The Light", a sitar-spiced sketch with Sanskrit lyrics, borrows much *too* liberally from Josef Zawinul's "Jungle Book" and "Badia".

Similarly, Robin Lumley's piano splashings and quibbled mini-moog on "Disco Suicide" and "Malaga Virgen" reveal a considerable debt to the likes of Chick Corea and George Duke.

As for "Hate Zone" — it's an offhand funk workout, depressingly *deja entendu*. Hyperfast and initially appealing, it's disposable. Speed can kill, remember?

Despite X's awe of their American avatars, there's real substance in the playing of drummer Phil (the same) Collins and bassist Percy Jones.

Both perform with an imagination and tenacity that far outweigh the limited scope of the material. Jones' "Orbits", a concise cluster of bass harmonics, is particularly impressive.

Curiously enough X sound most confidently and completely themselves on Collins' "Why Should I Lend You Mine", a graceful freefall recorded live in the studio.

Lumley and Goodsall cradle some telling phrases against the rhythm section who're augmented as throughout by able percussionist Morris Pert.

Brand X's failings seem to stem from the fact that, Pert excepted, they're musicians travelling jazzwards from rock and not, as was the case with McLaughlin and Corea, rockwards away from jazz.

X are searching for a correspondingly wider breadth of expression but haven't the intuitive musicianly wherewithal to make the best use of that breadth.

As a result, their moves are inconsequential. They may be revelling in their newfound freedom but they're not as yet at all sure how to direct it. I'd rather suspend judgement in the hope that they'll develop a stronger, more positive (as opposed to imitative) identity of their own.

Angus MacKinnon

ESSRA MOHAWK
Essra (Private Stock)

ESSRA MOHAWK is bizarrely beautiful in the manner of speedfreaks and vampires; moonlight skin, psychotic stare, wildly wired hair and a string of jet beads.

In contrast to her unwholesome cocaine supperclub appearance, she sings like a little coloured girl named Topsy who might make a cameo appearance in such a show as *Roots*. There are overtones of the incomparable Patti Labelle when her voice is stretched too far.

It's good, as befits a record put together by Jerry Ragavoy, one of the great Nice Jewish Boys of our time, though Miss Mohawk is certainly no Lorraine Ellison or Dionne Warwick.

But she's as irresistibly summery as the burnt orange flowers which are superimposed across her image on the cover. Essentially a record to play when the sky is blue and the heat is on, Essra skips and saunters through ten of her own songs with remarkable energy and elegance.

The orchestration is that which gilds the best of disco-trash. The ambience is sort of gospel-chanteuse, etched with a multitude of piano cascades and high flying strings.

Essra's tendency to employ amphetamine gabble of the type Patti Smith uses a good deal of (notably on "Ain't It Strange") wears thin after a while, but this can be overlooked.

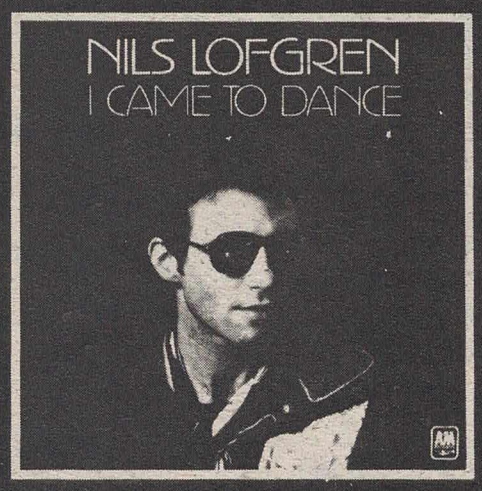
Real cute are the carefree "People Will Talk," the skin-tight "I Wanna Feel Ya", the dumb "Appointment With A Dream", and quite beautiful is "Summersong", the definitive statement on the aura of this album.

Julie Burchill

NILS LOFGREN
IS COMING TO DANCE

May 8th CARDIFF Capitol
May 9th LANCASTER University
May 10th OLD GREY WHISTLE TEST BBC TV
May 11th BIRMINGHAM Odeon
May 12th BRIGHTON Dome
May 14th HAMMERSMITH Odeon
May 15th HAMMERSMITH Odeon
May 16th HAMMERSMITH Odeon
May 17th BRISTOL Hippodrome
May 19th MANCHESTER Apollo
May 20th SHEFFIELD City Hall
May 21st LEEDS University
May 22nd STOKE Trentham Gardens
May 23rd LIVERPOOL Empire
May 24th NEWCASTLE City Hall
May 25th EDINBURGH Playhouse
May 26th GLASGOW Apollo

With guests TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS

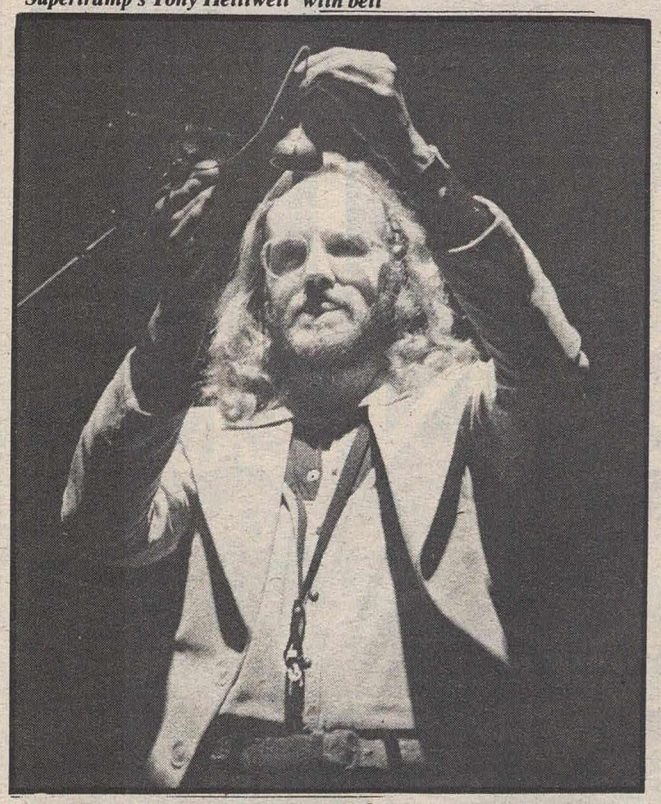


AMLH/CAM/YAM 64628

A&M RECORDS

Nils' new album 'I CAME TO DANCE'

Supertramp's Tony Helliwell with bell



SUPERBLAND!

SUPERTRAMP
Even In The Quietest Moments (A & M)

IF "CRISIS? What Crisis" did little more than palely echo the delicately inventive, easy-listening mini-triumph that was "Crime Of The Century", then the new Supertramp package comes across as just a compilation of those two discs.

A simple renewal of pleasure for Supertramp fans of all ages, it covers no new ground. Its controlled formality is aimed at fan factions who won't be upset by its cosy non-adventure.

Those once elusively measured and charming 'Tramp ingredients have now gelled into a static, glossily anonymous product. A product that should be good for a few more years and a couple more albums before the sales figures cough, splutter and tumble.

Which is a shame, but only to be expected. Caught between two stools — straight pop and art-rock or eclectic experimentation — Supertramp have carved a presentably individual niche. To break out of that, it seems, would be too much of a gamble.

That niche is one-dimensional mood music, containing shallow songs about predominantly shallow things. These songs are immaculately conceived, easily digestible and not so *totally* fragile that the tinkle of coffee cups and the polite buzz of chatter becomes dominant.

If once Supertramp threatened to create exquisitely etched pop songs with a little force that contained more than just a pretty melody and quaint arrangement accessories, "Crisis" dispelled any hope of development in that direction.

Within its archly limp, consumer-orientated context "Quietest Moments" proclaims sterile perfection. As a rock album it fails because of its mildly irritating familiarity from track to track, its concern with crystalline production above commitment and because it can rest prettily in the background and fail to grab the attention. It's alive with just one thing: a sense of its own self-importance.

The album in fact starts promisingly, hovering hesitantly about a level of pure pop directness.

"Give A Little Bit" is tightly constructed, fairly short and by far the best piece on the album. But the typical 'Tramp trap of flogging mercilessly an initially attractive idea eventually blots the surprising simplicity of the song. Side one's remaining three songs are none too bright — a definitive case of undernourishment.

Side two's opening two tracks are desperately meandering. "Babaji" and "From Now On" represent the nadir of Supertramp's drop into complete blandness.

The songs are carried by production and arrangement and both are openly obvious.

The close-out is an apparent 'tour-de-force'. The twelve minute "Fools Overture" makes (I think) some kind of semi-patriotic, pessimistic, sociological statement. However, its words are more obscure than enigmatic and it's hard to understand its message.

The piece, for all its apparent grandeur, has no expressive intensity or dynamics and it's an ominously banal, self-celebrating way to conclude the album.

Of course, individual parts are faultless throughout — the vocals, impeccable rhythm work, the occasional, fine, loose sax solos. But the package has nothing to interest anyone but the Supertramp afficionado or all those mood muzak addicts.

The kindest thing to be said about Supertramp on this form is that they play their instruments very well. That may be their problem. **Paul Morley**

GARLAND JEFFREYS
Ghost Writer (A& M)

A MUSICAL / LYRICAL pastiche from highly talented Brooklyn midget Garland Jeffreys, incorporating influences from every area of his New York City black, Puerto Rican and white descent.

A man born out of a melting pot of races, he sounds as though he didn't enjoy the sense of not belonging to any of them one little bit. The way he sees it, having your roots in a variety of colours is no fun whatsoever.

Chip firmly stuck on coffee-coloured shoulder, "I May Not Be Your Kind" is typical of the ten Jeffreys songs on this album.

The music is Trenchtown filtered through Lower East Side salsa and then cooled out with Van Morrison-style blue eyed soul, Jeffrey's purity of voice redolent of Dublin's forgotten boy despite its inflection.

The lyrics are racially self-conscious and concerning little white girls on a downtown street corner looking for some brown sugar (sexual not chemical) action. It's sweet revenge for the non-WASP, repressed, immigrant child brought up on media propaganda and a blue-eyed-blonde sense of *beauty*.

The chorus is nothing more than a repeated hookline chant of the title — simplistic but effective, bitter but beautiful.

The same technique is used on the *paella*-flavoured "Spanish Town". The gentle interplay of classical guitar, strings and horns barely disguises the defiant pride of someone brought up on a constant diet of minority jibes, expletives and abuse.

"Why-O" continues the theme with more Brooklyn variety quasi-reggae, although the potentially powerful subject matter of compulsory segregated bussing isn't done justice by the mawkish lyrics of the song.

"Lift Me Up" is little more than an undistinguished rocker and Jeffreys never rocks out with very much conviction unless he uses an ethnic mask — as poor white trash wide-eyed at the downtown spades he don't make it.

"Rough And Ready" falls flat for the same reasons. However the album contains two very different songs which could well turn into East Coast USA classics worthy of Springsteen himself.

The first of these is "New York Skyline", a poignant and moving tribute to his home town. It features a tenor sax solo by one Al Cohn that is without doubt some of the most beautiful, soulful saxophone playing that I've heard. Big City, neon signs, bright lights and *that* girl. Either I'm too sensitive or else I'm getting soft.

"Wild In The Streets" is the album's other strong song. Slipping back into his role as Rebel Without A Creed, the mighty midget howls heroic *West Side Story* rhetoric about sweltering in the New York streets and breaking open the water pumps to cool off in preparation for the night . . .

"Still need a drugstore to cure my cough/You better not touch us/You best believe us/Your teenage Johnny's gonna be a man . . ."

"35 Millimeter Dreams" is inevitably an anti-climax. Bouncy Hollywood shopping list trivia that reveals its worshipping cluck mentality by, despite countless "star" name-droppings, failing to give either Dean or Clift a mention.

"Ghost Writer" is the tortured artist staring at empty pages through the night to the soundtrack of white rasta muzak and I found it extremely boring. As Turner said, "The only genius I know is a genius for hard work".

We're back on the street again with our obnoxious half-cast loving the role of a snotty upstart who debauches the night away only to be told to SLOW DOWN by all and sundry when the sun comes up. "Cool Down Boy" chugs along fine in the manner of the Old Master "Six O'clock" by the great Lovin' Spoonful — a celebration of getting in a lot of everything except sleep and getting dragged over the coals for it by boss, parents, teachers.

"Ghost Writer" is a fine although erratic album from a man who cuts it not despite an identity crisis but because of it.

Tony Parsons

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY AND THE ASBURY JUKES

In concert...on record...press reaction was unanimous. Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes have arrived...this time it's for real!

'Definitely the Asbury Jukes' gig with drive and sheer high-energy professionalism.'
Nick Kent: New Musical Express

'They generate excitement, power and feeling.'
Paul Mooney: Black Echoes

'Southside Gold songs are all top-notch...they all sound like hit singles.'
Sheila Prophet: Record Mirror

'A truly magnificent/rousing/stupendous set.'
New Musical Express

'These songs feel like they're the real thing.'
Chas de Whalley: Sounds

NEW ALBUM "THIS TIME IT'S FOR REAL"

on Epic Records & Tapes EPIC 81909

Roden: are the sands of time running out?

THE JESS RODEN BAND
Blowin' (Island)

YOU CAN'T hold out hope for Jess Roden's sorely overworked tonsils much longer. After all, his painfully sandpaperish voice has fronted a good few outfits over the years (Bronco, Izal, The Bumms Band *et al).* And he has yet to crack the lucrative US market.

This live set, recorded in Birmingham (that's Burmin—HAM, England) and Leicester, isn't about to alter matters. Kicking of with "The Ballad Of Big Sally" (the sort of sleazy number that Streetwalkers do infinitely better), "Blowin'" is marred by Roden's compressed production from the outset which, despite Chris Gower's nice'n'fat trombone, evinces a curiously flat sound throughout.

Gower is the album's saving grace. His solo during "In A Circle" is totally incongruous in a rock setting (plus shoowop backing vocals), but lovely just the same. About the only time he sounds jarringly superfluous is on Roden's ill-judged version of The Eagles' "Desperado", which never recovers from the aimlessly meandering instrumental intro. Even when the song proper does start, it's way over-emphatic.

There *are* a couple of high spots, but Roden's vocals are uncharismatic and the band, workmanlike to be sure, lack (Gower excepted) a certain pizazz. The intriguing percussive opening to "Crystal Eye" soon gives way to mundane bump'n'grind jive-funk and "Jump Mama", vaguely redolent of Rufus Thomas, is brashly peripatetic and devoid of any individuality.

I guess if I were drunk and standing by the Leicester University bar, the Jess Roden Band were sound pretty damn shit hot. But I'm sober, sitting in surburbia, and they sound just like a score of other proficiently uninspired bands.

Monty Smith

FIVE HAND REEL
Five Hand Reel
(RCA)

A NOT altogether unimpressive debut album, which I enjoyed with reservations. It's a well balanced collection of traditional material, not stunningly original in arrangement or execution, but well enough handled.

The danger in choosing this sort of material is that it's been pretty comprehensively covered in the past by groups like Planxty who've managed to impress an individual sound on the music.

'The Reel Thing' have yet to establish a distinctive sound, not that they're derivitave or unimaginative, but the album didn't grab me as being anything out of the ordinary.

There are some good songs though, like 'Wee German Lairdie', which singer Dick Gaughan takes at a fair old Celtic lick and makes Billy Connolly sound as comprehensible as Clement Freud to this uninitiated English ear.

"Sliave Gallion Braes" is a beautiful song, ideal for roaming in the gloaming one morning in May when, according to time honoured tradition, these walks are always taken.

Dave Tulloch's percussion enhances a number of the tunes with his talent for picking out the rhythms rather than just laying down a beat, especially on "Frankie's Dog", which rolls along like whiskey down the throat.

In time, when The Sex Pistols are up collecting their OBE's, Five Hand Reel and other groups will still be making good albums demonstrating the variety of traditional music for fresh generations tired of the whims of rock and roll, and they'll have a long way to go before the possibilities are exhausted.

Patrick Humphries

IMPORTS

FRED DELLAR

WOOF! That's a word from our star of the week, Fearless the Wonder Dog. Cruft-lovers among you may remember that Fearless, a chunky St. Bernard, has already had an A. & M. album named in his honour, and now that his owner, Hoyt Axton has signed to MCA, it seems only fitting that Fearless should appear on his debut album — albeit only in a sleeve shot capacity.

Titled "My Snowblind Friend", the album presents the composer of such diverse songs as "Greenback Dollar" and "The Pusher" in the company of his Banana Band, namely Donna Roberts (keyboards), Coyote (woof), Skinner (bass), Mark Dawson (harp), Pete Grant (pedal steel and dobro) and Gary Wattman (drums), with guest Jeff Baxter providing lead guitar on most tracks and swapping licks with Jim Messina on Dawson's attractive "Little White Man" jaunt.

A new and tougher version of "Never Been To Spain" is offered for the benefit of those who've worn out their Three Dog Night (God, we're canine crazy this week) single and also included is "Poncho And Lefty" to appease those who feel that no album is complete without a song penned by Townes Van Zandt.

"You Taught Me How To Cry", a duet with Tanya Tucker, will knock 'em dead down in Opryland and "Water For My Horses" has the benefit of back-up vocals by the admirable Mimi Farina — but the song that's likely to receive most coverage this time around is "Funeral Of The King", a kind of LA "Floral Dance" that comes replete with a "Money Can't Buy You Love" tag line and flowing fiddle countesy of Byron Berline.

About as promising a career as a stint in the Swiss Navy is the job of being back-up musician to **The Persuasions,** who have a new album in "The Chirpin' Persuasions" (Elektra). Normally a pure accappela outfit — though they've been known to help out the local M.U. on occasion, this time around they've wrapped their tonsils around such ditties as The Dominoes' old "Sixty Minute Man","Papa Om Mow Mow", a winner for the Rivingtons, and Tony Joe White's "Willie And Laura Mae Jones".

William Bell's "Coming Back For More" (Mercury) sports a sticker claiming "This album contains his single "Trying To Love Two"; while the **Captain and Tennille's** newie "Come In From The Rain" (A. & M.) also claims 'Contains hit single 'Can't Stop Dancing'". But both are capped by **Firesign Theatre's** "Just A Firesign Chat", which proudly proclaims "Contains no hit single whatsoever!"

If you dug **Taj Mahal's** work on "Rounder", then "Brothers" (Warner Bros) — yet another soundtrack item by Ry Cooder's Rising Sons sidekick — could be just the disc you need to eat popcorn by. But the film synopsis on the sleeve has me in two minds about making a trip to the local fleapit — "He was a nobody, a black man in a white man's prison. She was a somebody, a notorious, beautiful, radical etc . . ."

I mean, it sure beats the hell out of "Flash Gordon" and the old Saturday Morning Cinema scene don't it?

There's plenty of new black music fare shufflin' in right now, including **Fred Wesley's Horny Horns'** "A Blow For Me" (Atlantic). **Joe Tex's** cut-in-Nashville "Bumps And Bruises" (Epic), **Barbara Mason** and **Bunny Sigler's** "Locked In This Position" (Curtom), **Graham Central Station's** "Now Do You Wanna Dance?" (Warner Bros) and **The Dells'** "They Said It Couldn't Be Done — But We Did It" (Mercury).

The latter has one of the years' most hilarious sleeves — the front shot depicting the group perched high on some Himalayan peak — the reverse revealing a backdrop and a guy hanging from the ceiling sprinkling fake snow on the Dell's pates!

Yet another **Dave Mason** offering, "Let It Flow" (Columbia) is currently around, while **Steve Fromholz's** "Frolicking In The Myth" (Capitol), the second album from the Austin-based songwriter, has also arrived — though British release for the latter is imminent.

Meanwhile, you might find it worth checking out **"Carole Bayer Sager"** (Elektra). Produced by Brooks Arthur, the album has all the hallmarks of pure MOR wishy-washy paddle action — Peter Allen, Marvin Hamlisch, Bette Midler and Melissa Manchester being among Sager's co-writers and one track even bearing the message "special thanks to Vini Poncia" . . . which is always a bad sign.

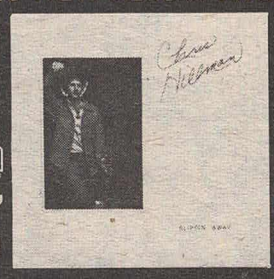
But the lady's got such a fragile, rust-ridden voice that somehow she wins through. Given rougher company could be that she'll one day make the major league.

ROGER McGUINN'S
THUNDERBYRD
CHRIS HILLMAN
BAND
GENE CLARK
U.K. TOUR '77

APRIL
WED. 27 **DUBLIN** NATIONAL STADIUM
FRI. 29 **BIRMINGHAM** ODEON
SAT. 30 **LONDON** HAMMERSMITH ODEON

MAY
SUN. 1 **LONDON** HAMMERSMITH ODEON
MON. 2 **MANCHESTER** FREE TRADE HALL
WED. 4 **LEEDS** UNIVERSITY
THUR. 5 **GLASGOW** APOLLO THEATRE

ROGER McGUINN NEW ALBUM **THUNDERBYRD** RELEASED MAY 6 CBS 81883



CHRIS HILLMAN 'SLIPPIN' AWAY'
E.A. K53041

GENE CLARK 'TWO SIDES TO EVERY STORY'
RSO SUPER 2394176

Their New Album

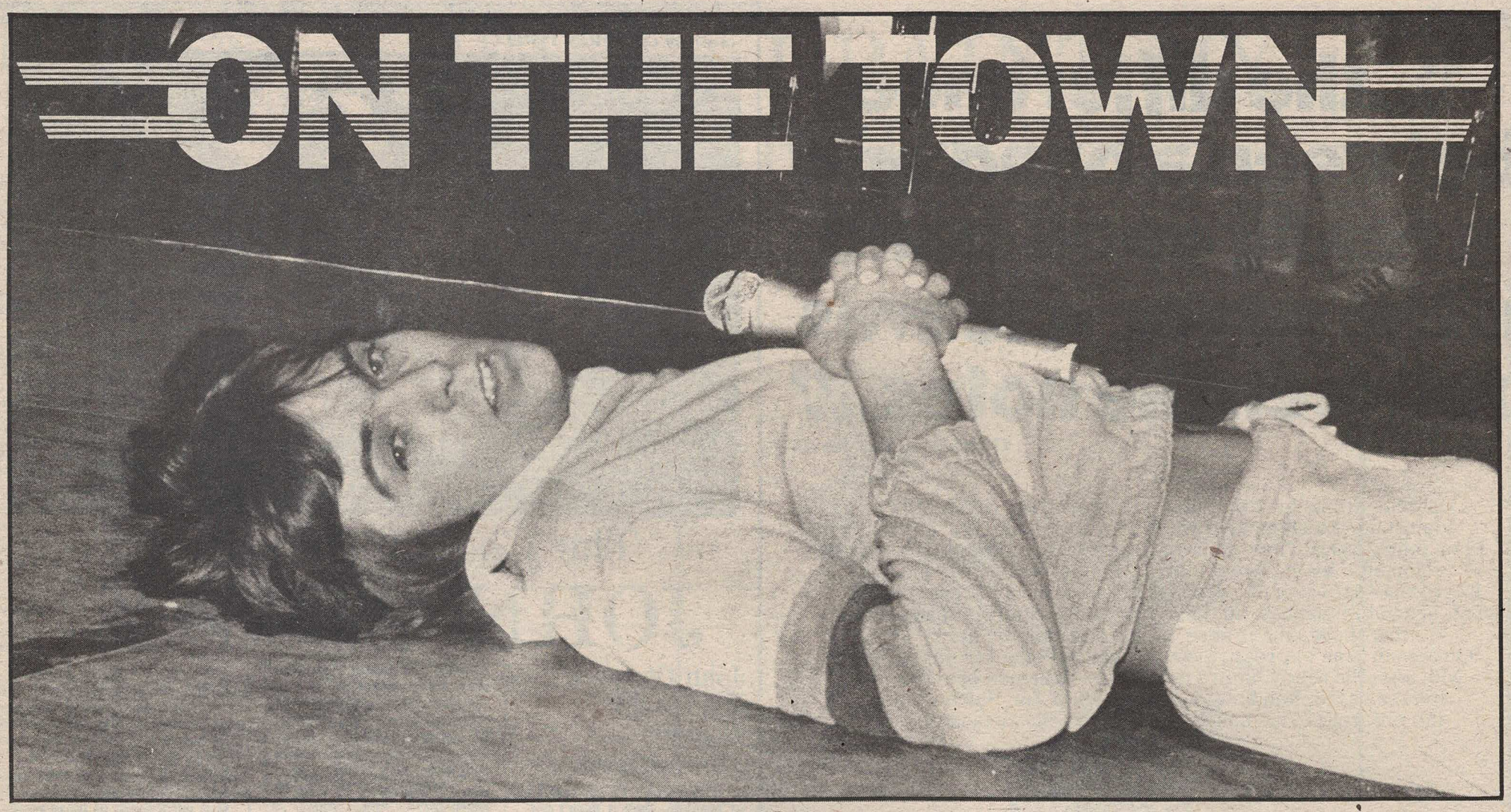
Nationwide Tour Dates

APRIL		
Fri.	29th	West Runton, Pavillion
Sat.	30th	Northampton, Cricket Club
MAY		
Sun.	1st	Croydon, Greyhound
Mon.	2nd	Plymouth, Top Rank
Tues.	3rd	Hemel Hempstead
Thurs.	5th	Cleethorpes, Winter Gardens
Sat.	7th	Liverpool, Empire
Sun.	8th	Sheffield, Top Rank
Mon.	9th	Birmingham, Town Hall
MAY		
Thurs.	12th	Manchester, ABC Ardwick Apollo
Fri.	13th	Newcastle, Mayfair
Sat.	14th	Redcar, Coatham Bowl
Sun.	15th	Blackpool, Imperial
Mon.	16th	Leeds Polytechnic
Tues.	17th	Lincoln Drill Hall
Wed.	18th	Guildford, Civic Hall
Fri.	20th	Swindon, Brunell Rooms
Sat.	21st	Hastings, Pier Pavillion
Sun.	22nd	London, New Victoria.

Judas Priest–new single 'Diamonds and Rust' CBS 5222 taken from the new album 'Sin After Sin' CBS 82008
Produced by Roger Glover

on CBS Records & Tapes

ON THE TOWN



GABRIEL'S STAMP COLLECTION

Peter Gabriel
HAMMERSMITH ODEON

IN THE LATE SIXTIES, an ailing British film industry sank a medium-gauge budget into the making of a film, the title of which as far as Europe was concerned was *The Mind Of Mr. Soames* (they called it something else when it got to the States, but that's all irrelevant data in this context). The flick did a commercial nose-dive pretty much wherever it was shown, didn't even make it to the level of minor cult work, and recently resurfaced to the ignominious fate of being boxed in on a Friday TV midnight movie slot.

Truth to tell, the film in total didn't deserve much better except for the presence of the great Terence Stamp, who virtually monopolised the action as "Mr. Soames", this 30-year-old geezer who'd been born in a state of dormant unconsciousness and had remained thus comatose'd until some brilliant brain surgeon from the U.S. of A. had been flown in to drive a wedge through the sucker's brain-plate and draw him out of his endless sleep. The gist of the plot then was how Stamp, the 30-year-old with the brain of a newly conceived infant, was programmed by the cruel head doctor to face the rigours of normal life, which was great if only because it gave the actor full rein to play the baby brained innocent, all googley wide-eyes, burping and spastic mannerisms.

The crowning glory was this ridiculous one-piece romper-suit in grey flannelette that the script presumably called upon him to don, which, along with this prehistoric pine-cone Richard Hell haircut, made him the visual antecedent of the punk-look.

Peter Gabriel didn't have the hair-cut — his is more of a cutesome page-boy flop — and his romper-suit was a virginal white with a red and blue stripe in the arm, but other than that Gabriel's whole onstage persona at Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday was so close to Stamp's portrayal of overgrown babe-in-arms (complete with saucer-eyes and sloppy spastic slope to the limbs) that mere coincidence seemed way out of the question.

I suppose at this juncture I should call to your attention my simple state of blithe ignorance concerning all first-hand details of the P. Gabriel phenomenon. Fate has never caused me to be closeted amidst an audience of Genesis fans watching their fave-raves with or without Gabriel in attendance. My total aural exposure to the gent's recorded work with his previous outfit stands currently at an approximate one and a half sides of "The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway" which, heard once some two years back, is all but erased from my memory today.

I suppose I should also admit to not even having heard Gabriel's recently unveiled solo album in toto aside from a few stray tracks, paramount among these being the agreeably lilting strains of "Solsbury Hill" often observed wafting o'er the airwaves on this cheap transistor radio I nicked from an acquaintance's gaff recently. It's not, mark you, through a sense of potential loathing that I've forcibly held myself back from exploring the gent's talents. No ... but then again neither have I ever felt the urge to go out and check 'em out.

Indifference, I fear, is the key word here.

So why should I suddenly veer off and actually go to the extent of not merely viewing the geezer's current show, but even penning my thoughts on the same? Money, I fear, is the key word here. That and the lesser option of actually having something new to write about.

Well, as you can see from my strident opening parry I've already got the artiste well sussed. A measly Terence Stamp impersonator is what we've got here just for openers, right down to the cut of his romper-suit. Barbara Charone, eat your heart out!

But there is more to expound upon, of course. Gabriel, it became overwhelmingly apparent throughout the show, is a very, very sharp fellow — not as inventive as Bowie, mind you, but certainly well-orientated to the chameleon process of constant image-shifts, so that his tendency to cut out a comfortable niche whatever the dominant whims of the moment dictate while still retaining a clear modicum of individuality is forever successful.

Gabriel has never been quite as cock-sure as Bowie, however — for example, in regard to the latter's drastic shifts of uniform. Again, where Bowie shows distinct signs of an exciting resolute lunacy consummated by hard-headed dynamic manoeuvres, Gabriel can only muster a kind of whimsical very English loony facade which I found consistently jarring — particularly when projected via the silly short stories he'd throw in between songs, not to mention one horribly grating "Stevie Wonder in Toy-town" styled number whose title escapes me.

MUSICALLY, HOWEVER, Gabriel seemed generally to have his priorities firmly fixed on very potent ground. Many of the chord constructions and arrangements of the songs featured on his solo album are elegantly sculpted — again Bowie comes to mind here, to the point where, to these virgin ears, the melodies sounded close to what might have evolved from the "Man Who Sold The World / Hunky Dory" times DB, had he decided to transform The Spiders From Mars into a techno-rock proposition.

Songs like "Here Comes the Flood" (performed twice — the truncated version acted as the set-opener) sounded as thoughtfully conceived as a Paul Simon song, and several numbers bore distinct stylistic cross-references to Randy Newman's American Gothic, while the more immediately commercial songs like "Madam Love" were replete with all the power-chords you could ever wish for.

Gabriel therefore has a lot going for him, it would appear. My only strong reservation about his work is his relentless use of almost Pythonesque silliness as an end in itself. At the best of times I find it bloody annoying, but never more so than now, when rock merely as a socially 'aware' medium should be steering a zillion miles away from such rampant inconsequentialities. That said, I'd have been rather more interested to witness Gabriel's show when it toured the States, where the singer would have probably dropped most of that overtly English nonsense for obviously unappreciative audiences.

All other reviews of the show have made mention of the superb backing unit, and I see no reason to ignore them myself. The listing goes : two strong percussionists — one firmly kit-bound, the other in a gay-bar jump-suit committing all manner of athletic leaps and bounds in order to draw as much thunder from the array of gongs and other all-purpose percussive instruments as possible; an excellent balding bass-player; one pianist; one synthesizer-player; plus the inimitable if occasionally over-rated Steve Hunter on guitar.

Hunter is magnificent as a rhythm player: his powerchord work on Gabriel's faithful work-out of the Kinks' vintage "All Day & All Of The Night" was a choice exercise in hard-rock resilience — if only Dave Davies' lackadaisical playing packed a fraction of the punch. Ditto the acoustic playing on "Solsbury Hill", though I still have yet to be totally won over by his frenzied, rather arch-teeth gritting solo playing.

All in all, though, the unit (seasoned Bob Ezrin session-players the whole parcel of 'em, but don't hold it against 'em) were excellent, providing a multi-textured finish to the songs that most bands these days don't even know exists.

Enigma of the night was the non-appearance of Robert Fripp — he couldn't be seen anywhere on stage, plus he was all but inaudible throughout. Gabriel, however, introduced "burgeoning west country punk legend Nat Strangler". Ah, these techno-rockers do love their private jokes.

Oh, and by the way, Pete, since I've sussed out your crafty swiping of T. Stamp's old role for this current persona, wouldn't it be wise to drop it like a hot brick and move on to pastures new?

I mean, there was this guy in *Barbarella*, right ... he just had these huge wings on his back and a loincloth and he was mute, see. Great image, and much less tiring than all that spastic exuberance you're into now.

Nick Kent

FLASHES

ERIC CLAPTON's solo track record has been so relentlessly erratic that one hesitates to make any positive statement about his wellbeing for fear of having it thrown back in one's face after the very next gig by some new fall from grace. That said, this preview can report that the Glasgow concert was great stuff.

"It's really nice to play in front of an audience that doesn't mind responding," Clapton told his enthusiastic audience. He seems to need some energy focus off which he can feed, and he performs in proportion. The Glasgow audience certainly generated it that night, and Clapton responded accordingly.

As befits someone who has rejected the axeman hero position in favour of the confines of a band, Clapton limited his performance to being the big fish in his chosen pool. The band too were very good, Carl Radle being quietly outstanding.

Guitarist George Terry was a very able lieutenant, and even managed to better his master's playing on "Badge". The two girls each contributed excellent solo spots, but it's difficult to see why Clapton keeps these two largely sidelined in favour of his own indifferent vocals.

The material took the form of mainly bluesy extended pieces — "461 Ocean Boulevard" wasn't featured at all, but Clapton's guitar playing more than made up for the absence of any particular favourites. Great gig.

Ian Cranna

SEVENTY-EIGHT DAYS after her pit-stop in Florida, where she cracked a few neck vertebrae, **PATTI SMITH** gingerly walked onstage at CBGBs in a woolly hat and neck brace. The Smith resurrection was greeted by the largest crowds ever seen at the new wave mecca.

To enable Patti to arrive at the club unjostled, Hilly Kristel had opened the back doors for the first time ever. In fact, the booking itself was kept as secret as possible until just before the event. As Patti wasn't scheduled back onstage till October, it was quite a surprise.

Playing with the usual amalgam of Sohl, Kaye, Dougherty, Kral and brother Todd — having played a number of gigs in her absence, they were far from rusty — Ms Smith's set consisted of stuff from both "Horses" and "Radio Ethiopia". She sounded fine to me — East coast girls are hip, and they sure heal fast too.

Joe Stevens

In next week's palpitating On The Town:
LOU REED, ERIC CLAPTON, EAGLES — plus THE CRAMPS!!

"...the difference between a band and a really good band is the space it leaves between the notes..."

Chicago Daily News

Quateman fronts his own band, playing steady rhythm guitar against the excellent lead work of guest Caleb Quaye from Elton John's band. Their music is seamless light-to-medium rock dominated by the two guitarists' fine interplay. The most impressive aspect of the album is its ungimmicky presentations of an ensemble that can riff excitingly within tight song structures that show a nice sense of the rock melodic hook.
Quateman is an expressive singer whose voice has improved with age. His reedy timbre echoes the influence of artists as diverse as Stephen Stills, Ian Hunter and Tim Hardin; into the phrasing of his ballads he brings a distinct jazz feel.

'NIGHT AFTER NIGHT'
BILL QUATEMAN

PL 12027

RCA

OTWAY family favourites — three candid smaps (below and opposite) from the album, courtesy the camera of GEOFFREY TYRELL.

The Changing Face Of JOHN OTWAY

John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett

RED COW, LONDON

IF ROCK HASN'T got a sense of humour, then it hasn't got much of a future either. Of late, a new and pervasive grimness has descended upon us; an unrelieved gloom where even the comedy groups grope desperately in the dark for some different obscurity to send up — either that or they're not even sure if they want to be funny guys at all (come in Albertos / Supercharge, your time is up).

Viv Stanshall, where are you now?

Not to worry, though, salvation is here in the manic form of John Otway and his faithful sidekick Wild Willy Barrett. Best thing since the Bonzos, this deranged duo: psychotic satire with an edge so sharp it cuts right through, and you might not notice . . . in which case the problem would be yours entirely.

Physiologically and professionally John Otway resembles what some scribes would dub "the mutant offspring" of Quasimodo and Ray Davies; he plays regulation early-Dylan acoustic guitar, writes and sings love songs whose, um, potency might be open to speculation, and enjoys a subordinate onstage relationship with back-up man Wild Willy Barrett, on banjo, violin, and Woolworths electric guitar, who is one of those redoubtable unreformed hippies in very long (but, girls, *clean*) hair, beard, and dirty loon pants.

Together they hail from that notorious "musical backwater", Aylesbury, where their names have been synonymous with bad taste and professional incompetence for three years now.

A recently re-released single, "Louisa On A Horse / Misty Mountain" (Track), produced by Pete Townshend, has prompted media interest and residencies at London's Red Cow and Nashville.

Out-of-control but still understated (or else, overstated but still under control), their set is not so much a parody of a particular sound or style, as a parody of attitude — i.e. taking it all too seriously. So subtle is it all that were it not for details like "Mad" John licking his finger and painting tears under his eyes, the apparent earnestness of these guys could possibly be taken for real.

Indeed, were they so inclined, either could "make it" as a bona fide Rock Star. Otway has all the Olympic athlete movements (it's said Captain Sensible copped his stage act) and a moving, well . . . wimp vocal delivery — forever ODing on self-pity. Wild Willy throws away superspeed fuzzbox guitar heroics like yesterday's papers into the dustbin.

No, "Only A Hobo", "In My Time Of Dying", "House Of The Rising Sun" will never seem the same again. Similarly True Love platitudes are gonna be difficult for those who've heard "Cor Baby You're So Free".

Look out Princes Risborough, here they come.

Jonathan Barnett

Klause Schulze

LONDON PLANETARIUM

LIKE THE SURVIVORS of a nearly extinct line of dinosaurs, London's remaining hippies combed their hair, washed their beards and blew the ash from their chillums and sloped off to the London Planetarium, where Klaus Schulze was going to play his synthesizers against the backdrop of the star display on the domed roof. It seemed suitably trippy to make the effort, you know.

They were outnumbered by young French and Germans who couldn't resist the chance of combining a tourist attraction with seeing a star — "Moondawn" made number ten in the French album charts. The solemn majesty of the stars was continually undermined, however, by people lighting cigarettes. The entire universe disappeared in the flare of a match.

Klaus, as his press kit says, is "a tall, quietly spoken man who wears white on stage and off . . ." He crawled around on the central dais surrounded by a few Moog and ARP synthesizers, situated beneath the complex Zeiss projector which creates the stars.

He decided to keep it rhythmic — not too much of the time wind — so fairly early on he introduced a tape of himself drumming. It really jarred since it was so realistic. But, as the stars began to move across the sky, Klaus kept up a steady beat and began to improvise on it and it felt okay.

He used surprisingly unsympathetic combinations at times: while most of the equipment was being used to create a slowly growing cosmic environment, he worked against himself with what sounded like birdsong from a ring modulator.

He's sure discordant at times — and I'm used to hearing some pretty weird music. There was one grating sound in particular which spoiled a whole section for me. Since he is playing solo, maybe he should prepare backing tapes or a pre-programme in more detail; as it is he seems to be trying to do too much on stage.

Then the Earth came on. Not a bad show, this, but what do you do for an encore? It was the view of the Earth from the Moon, and the lunar landscape was projected round the room at the bottom of the dome. The stars moved gracefully overhead — it was all very cosmic.

It was hard to make out what the connection was supposed to be between the Planetarium star-show and Klaus's music — whether Klaus was improvising in response to the images or if they were just there as a backdrop. In the event, they dominated the show, as they must. There can be few things more dramatic than to be part of an extremely accurate reconstruction of the view of the Earth from the Moon.

Even if Klaus had played "Oh I Do Like To Be Beside The Seaside" on his keyboards I doubt if anyone would have noticed for the few moments after the Earth image was projected.

Klaus' music is very 'spacy' anyway, so in a situation like this it is easy to let it become background music to the star-show. It was Klaus, with his albums "Irrlicht" and "Cyborg", who first gave the press the idea that all German new wave music was space-rock in the first place.

No one was really sure when it was over. A scattered applause and everyone waited, thinking it was an interval. Finally about half the audience left and then Klaus reappeared and mounted the dais holding his hands in a winner's clench above his head like a boxer. He encored with a strong — and fortunately short — piece. I'm afraid he left me cold for most of the evening.

Miles

Billy Paul

CARNEGIE HALL, NYC

NOT CONTENT with his own band and three girl singers — none of whom are much better than average — Billy Paul is currently touting an overdose of religious cant and fancy dress.

The intro waffles something about "A man shall come forth from the east," whereupon his girls appear in clashing pink smocks and harem pants, posing as a cross between *King & I* extras and the Hare Krishna robots. Then he shimmies on in a green and gold robe and cowl like the pantomime baddie from Aladdin. I'd have left right then if I hadn't been 3,000 miles from home and broke.

Following the opening hymn, "The Time Has Come For God" I believe, he slides off again, shortly to reappear in a pork pie hat and grey suit, his attire for the rest of the show. It's better than the frock, but perversely changes his image to that of a down-at-heel bookmaker. Oh well, some people are naturally elegant and some ain't.

Some of his vocal efforts, however, are worth waiting around for, particularly the ballads "Word Sure Gets Around" and his best known hit, "Me And Mrs Jones", and the funkier numbers, "Go Where You Wanna Go" and "Change The World Around". Others are terrible — he's erratic to the point of schizophrenia.

His only other really good performance is his latest smash, a version of Paul McCartney's "Let 'Em In" that, on record, is overdubbed with various speeches like Martin Luther King's famous "I have a dream". On stage an unnamed accomplice bounds on to take these roles, and is immediately far more impressive than Billy Paul.

The show climaxes with a rendition of "Peace, Holy Peace" before we all file out into the chilly Manhattan night feeling suitably sanctified. Or not, as the case may be.

Cliff White

Harry Chapin

NEW VICTORIA

THE HARRY CHAPIN cult, if such it can be called in Britain (where his chart score is zero hit singles from seven albums), received a considerable shot in the arm during his brief tour immediately before Easter. With a proliferation of other gigs, perhaps to expect even a respectable number to come to the New Vic was ambitious — but as it turned out, just about every Chapin freak in the south of England was there, and there were few embarrassing blocks of empty seats.

The concert basically followed the lines of Chapin's double live album, released last year — a "Best Of" taking in all the other records, but concentrating on the 1973/4 period represented by "Short Stories" and "Verities And Balderdash", from which came the best known song in America ("Cat's In The Cradle") and the same in Britain ("W.O.L.D.").

But the point to put across is that for 95% of the time this was a rock show as opposed to the middle of the road experience which many might have expected. At one point in the second half, (no support act, therefore close to two and a half hours of Chapin, which never became tedious until the encore) the drummer sang a fractured opus entitled "I'm The Horniest Rock Drummer", and was followed by guitarist Doug Walker with a composition called "Vinyl Ain't Bad In Bed". Horrified looks among the more staid members of the audience, but they seemed to get the joke.

. . .

Throughout, the backing musicians were exemplary. John Wallace on bass and a variety of octave splitting background vocals was even better this time than the last Chapin visit in 1972, and his counterpart vocals during "Mr. Tanner" were taken to perfection. Doug Walker, while having few opportunities to stretch out, showed on the odd occasions when he went into overdrive that he's quite capable of guitar pyrotechnics. He chooses to restrict them — and the same generally applied to drummer Howard Fields.

It's cello player Kim Scholes who turns the head, though — he's apparently quite new, but he's as able as his several predecessors in the group at creating eerie effects which enhance the theatrical aura that surrounds all Chapin's songs. On piano was Harry's brother, Steve Chapin, a recording artist in his own right, although so far unreleased over here.

The only jarring note was an over-extended encore of "Circle", a song which Chapin wrote some time ago which was recorded in the most brutally insensitive manner imaginable by the dread New Seekers. While that provided a major downer right at the end, the rest of the gig was a delight, and word of mouth alone will ensure that upon their return (scheduled for the autumn) Harry and his group will have a completely full house with people standing.

John Tobler

FOREIGNER
are here!!

You don't know the band, but it won't be for long.
The album's gone gold in America.
And it took just two weeks.
They've made such an impact, the press are comparing them with Led Zep, Bad Company etc.
But don't get it wrong.
They're Foreigner. Uniquely so.
3 Englishmen, 3 Americans; with a rock history that goes back through King Crimson, If and Spooky Tooth.
Ask your record dealer.
Ask your D.J.
Foreigner have been coming your way for years.
And now, all at once, they've arrived.

ATLANTIC

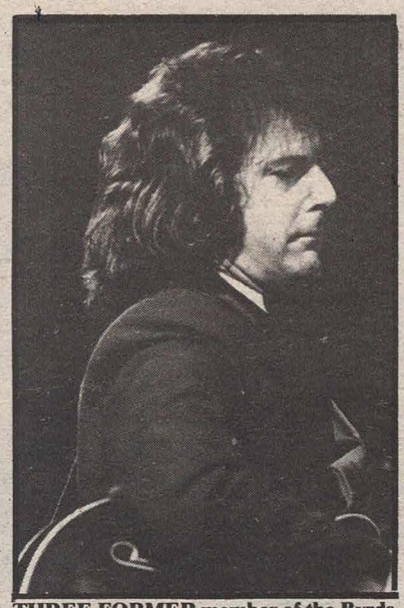
K50356 On Atlantic Records and Tapes

CHUCK BERRY begins another British tour on Friday, and for that show he's supported by the Pirates, who subsequently go out on the road in their own right. Berry is also at Batley (Sunday), Belfast (Tuesday) and Dublin (Wednesday).

● **THE FOUR TOPS** are also back again, opening at Dunstable on Saturday, followed by a week in cabaret at Manchester (see Residencies). More gigs coming up next week.

KURSAAL FLYERS are off on another tour, kicking off in the North at Newcastle (Friday) and Sheffield (Saturday). They then have two gigs at London Marquee on Tuesday and Wednesday, both of which are being recorded for a live album.

● **THE CLASH** begin their extensive British tour, fully reported in last week's NME, with gigs at Guildford (Sunday), Chester (Monday) and Birmingham (Tuesday).



THREE FORMER member of the Byrds bring their current bands to Britain for a unique package tour, starting this weekend. They are Roger McGuinn's Thunderbyrd (McGuinn is pictured above), the Chris Hillman Band and the Gene Clark Band. And they're all in action at Birmingham (Friday), London Hammersmith (Saturday and Sunday), Manchester (Monday) and Leeds (Wednesday). It promises to be an event to remember.

RICHARD (above) & **LINDA THOMPSON** are touring for the first time in 18 months. Initial gigs are Brighton (Friday), Colchester (Saturday) and London (Sunday.

● **MR. BIG**, just back from the States, are going out on their first major tour to celebrate their chart success with "Romeo". Their lengthy schedule opens at Cromer (Saturday), Maidenhead (Sunday), Cardiff (Tuesday) and Plymouth (Wednesday).

IAN GILLIAN and his new band begin their debut British tour in Cardiff on Friday, followed by Bradford (Saturday), Plymouth (Tuesday) and Slough (Wednesday). They've already been warming up on the Continent, and their arrival here coincides with the release of their album "Clear Air Turbulence". It'll be the first time Gillan has played British concert dates since he was with Deep Purple. Support act is Strapps.

NATIONWIDE

THURSDAY

BEDFORD Angel Hotel: TONY ROSE
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: SHANGHAI
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: HOOKER
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Snobs Club: STAGE FRIGHT
BLACKBURN Lodestar: RADIATOR
BLACKPOOL Horseshoe Bar: PETE SAYERS
BLACKPOOL Opera House: BILLY CONNOLY
BRAUNTON George Hotel: BOB DAVENPORT
BRIGHTON Dome: BILLIE JO SPEARS / CARL PERKINS / DILLARDS
BRISTOL Colston Hall: JOHNNY MATHIS
BRISTOL Cranary: MEDICINE HEAD
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: SPIDER
BRISTOL Polytechnic: RADIATOR
CROYDON Red Deer: BEES MAKE HONEY
EXETER Zhivago's: PLANETZ
FOLKESTONE La Clique: MUSCLES
GALASHIELS Privateer: BAND FOR LIFE
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: KEVIN AYERS BAND
GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre: SPINNNERS
GRAVESEND Northfleet Wings Club: BOUNCER
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
HUDDERSFIELD Peacock Hotel: TOM BAILEY
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: KRAKATOA
LEEDS Polytechnic: ROY HARPER & BLACK SHEEP / ALBION DANCE BAND
LEEDS Staging Post: GAFFA
LEICESTER Polytechnic: HARVEY ANDREWS
LIVERPOOL Empire: PETER GABRIEL
LONDON BARNES Red Lions: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: HOMBRE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: MEAL TICKET
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: BANDIT / WARREN HARRY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: STREET BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: DOWNLINERS SECT
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: FOSTER BROTHERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: ERIC CLAPTON BAND / RONNIE LANE'S SLIM CHANCE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Prince of Wales: MARTIN SIMPSON
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: SQUEEZE
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE JAM
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: RICO
LONDON KINGSWAY Sounds Circus: ACKER BILK & STRINGS
LONDON Marquee Club: ROUGH DIAMOND
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: LOU REED
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: STEFAN GROSSMAN / JOHN RENBOURN / DAVE EVANS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: SMALL FACES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: KOSSAGA
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: EAGLES / VAL CARTER
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: ALFALPHA
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: TAVARES
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: DEAD END KIDS
MARGATE Winter Gardens: NEW SEEKERS
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NEWCASTLE City Hall: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA
NEWCASTLE Newton Park Hotel: STEVE BROWN BAND
NEWPORT Tiffany's: OASIS / PAUL BURNETT
NORTHOLT Target Club: JUNIPER
NORWICH R.A.F. Coltishall: J.A.L.N. BAND
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: LITTLE BOB STORY
PORTSMOUTH Locarno: OSIBISA
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
PORTSMOUTH Victory Club: ROKOTTO
REDCAR Royal Hotel: PETE QUIN
ROTHERHAM Braithwell Country Music Club: KEITH MANIFOLD
ROTHERHAM Watch Festival: PETE & CHRIS COE
SHEFFIELD City Polytechnic: LIAR
STAINES Pathfinder Club: BOB KERR WHOOPEE BAND / DREW McCULLOCH
STOCKPORT Rudyard Hotel: VIN GARBUTT
STOKE North Staffs Polytechnic: HI-BALLERS
SWANSEA Brangwyn Hall: JOHN CALE / THE BOYS
SWANSEA Circles Club: THE DARTS

FRIDAY

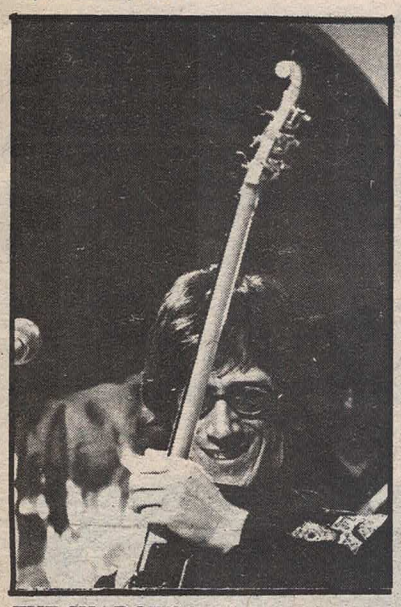
ABERDEEN College of Education: JOE'S DINER
ABERTILLERY Youth Centre: RUFF HANDFUL
ABERYSTWYTH Arts Centre: MAX BOYCE / THERAPY
BASILDON Towngate Arts Centre: STEFAN GROSSMAN & JOHN RENBOURN
BATH Viaduct Hotel: DEAD END KIDS
BELFAST Ulster Hall: THE G-BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BABE RUTH
BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Old Crown: BILL CADDICK
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: BRUCE FORSYTH
BIRMINGHAM Newman College: SHANGHAI
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: ROGER McGUINN'S THUNDERBYRD / CHRIS HILLMAN BAND / GENE CLARK BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Snobs Club: STAGE FRIGHT
BLACKPOOL Empress Ballroom: DOWNLINERS SECT / JIMMY JAMES
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: BILLIE JO SPEARS / CARL PERKINS / DILLARDS
BRADFORD Star Hotel: DAVE BURLAND
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: NEW SEEKERS
BRIDGEND Recreation Centre: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
BRIDLINGTON Spa Royal Hall: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
BRIGHTON Dome: RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON
BRIGHTON Embassy Cinema: JOHNNY THUNDER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
BRISTOL Colston Hall: SPINNERS
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: TOO COMFORTABLE BY FAR
BROMLEY White Hart: STAGEFRIGHT
BURTON Allied Brewery: DESMOND DEKKER
BURTON 76 Club: MEDICINE HEAD
CARDIFF University: IAN GILLAN BAND / STRAPPS
CHICHESTER College of Further Education: DRAGONS
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: HINCKLEY'S HEROES / CARAVAN
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: JUDAS PRIEST
CROSBY Wheelhouse Football Club: VIN GARBUTT
DONCASTER College of Education: KRAKATOA
DORCHESTER Clay Pigeon: ARBRE
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: NEXT
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: SACHA DISTEL
EASTBOURNE Winter Gardens: THE YETTIES
EDINBURGH University: KEVIN AYERS BAND
FARNCOMBE Star Folk Club: PETE TIMMINS
FARNWORTH Blighty's: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
FIFE St. Andrew's University: HERON
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: TAVARES
GLOUCESTER Roundabout: J.A.L.N. BAND
GOSPORT John Peel: EARL OF CANVEY
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: BLUE JOHN
IPSWICH Kingfisher: BUSTER JAMES BAND
KING'S LYNN R.A.F. Marham: SWEET SENSATION
LEIGHTON BUZZARD The Swan: SIDEWINDER
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LLANDUDNO Astra Theatre: BILLY CONOLLY
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TROUPER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ROOGALATOR / HOOKER
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: STRETCH / AMAZORBLADES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MOVIES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: CHELSEA / PREFECTS
LONDON DOWNHAM Saxon Tavern: LEW LEWIS BAND
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: DELROY WILSON
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: DETROIT SPINNERS / BRASS CONTRUCTION
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: PRAIRIE OYSTER
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIR
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: VIBRATORS
LONDON Marquee Club: FABULOUS POODLES / XTC
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: CHUCK BERRY / THE PIRATES
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: JUNIPER
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: JOHN SPENCER'S LOUTS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: ERIC CLAPTON BAND / RONNIE LANE'S SLIM CHANCE
LONDON Royal College of Art: THE JAM / TYLA GANG / CIMMARONS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: MERSEYBEATS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON TWICKENHAM St. Mary's College: BOUNCER
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: LIMMIE FUNK LTD.
LONDON WIMBLEDON Southlands College: ROCK ISLAND LINE
LONDON W.1 Hilton Hotel: SALENA JONES
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: LIAR / SOUTHERN ELECTRIC
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: PETER GABRIEL
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: ROY HARPER & BLACK SHEEP / ALBION DANCE BAND
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: FLYING ACES
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: SCORPIONS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: THREE DEGREES
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: THE MOTORS
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: KURSAAL FLYERS
NEWPORT Harper Adams College: TOM ROBINSON BAND
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: JOHN CALE / THE BOYS
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: JOHNNY MATHIS
PLYMOUTH Guildhall: SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE McGHEE
READING Windsor Hall: WARREN HARRY
RETFORD Porterhouse: MUSCLES
ROTHERHAM Wath Festival: PETE & CHRIS COE
RUSHDEN The Wheatsheaf: WILD THING
RYE George Hotel: MARTIN SIMPSON
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: MOON
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: WIDOWMAKER
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: JOHN JAMES
ST. ALBAN'S City Hall: SPLIT ENZ
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: HARVEY ANDREWS & JOHN DUNKERLEY
WEYMOUTH College: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
WISBECH Football Supporters Club: KEITH MANIFOLD
WOKINGHAM Rock Club: EL SEVEN
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: JENNY HAAN'S LION
WOLVERHAMPTON Rose & Crown: PETE QUIN
WOOLMER GREEN Chequers Inn: TONY ROSE

SATURDAY

ABERYSTWYTH Arts Centre: MAX BOYCE / THERAPY
AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: ROY HARPER & BLACK SHEEP / ALBION DANCE BAND
BANGOR University: ROOGALATOR / HOOKER
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BABE RUTH
BIRMINGHAM King's Heath Hare & Hounds: JOHNNY SILVO
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: NEW SEEKERS
BLACKPOOL Norbreck Hotel: DESMOND DEKKER / MIKE BERRY
BOLTON Institute of Technology: SCORPIONS
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: OSIBISA
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: JOHNNY MATHIS
BRACKNELL South Hill Park: HOT VULTURES
BRADFORD University: IAN GILLAN BAND / STRAPPS
BRIDGEWATER Pawlett Manor Hotel: RUFF HANDFUL
BRIGHTON Art College: WRIST ACTION
BRIGHTON Metropole Hotel: ACKER BILK BAND
BRIGHTON The Northern: WOODBINE
BRISTOL Bamboo Club: BOOMBAYA
BRISTOL Granary LITTLE ACRE
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE McGHEE
CAMBRIDGE Portland Arms: BILL CADDICK
CASTLE HEDINGHAM Old Memorial Hall: ADRIAN MAY
CHESTER College of Education: KRAKATOA
CHICHESTER Bishop Otter College: FABULOUS POODLES
COLCHESTER Essex University: RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON
CONNINGSBY R.A.F Castle Club: J.A.L.N. BAND / ROKOTTO
COVENTRY College of Education: MOON
COVENTRY Mr. George's: DEAD END KIDS
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: MR. BIG
DERBY Bishop Lonsdale College: THE PIRATES
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: CHERRY VANILLA
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: FOUR TOPS
EXETER Zhivago's: MARSHALL ROAD
FALMOUTH Dock Railway: BOB DAVENPORT
FISHGUARD Frenchman's Motel: MUSCLES / SOUL DIRECTION
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: DENNIS WATERMAN
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: EAGLES / VAL CARTER
GLASGOW Burns Howff: CASPIAN
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: THE HEROES
GUILDFORD Surrey University: STEFAN CROSSMAN & JOHN RENBOURN
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: NUTZ / HIGH TREASON
HAVERFORDWEST R.A.F. Bawdry: DRAGONS
HEATHFIELD Broad Oak Village Hall: BODEAN
HERTFORD Balls Park College: TOM ROBINSON BAND
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: XTC
ILKLEY College of Education: JENNY HAAN'S LION
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: BILLIE JO SPEARS / CARL PERKINS / DILLARDS
KIRBY St. Mary's Catholic Club: SWEET SENSATION
LEWES The Lewes Arms: TONY ROSE
LINCOLN Wildlife Hotel doubling Chevalier Night Spot: KEITH MANIFOLD
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
LIVERPOOL University: SPLIT ENZ
LIVINGSTON Riverside Community Centre: JOE'S DINER
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SLOWBONE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE MOVIES / KITES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES
LONDON CHELSEA Trafalgar: JUNIPER
LONDON CITY Polytechnic: FLYING ACES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: JOHN STEVENS' AWAY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: BUZZCOCKS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: WARREN HARRY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: ROGER McGUINN'S THUNDERBYRD / CHRIS HILLMAN BAND / GENE CLARK BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BOUNCER
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: MEAL TICKET
LONDON LEWISHAM Concert Hall: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
LONDON Marquee Club: GLORIA MUNDI / SMILER
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: PETER GABRIEL
LONDON N.1 Weavers Arms: ONE HAND CLAPPING
LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball: DELROY WILSON
LONDON QUEENSBURY Methodist Church: EKKLESIA
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: SUN SOUND SHOW with CHARLIE FEATHERS / JACK SCOTT / WARREN SMITH / BUDDY KNOX / CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: ELLA FITZGERALD / COUNT BASIE BAND
LONDON SHEPHERD'S BUSH White Horse: MISTER SISTER
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TUSH
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: LIMMIE FUNK LTD.
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: METROPOLIS
LUTON Kingsway Tavern: MATCHBOX
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: DETROIT SPINNERS / BRASS CONSTRUCTION
MANCHESTER Belle Vue: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: STRIDER
MANCHESTER University: WIDOWMAKER
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE MOTORS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: TAVARES
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: JUDAS PRIEST
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: RADIATOR
OXFORD St. Peter's College: HARVEY ANDREWS
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: STRUTTERS
READING Bulmershe College: THE DARTS
READING College of Technology: GONZALEZ
REDDITCH Stickey Wicket: STAGE FRIGHT
ROMFORD Albemarle Club: ELDORADO
SHEFFIELD University: KURSAAL FLYERS
SLOUGH Thames Hall: SACHA DISTEL
SOUTHAMPTON UniversityL VIBRATORS
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: BRUCE FORSYTH
STIRLING University: KEVIN AYERS BAND
TODMORDEN Bay Horse Inn: JUGGERNAUT
TRURO Plaza Cinema: SPINNERS
WELWYN GARDEN CITY Mid-Herts College: SIDEWINDER
WIGAN Casino: LITTLE BOB STORY
WOLVERHAMPTON Three Mile Oak: CRYER
WORCESTER Bank House: KAREN BROTHERS / EMRYS EVANS
WORCESTER College of Further Education: ARBRE
YORK Oval Ball Club: CADILLAC

SUNDAY

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: LITTLE BOB STORY
BATLEY Variety Club: CHUCK BERRY
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA



THE SHADOWS have recently enjoyed a new lease of life, thanks to the No. 1 success of their album "20 Golden Greats". So they're striking while the irons is hot and playing their first British concert series for two years, opening at Bristol (Monday), Southampton (Tuesday) and Cardiff (Wednesday). Their line-up currently features old hands Hank Marvin (above), Bruce Welsh and Brian Bennett, augmented by two newcomers.

TOM WAITS flies in this weekend for a one-off London concert on Sunday at the newly-opened Sound Circus. Unfortunately it's his only gig during the visit.

● The "Sun Sound Show" comes to London Rainbow on Saturday and Sunday, and the four rockabilly veterans featured in the package are Charlie Feathers, Jack Scott, Warren Smith and Buddy Knox, supported by Crazy Cavan 'n' the Rhythm Rockers.

SLADE are back in Britain for an extended stay after working consistently in the States since mid-1975. And they're about to set out on their first tour here for almost of two years. Opening concerts are at Bristol (Sunday), Bournemouth (Monday), Sheffield (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday). They'll be featuring tracks from their new album "Whatever Happened To Slade?", plus some of their earlier material.

ELTON JOHN returns to the concert platform next week after his winter sabbatical, spent mainly following the fortunes of Watford Football Club. He's playing a full week at London's Rainbow Theatre, from Monday through to Saturday (7). The opening night is a pricey charity gig, but the remaining five are orthodox performances. And needless to say, no tickets are left, but no doubt the touts will be out in force.

CADO BELLE begin their longest-ever tour this week when, after a string of Irish gigs, they open in Sheffield on Wednesday. The Scottish band's revised act features many new stage numbers, so we're told. Pictured above is the outfit's Alan Darby.

● **SPLIT ENZ** are off on the gig trail again. The New Zealand outfit begin their long trek at St. Alban's (Friday), Liverpool (Saturday) and Middlesbrough (Sunday).

GIG GUIDE

BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BOGNOR Esplanade Theatre: THE YETTIES
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: ELLA FITZGERALD / COUNT BASIE BAND
BRACKNELL South Hill Park: LEE KOSMIN BAND
BRISTOL Colston Hall: SLADE
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: DETONATORS
BURNEL Bank Hall: JOBE ST. DAY
CANTERBURY Odeon: ROY HARPER & BLACK SHEEP / ALBION DANCE BAND
CHARNOCK RICHARD Park Hall: FRESH AIRE
CHELMSFORD Three Cups: MARTIN SIMPSON
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: DETROIT SPINNERS / BRASS CONSTRUCTION
CROYDON Greyhound: JUDAS PRIEST
DOUGLAS I.oM. Villa Marina: BILLY CONNOLLY
DUNDEE University: KEVIN AYERS BAND
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: JOHNNY MATHIS
EDINBURGH Glenburn Hotel: BAND FOR LIFE
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: EAGLES / VAL CARTER
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: THE CLASH
GWENT Ynysddu Hotel: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
HARROGATE High Harrogate W.M.C.: DAVE BERRY & THE CLEVELAND COUNTY BAND
HARROW Kings Head: HOMBRE
HARTLEPOOL Nursery Inn: TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND
HAYES Alfred Beck Centre: "UNDER MILK WOOD" with STAN TRACEY QUARTET / DONALD HOUSTON
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LEEDS Polytechnic: WIDOWMAKER
LEEDS University: JOHN CALE / THE BOYS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: TAVARES
LONDON BATTERSEA Town Hall (doubling OXFORD ST. 100 Club): MIKE WESTBROOK BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: EL SEVEN
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: NIC JONES
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: ASWAD / CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND / GENERATION X (Rock Against Racism concert)
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: JAZZ JAM
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: LONG JOHN BALDRY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: ROGER McGUINN'S THUNDERBYRD / CHRIS HILLMAN BAND / GENE CLARK BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: PETE BROWN'S BACK TO THE FRONT
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SPITERI
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON KINGSWAY Sounds Circus: TOM WAITS
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: MIKE BERRY & THE ORIGINAL OUTLAWS
LONDON Marquee Club: VIBRATORS
LONDON Mermaid Theatre: NEIL ARDLEY'S "KALEIDOSCOPE OF RAINBOWS" / BOWLES BROS. BAND
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE McGHEE
LONDON NOTTING HILL Old Swan: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON Palladium: SACHA DISTEL
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: SUN SOUND SHOW with CHARLIE FEATHERS / JACK SCOTT / WARREN SMITH / BUDDY KNOX / CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: STRIPJACK
LONDON Victoria Palace: NEW SEEKERS
MAESTEG Four Sevens Club: CHI-LITES
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: MR. BIG / QUANTUM JUMP
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: BRUCE FORSYTH
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: WAYNE COUNTY
MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Theatre: ALBERT FINNEY (in concert)
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: SPLIT ENZ
NEWCASTLE People's Theatre: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
NORWICH Theatre Royal: BILLIE JO SPEARS / CARL PERKINS / DILLARDS
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SAFFRON WALDEN Corn Exchange: MARJORY RAZORBLADE
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: MAJOR LANCE
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: SCORPIONS
SKEGNESS Sands Club: THE BROTHERS
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: THE ENGLISH ASSASSIN featuring NIGEL BENJAMIN
TOWERSEY Village Hall: MUCKRAM WAKES

MONDAY

BEDFORD Nite Spot: SACHA DISTEL
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MISPENT YOUTH
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: CHI-LITES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BRIGHTON Dome: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA
BOSTON Folk Club: NIC JONES
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: SLADE
BRISTOL Colston Hall: SHADOWS
CHESTER Rascals Club: THE CLASH
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: HICKORY LAKE
CRADLEY HEATH Haden Hill Centre: MUSCLES
DONCASTER Outlook Club: SCORPIONS
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: HERON
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
GUILDFORD King's Head: HOUSE
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
JORDANSTOWN Northern Ireland Polytechnic: THE G-BAND
LEEDS University: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: FLYING ACES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: COUNT BISHOPS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: CHERRY VANILLA
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BAMBOO & THE REGGAE GUITARS
LONDON Marquee Club: JOHN CALE
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: THE SUNDAY BAND
LONDON Rainbow Theare: ELTON JOHN
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: PRAIRIE OYSTER
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: HOMBRE
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall: BUZZCOCKS
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: ROGER McGUINN'S THUNDERBYRD / CHRIS HILLMAN BAND / GENE CLARK BAND
MANSFIELD Civic Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
NEWCASTLE (Staffs) Tiffany's: VALKYRIE
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: JUDAS PRIEST
STAFFORD Top of the World: WIDOWMAKER
STAINES The Phoenix: NORMAN CHOP TRIO
TOLWORTH Toby Jug: VIBRATORS
TONBRIDGE Calverley: CODPIECES
UCKFIELD New Centre: RADIATOR
UXBRIDGE Brunel Univeristy: ROY HARPER & BLACK SHEEP / ALBION DANCE BAND
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel: AFTER THE FIRE

TUESDAY

BELFAST ABC Theatre: CHUCK BERRY
BELFAST Ulster Hall: BILL ANDERSON / MARY LOU TURNER / BERNI FLINT
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE CLASH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRIGHTON Top Rank: SCORPIONS
BRISTOL Colston Hall: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA
CARDIFF Top Rank: MR. BIG / QUANTUM JUMP
CHELMSFORD Tramps: PETE BROWN'S BACK TO THE FRONT
CHEPSTOW White Lion: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: CASPIAN
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: SNATCH
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: JUDAS PRIEST
ISLE OF MAN Ryde Town Hall: BILLY CONOLLY
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE JAM
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: STRIPJACK
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SOUNDER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: STRUTTERS
LONDON Marquee Club: KURSAAL FLYERS
LONDON Newlands Park College: KRAKATOA
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Lord Raneleagh: MISTER SISTER
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: CHARLIE FEATHERS/BUDDY KNOX
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel:THE WASPS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: ELTON JOHN
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: MARINELLA (Top Greek singer)
LONDON S.E.1 The Albany: MIKE WESTBROOK BAND
LONDON SOUTHBROOK Polytechnic: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CANNIBALS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: SCREEMER / STAG
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: WIDOWMAKER
MANCHESTER Chorlton Oaks Hotel: LITTLE BOB STORY
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: JAKE THACKRAY
NEWCASTLE University: STEVE BROWN BAND
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PENZANCE The Garden: DRAGONS
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: IAN GILLAN BAND / STRAPPS
SHEFFIELD City Hall: SLADE
SHEFFIELD University: SPLIT ENZ
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont: SHADOWS
STAFFORD New Bingley Ball: EAGLES / VAL CARTER
STOKE Jollees: JOHNNY MATHIS
TONYREFAIL Meadowvale Country Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
WORTHING Carioca Club: RADIATOR

WEDNESDAY

BEDFORD College of Further Education: PETE QUIN
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
BLACKPOOL Opera House: JOHNNY MATHIS
BLACKPOOL Pleasure Beach Casino: KENNY BALL BAND
BLETCHLEY Tramps: BETHNAL
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: JAKE THACKRAY
BRIGHTON Dome: BILLY CONOLLY
BRIGHTON Hungry Years: WRIST ACTION
BRISTOL Arts Cente: GOOD QUESTION
CARDIFF Capitol Theatre: SHADOWS
DUBLIN National Stadium: CHUCK BERRY
GRANGEMOUTH International Hotel: STREET NOISE
HULL University: KEVIN AYERS BAND
LEICESTER Polytechnic: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
LEEDS University: ROGER McGUINN'S THUNDERBYRD/CHRIS HILLMAN BAND / GENE CLARK BAND
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: SLADE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: MOON
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: X-RAY SPEX
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: 90° INCLUSIVE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Marquee Club: KURSAAL FLYERS
LONDON PADDINGTON Fangs Disco: KRAKATOA
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: ELTON JOHN
LONDON S.E.1 National Theate: ALBION DANCE BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: ZIBBAND
LONDON TWICKENHAM Winning Post: VIBRATORS
LONDON W.1. Gulliver's Club: SPITERI
MANCHESTER University: QUANTUM JUMP
OXFORD Westminster College: ARBRE
PLYMOUTH Castaways: MR. BIG
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: CADO BELLE
SLOUGH Fulcrum Theatre: IAN GILLAN BAND/ STRAPPS
SOUTHAMPTON University: WIDOWMAKER
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
STAINES Pathfinder Club: FRANCIS GILVRAY & MICK BURKE / DREW McCULLOCH
STAFFORD New Bingley Hall: EAGLES / VAL CARTER
SWINDON The Affair: THE CLASH
TIVERTON The Motel: DRAGONS
TORNBURY (Ayr) Turnbury Hotel: SALENA JONES
WINCHESTER King Alfred College: THE PIRATES
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: KILLER
YORK University: LITTLE BOB STORY

RESIDENCIES

BATLEY Variety Club: MUD
Week from Monday
BEDFORD Night Spot: ROCKIN' BERRIES
Tuesday (3) for five days
BIRMINGHAM King's Club: CARAVELLES
Week from Sunday
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: HEATWAVE
Thursday for three days
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club: EDISON LIGHTHOUSE
Thursday for three days
BRISTOL Crockers: EDDIE RIFF
Monday for three days
DERBY Bailey's: SHABBY TIGER
Thursday for three days
EASTBOURNE Folk Festival: YETTIES / PETER DASHWOOD / HUGH RIPPON / JOURNEYMEN / ENGLISH TAPESTRY etc
Friday for three days
GLASGOW Pavilion: GRUMBLEWEEDS
Week from Monday
HILLINGDON Alfred Beck Centre: "GODSPELL"
Thursday until May 7
LEICESTER Bailey's: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
Week from Monday (except Tuesday)
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: ELTON JOHN
Week from Monday
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: ANITA O'DAY
Monday for two weeks
LONDON Talk Of The Town: GUYS 'N' DOLLS
Monday for two weeks
MANCHESTER Golden Carter: FOUR TOPS
Week from Monday
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: STONEY BROKE
Thursday for three days
SOLIHULL New Cresta Club: SACHA DISTEL
Wednesday (4) for four days
STOKE Bailey's: BIG JOHN'S ROCK'N'ROLL CIRCUS
Thursday for three days

RADIO TV

THERE ARE a couple of acts you won't want to miss in BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on Tuesday. Making their British TV debut are **Roger McGuinn's Thunderbyrd,** who are part of the ex-Byrds package currently touring here. And proving he's not just a name, but really does exist, is that rather mystical cult figure **Tom Waits.** Should be one of the most fascinating "Test" editions for some time.

Cado Belle get a well-deserved break in the 'So It Goes Concerts" series on Sunday, providing them with their own 30-minute show. Unfortunately this Granada production is at present restricted to Northern viewers only.

The independently-produced "Star Rider" is still doing the rounds of ITV regions, cropping up on different days at various times. It doesn't have wide coverage this week, but in some areas you might catch either **Eddie & the Hot Rods** or **Steve Hillage.**

The **Stylistics, Berni Flint** and **Lyn Paul** are in this week's "Little And Large Tellyshow" on Monday. And **Gilbert O'Sulivan** and the **Three Degrees** guest in a one-off Marti Caine special on Wednesday. Both these shows are fully networked by ITV, as is "Get It Together" at teatime on Wednesday featuring **The Brothers, Kite** and **Lucy Vernon.**

Tony Palmer's "All You Need Is Love" (ITV network, Saturday) is subtitled "Go Down Moses — War Songs". It's a collection of songs or war, peace, protest and praise, and it ranges from **Woody Guthrie** and **Pete Seager** to the **Andrews Sisters** and **Vera Lynn.** Others seen on film include **Peter Paul & Mary, Joan Baez, Leonard Cohen, Country Joe McDonald** and **Leon Rosselson.**

Also on ITV on Saturday, of course, is another **Muppets** repeat.

So, for a change, ITV has the edge on the Beeb this week — apart from "Whistle Test" of course. But BBC-1 does have **Charley Pride** and **Diane Solomon** in "The Val Doonican Music Show" on Saturday, and folk singer **Dave Arthur** in "People's Echo" on Sunday. And BBC-2 continues its **"Monty Python"** and **"Q.6"** repeats on Monday.

Turning to Radio 1, highlight of the weekend is Saturday's "In Concert" with the **Jack Bruce Band.** For those with the necessary equipment, it's in both stereo and quad.

I was a little premature in telling you last week about **Robbie Vincent's** new soul and disco show on Radio 1 (Saturdays, 5.30pm), which in fact doesn't start until this weekend. It replaces **Alexis Korner's** show which, I'm assured, will be back later.

Thursday is one of the better nights on Radio 2. Tonight, depending on your tastes in music, you can catch the **Ted Heath Band** (7.30); more excerpts from the Easter **Country Music Festival** at Wembley in **"Country Club" (8.30); and Brenda Wootton** and **Al Fenn** in "Folkweave" (10.05). On Saturday, **George Hamilton IV** and the **Settlers** guest in "Both Sides Now".

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REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs. 28th April (Adm £1)
Marquee Special Concert
ROUGH DIAMOND
Plus guests & Ian Fleming

Fri. 29th April (Adm. 75p)
THE FABULOUS POODLES
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Sat. 30th April (Adm. 70p)
Free admission with this ad before 8 pm.
GLORIA MUNDI
Smiler & Ian Fleming

Sunday 1st May (Adm. 75p)
VIBRATORS
Plus support & Nick Leigh

Monday 2nd May (Adm £1.25)
JOHN CALE
Plus friends & Jerry Floyd

Tues. 3rd & Wed. 4th May
SEE PANEL BELOW

Thurs. 5th May (Adm. 65p)
STRAPPS
Plus guests & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers & other hot & cold snacks are available

KURSAALS MARQUEE 3 & 4 MAY

TICKETS £1 ADVANCE. £1·25 ON DOOR

JAZZ CENTRE SOCIETY

Enquiries to Jazz Centre Society, c/o ICA, 12 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 930-4261

At THE PHOENIX, Cavendish Square, W1 (Oxford Circus tube) 8.00 pm

Wednesday April 27
LANDSCAPE & EDDIE PREVOST

Wednesday May 4
RAY WARLEIGH FOUR

At SEVEN DIALS, 27 Shelton Street, WC2 (Covent Garden, Leicester Square tubes) 8.30 pm

Thursday April 28
DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH QUINTET

Thursday May 5
LENNIE BEST QUARTET & VIC ASH

100 CLUB, 100 Oxford Street, W.1.

Tuesday, May 3rd at 7.30 p.m.
THE ROCKABILLY KINGS!!
CHARLIE FEATHERS
+ BUDDY KNOX and their BAND
All Tickets £3.00 at the door on night
Tuesday 17th May — JACK SCOTT!!

LIVE

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SUNDAY 8th MAY at 5·30
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
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BEES MAKE HONEY
ANDY DUNKLEY 'THE LIVIN' JUKE BOX'
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Monday May 2 in the Kingdom Room
ROY HARPER
+ ALBION DANCE BAND
Tickets £1.20 in advance, £1.40 on the door.

Tuesday May 10th
WIDOWMAKER + QUARTZ
Tickets 80p in advance, £1 on the door

Friday May 27th
THE STRANGLERS + THE JAM
Tickets 80p in advance, £1 on the door

Tickets available from Social Secretary, Brunel University S.U. Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middlesex. Tel (89) 39125. Members Bar
Tube: Uxbridge, Buses 204, 207, 233, M4 one mile.

NORTHAMPTON HALL MAY BALL
FRIDAY, MAY 6th, 9 pm to 4.30 am
with
HUMPHREY LYTTLETON
THE PIRATES
BABE RUTH
CASINO
Tickets £6.50 per double ticket
All enquiries: Northampton Hall, Bunhill Row, E.C.1. Tel. 01-688 2287
Tickets available from Northampton Hall and City University Union Office, St. John Street, E.C.1. Nearest tube: Moorgate

FRIARS AT THE VALE HALL AYLESBURY

SATURDAY, APRIL 30th at 7.30 pm
With Britannia's Talons on Albion's Grip
ROY HARPER
with BLACK SHEEP
+ THE ALBION DANCE BAND
A.C. LIGHTS GASP SOUNDS
Tickets 180p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Sun Music High Wycombe, Free 'n' Easy Hemel Hempstead, Ellis-Jon's Amersham, F. L. Moore Dunstable and Luton, High-Vu Buckingham, or 180p at door on night. Life membership 25p
THE FARTHING IN THE CHANGE THE SIRENS AND THE PLANES

THE RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Friday April 29th Free
PRAIRIE OYSTER

Saturday April 30th Free
BOUNCER

Sunday May 1st 50p
Pete Brown's
BACK TO THE FRONT

Thursday April 28th Free
SQUEEZE

Wednesday May 4th Free
TOM ROBINSON BAND

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday April 28th ..... Free
RICO
Friday April 29th £1.00
THE VIBRATORS
Saturday April 30th £1.40
MEAL TICKET
Sunday May 1st 70p
BEES MAKE HONEY
Monday May 2nd ..... Free
BAMBOO & THE REGGEA GUITARS
Tuesday May 3rd ..... Free
THE STRUTTERS

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

THE POWERFUL ONES . . .
SIDEWINDER

Fri. April 22 Unicorn, Luton
Sat. April 23 Bedford College
Mon. & Tues. April 25 & 26 Recording
Fri. April 29 City Hall, St Albans
Sat. April 30 Mid Herts College
Welwyn Garden City
Thurs. May 5 Rock Garden, London
Tues. May 10 Great Harry
Hemel Hempstead

Management: Tel: St. Albans 69839

WORDS (Barry Clarke) QUEENSWAY (CIVIC) HALL,
DUNSTABLE
A Child in Time . . .
IAN GILLAN
(Ex Deep Purple)
+ Strapps
SUNDAY, MAY 8th at 7.15 p.m. Licensed Bar
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ENDALE PRESENTS
the CLASH WHITE RIOT 1977 TOUR
plus:—
BUZZCOCKS, JAM, Subway Sect, AND THE PREFECTS
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MONDAY, MAY 9th 7.30 pm

All tickets £2.20 inc VAT available from Box Office, London Theatre Bookings and usual agents : Tel. 01-263 3148

WORDS (Barry Clarke) CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
Late Late Rock Show V11
FRIDAY, APRIL 29th, 8.30 p.m. to 1 a.m.
SPLIT ENZ + SIDEWINDER
+ STRAND
Mary Jane Disco Late Bar Food

MONDAY, MAY 9th, 7.45 p.m.
KURSAAL FLYERS
+ TANYA HYDE & THE TORMENTERS
Mary Jane Disco Bar Food

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A fine blend of theatrical madness and soundz extraordinaire.

APRIL	
St. Albans, Civic Hall	29th
Liverpool University	30th
MAY	
Middlesbrough Town Hall	1st
Aberystwyth University	6th
Outlook, Doncaster	9th
B arbarellas, Birmingham	10th
Huddersfield Polytechnic	12th
Reading University	14th
VICTORIA PALACE, LONDON	15th
Portsmouth Polytechnic	19th
Kent University, Canterbury	20th
Friars, Aylesbury	21st
Fiesta Club, Plymouth	22nd

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MON 2 MAY £1 ULTRAVOX MASTER SWITCH

TUES MAY 3RD LIAR + ROCKS

WED MAY 4 BABE RUTH + WINDOW

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Thursday April 28th	CRAZY CAVAN	£1.00
Friday April 29th	WAYNE COUNTY	£1.00
Saturday April 30th	BEES MAKE HONEY	75p
Monday May 2nd	THE FANATICS	Free
Tuesday May 3rd	SOUNDER	50p
Wednesday May 4th	COUNT BISHOPS	50p

THE ROXY CLUB 41/43 Neal Street, Covent Garden. WC2

Open 8.30 pm. to 2 am.

Thursday April 28th DOWNLINERS SECT	Friday April 29th BETHNAL
Saturday April 30th X.T.C.	Monday May 2nd COUNT BISHOPS
Thursday May 5th MIKE BERRY & THE OUTLAWS	

Southport Theatre

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SUNDAY 8th MAY at 7.30pm

with Special Guests 'JIGSAW'

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+ THE FLYING ACES

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Thursday April 28th ALFALPHA
Friday April 29th LEE KOSMIN
Saturday April 30th METROPOLIS
Monday May 2nd LIAR
Tuesday May 3rd JOHN OTWAY
Wednesday May 4th WAVES
Thursday May 5th SOX
Friday May 6th INTER-CITY UNION
Saturday May 7th An Icelandic Rock Band VIKI VAKI

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Reservations 01-580 8810

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Wed 4th May
GEORGE MELLY 8 pm Adm £1
Thurs 5th May
WIDOW MAKER 9 pm Adm 50p Door 80p

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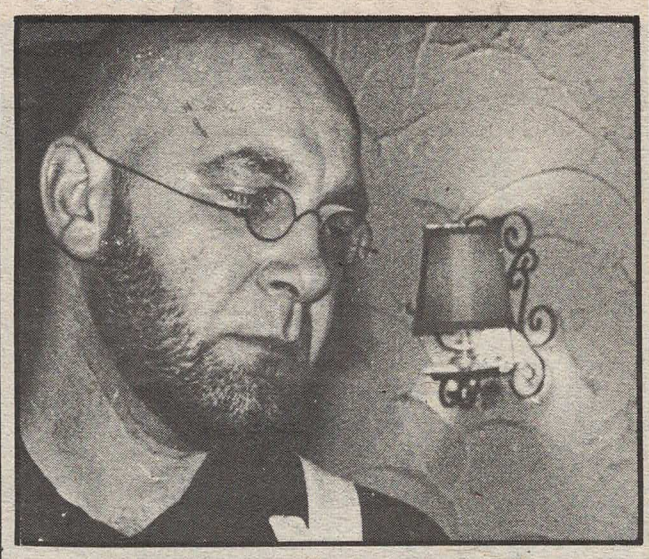

JAZZ DIARY

THE LOL COXHILL GROUP and **Steve Beresford, Herman Hauge, Dave Roberts** and **Dave Solomon** are playing at Brighton Polytechnic, Grand Parade, on 3rd May. On 29th May, **Terry Smith** will be playing at the Bulls Head, Barnes, with the **Tony Lee Trio,** and his new album will be on sale at the door; lunchtime gig. The following evening, he will be at the Leather Bottle, Merton. Singer-songwriter **Viola Wills** is currently at Ronnie Scott's until May, with three of her teenage sons backing her on vocals.

The University of Warwick has a healthy Modern Jazz Club, featuring two **John Jeremy** movies, *Jazz Is Our Religion* and *Blues Like Showers Of Rain* on 3rd May, **Lol Coxhill** and **Paul Rutherford** on 10th, **Ronnie Scott's Quintet** on 18th, and the **Warwick Musicians' Co-op** on 20th. A Scottish tour by the **Graham Robb Orchestra** and **Windjammer** will be hitting Edinburgh's George Square Theatre on 28th April and the Glasgow Film Theatre on 1st May. A founder member of **Head,** Robb's band are into Symphonic Jazz/Rock, and for the tour will be presenting a song cycle, "Above The Hill", based on the poetry of **Anne Whitaker.**

Liverpool's Cavern Club has finally shrugged off its trivial past *(Ho! ho! — Ed.)* and gone back to jazz, with **Bud Freeman** on 4th May, **Johnny Griffin & Carmell Jones** on 11th, **Red Brass** on 25th and **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia** on 1st June. Back in The Smoke, **Ray Warleigh's Four** are at the Phoenix on 4th May, and **Lennie Best & Vic Ash** at the 7 Dials on 5th. Star & Garter has **Lysis & Kenny Wheeler** on 30th April. At the Bedford, Balham, **Mike Osborne's Quintet** are blowing on 30th April.

The **Barney Kessel Trio** are touring Sicily — feel free to use my name, fellas — and **Ralph Sutton** is touring Europe.

New releases from ECM include a duo album by **Egberto Gismont** and **Nana Vasconcelos,** "Cabecas"; "Om" on the JAPO subsidiary by **Urs Leimgruber, Christie Doran, Bobby Burri** and **Fredy Studer;** "The Plot" by **Enrico Rava, John Rava, John Abercrombie, Palle Danielsson** and **Jan Christensen.**

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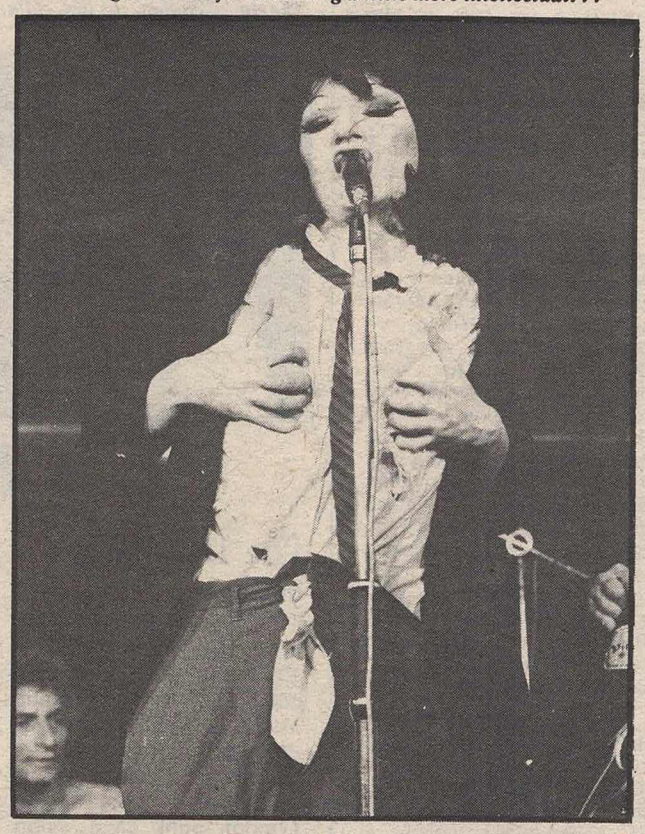

. . .but now I just play it cool. Hey, big boy. . .

See WAYNE and wonder. Top, left to right: Back in New York (pic BOB GRUEN), the Patti Smith number (JILL FURMANOVSKY), and ragged at the Roxy (LFI). Below: the new look, Wayne as a man. As a man?!! (JILL FURMANOVSKY)

The Changing Face Of WAYNE COUNTY

Wayne County

ROXY, COVENT GARDEN

EVEN THE SILENTLY luscious Gaye Advert could not quell the anticipation of the Roxy regulars on Monday night. As the Adverts banged away at their relentless "Bombsite Boy" requiem onstage, the mezzanine buzzed with loose talk.

Tonight, you see, was to be Wayne County's first public appearance as a MAN (he usually rigs himself out in such a way as to make Blondie look like the girl next door). He finally bounced onstage DRESSED quite soberly, but still wearing enough mascara to make the Sphinx look like Dusty Springfield and still have enough left over to paint the QE2.

. . .I got a bee in my beret for you, baby."

Unlike several other 20th Century Geeks, there is life behind the rouge with Wayne County. People may come to gape, but they're fools if they don't listen. The messages in his lyrics (e.g. "You Make Me Cream In My Jeans") may not inflict collective sartori on the world, but his band (I fell in love with the bass player, who resembled a retarded Muppet attempting to imitate one of Sha Na Na) play hard fast rock and roll with no punches pulled — even below the belt.

There was no Patti Smith take-off, but all the Family Favourites were present — like the much-requested "Toilet Love", and the apex of any nirvana, the stupendous "If You Don't Wanna Fuck Me Baby You Better Fuck Off!!!", which must surely be the definitive rock and roll title of all time.

The audience reaction was the least vicious I have ever observed for anyone at the Roxy, though my big brother expressed some distaste when Wayne shared a tender moment with his guitarist Greg Van Cook. The band that sleeps together keeps together? But on the whole the kids just love Wayne, and they pogoed without malice as he fixed them with an amiably pyschotic stare. "Such a lotta freaks here tonight! I love freaks! Look at *her*, there! Look at her eyes! What are you *on*, honey? I wish you'd give *me* some!"

You don't need it, Wayne. You're a living popper.

Julie Burchill

Last Call

NOTTINGHAM

NOTTINGHAM ON A cold, dark midweek evening: the Albany Hotel's Mint Bar, dotted with upwards of twenty-five, maybe thirty people. An odd mixture of surburban pinstripes, chatting; courting couples, clinging; and numerous punters, waiting to see the band — Last Call.

Because the rhythm goes something like this; the Mint Bar's manager, he likes jazz. So local lads Last Call seize a welcome opportunity to play live. They aren't strictly jazz, but what does it matter?

Last Call are a four-piece comprising drummer doubling congas, a bassist, an acoustic/electric pianist, and a saxophonist who interferes at random with a mixed bag of woodblocks, chimes, and bells.

Their set consists of several instrumental pieces, complete with quirky titles like "Rodent" or "Free Brown Rice".

The music is structured yet still allowing space for improvisation and reshuffling of ideas.

Sometimes the piano leads, chiselled, tumbling runs set against a flexible rhythm backdrop of bass and drums before making way for some commanding, full-blooded sax.

Throughout, the bass was hot, bouncy and consistent, the drumming unremarkable and solid.

Last Call are a heavy industry band — working hard with an elegant blend of looseness and control. You can find them at the other end of the street from Weather Report. And like that band, their music sweetly bypasses the limitations of straitjacket formulas like funk-jazz, jazz-rock, in full favour of their own joyful engineerings.

After the gig, the Mint Bar's manager doles out the band's share of the night's takings (six quid). He does it like he's born to it. Later, I'm reminded of a remark John Martyn once made: "My ancestors painted themselves blue. You just get up off your ass and wail."

Malcolm Heyhoe

"New wave heavy metal"? That's right — it's the big new thing, isn't it?

Bethnal

BRISTOL

SAD BUT TRUE Facts No. 37: it is, I think, not unreasonable to say that for every current conversion to the cause of Punk, there are four other enlightened young persons reaching for the nearest beer glass.

Neo-political bands may claim they represent the crumbs in life's biscuit tin, but unemployed 17-year-old Ronnie Punter is unlikely to relate to five and six figure contracts with major record companies, and even if the music draws him away from "The Song Remains The Same", he will certainly be alienated by the London art school, gold safely-pinned, posing, clique-ridden Roxy circus that sticks like scum round the new wave bath tub.

Thus it's the groups on the punk periphery, whose dress is rather more traditional and who stick to secure subjects like bread, booze and birds, that have received the thumbs up from Ronnie and his mates; hello Eddie & The Hot Rods and The Damned (conventional rock loonies with a heritage which can be traced right back to Screaming Lord Sutch). Not that I think any less of them just because they're on the circumference; in fact it is to its credit that the new wave has thrown up such a large variety of new young musicians; it's just that all these thoughts were bouncing round my brain while I was watching Bethnal.

Bethnal are a young group from Wood Green, London, who play some really fine 1977 rock music. In Everton Williams (bass) and Pete Dowling (drums) they have a good gutsy rhythm section, while Nick Michaels (guitar) has a style similar to Townshend, and his economical solos were impressive in the degree of musical imagination they revealed. Frontman George Csapo has a good voice, and he plays more than competent violin and keyboards — though at times he was obviously frustrated at the physical restrictions of being situated behind his electric piano.

The sum of their musical ability, energy, aggression and strong original material emphatically recalled the feel of The Who circa "Who's Next" — one of the night's best numbers was a fierce version of "Baba O'Reilly".

But I was worried becase they described themselves to me as "New Wave". Although they're all only aged 21, Bethnal have been together for five years and their former record company tried to fashion them in a decidedly wimpish manner which, together with their rather more advanced musical skills, seems to set them apart from punk rock. On the other hand it would be unfair to call them band-waggoners since the mixture of their respective West Indian, Greek, Hungarian and English family backgrounds makes them representative of a large proportion of British kids, and with songs like "Soldier Boy" "Out In The Street" and "Don't Do It" it is clear that the new wave has simply given them the first viable opportunity to write about things relevant to themselves and their audience — matters which actually are not too far removed from some of the subjects found in Clash songs.

However, Bethnal still include (confusingly) a drum solo, "Roll Over Beethoven" and Led Zeppelin's "Rock-'n'Roll" in their set. So this gig was really a case of the Hot Rods syndrome, for the anti-punk hard-core heavy metal Granary crowd cheered Bethnal back for an almost unprecedented two encores. They have commercial potential. Heavens to Betsy, labels is perplexing, ain't they? It was only rock'n'roll and I liked it.

David Housham

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(nearly stands up onstage shock)

John McLaughlin & Shakti

NEW YORK CITY

"McLAUGHLIN LOOKS GOOD with long hair," said Nancy.

"He looks more human," grunts her partner.

Two guys emerge from backstage in a state of shock. "My God! Did'ja see that? McLaughlin smoking a cigarette!" We are obviously in for a heavy set.

The band enter and all sit on the floor — not a great place to see them, particularly at The Bottom Line, where there is always a waitress serving the table in front of you. Not that there's much to see — they don't vary the lighting or move around, so it's like a classical recital, except it's in a noisy nightclub.

They open with Indian abdab music like early Marc Bolan, but soon break into a **violin solo from L. Shankar, which, combined with some very fast fingering from John's** acoustic, gets things off to a pleasant and fairly energetic start. I'd forgotten how fast McLaughlin could play.

Zakir Hussain's tabla drumming has a latin quality to it — in fact there's not very much 'Indian' about the group at all.

John uses a guitar rather than a sitar, and so makes it easier to relate to for Western ears; though he bends notes and uses raga timing on most of his playing he still avoids those flower-power connotations that Indian music has for most of us.

For me the star on stage was T. H. Vinyakram, who played the large clay pot. He was incredible. He produced more complex cross rhythms out of that thing than most drummers can get from a double kit.

John had a smiling lady sitting behind him who, since she didn't play anything, must have been there to provide good vibes. Another lady sat well away from them over on the side and kept a drone harmonium going.

Most of the time was taken by John doing long, rambling, Indian-style solos. He sometimes used a chord or a run which referred back to rock, but it was rare. He keeps it interesting (or tries to) by contrasting long empty spaces with sudden stabbing notes or chords, but there was no doubt that the audience would still like him to play rock. Every time a vaguely western chord was heard, the club erupted into shouts and cheers.

I felt that this music was transitional. Now that he's broken with Sri Chinmoy and also his wife, he's out exploring again. He's being tentative — cautiously reaching out from the safety of the non-materialistic, non-sexual environment he was in before. I think that within a year or so he'll probably be playing rock with an Indian flavour rather than the present curious amalgam. He may even stand up to play. In some ways his group is playing more western music than he is. Shankar on violin saws away at the fiddle like an Irish jig player, and the tablas can sound everything from latin to classical Spanish.

He played mostly the material from his new album, "Two Sisters," in which John and Shankar do a duet — very Indian. "Kriti," a fast, energetic, happy piece, actually a 17th Century classical Indian **piece adapted by John, suits his guitar-like playing well. The clay pot man got very excited during this number, which allowed him to play very fast.**

The middle of the concert dragged for me, and I wished that the other musicians didn't look to McLaughlin quite so much. Bobbie commented on it afterwards: "McLaughlin watches the other musicians with a pleased little smile as if he was saying, 'All the music is mine'." I think she summed it up very accurately. Time to loosen up some more, John.

Miles

The ripped clothes, the ties, collars and squinty specs, the army cuts, the horrible racket . . . surely we're down The Roxy? . . . ***Pic: JOE STEVENS***

UK In The USA '77

The Dead Boys

CBGBs

THE DEAD BOYS have a legendary status in New York punk circles — they combine maximum sonic attack with crass tastelessness, all delivered at an energy level which, it is said, makes most of the London punk bands seem tired and languid. They are a punk band.

Lead singer Stiv Bators is the closest I've ever got to seeing the Umbrella Man in person. Stiv is skinny, mean looking, unpredictably funny, and probably took his mantle from Gene Vincent, among many others. His stage act is an extraordinary cross between Iggy Pop, Jagger and AC/DC, though I doubt if he ever saw **the latter. He sure moves about a lot.**

The rest of the group are pretty weird: Cheetah, the lead **guitarist, wears what look like** 3D glasses, while Jimmy Zero on rhythm guitar capers about the stage strumming frantically. They make a three-man front line which is like having three Iggy Pops performing at once.

They are heavily influenced by the English bands — Zero has huge holes torn in his pants and they all have hair cropped in the British punk style. Their first number was "Substitute," but they opened their second set with "Anarchy In The USA," which sounded great.

They did "High Tension Wire" and "I Want You To Know What Love Is." The former allowed Stiv to do lots of splits and back bends, while the latter was a chance for some more original stuff like clutching the stage monitor and wiggling his ass in the air. At one point he stood and let the drool fall from his mouth till it reached his bare stomach — then he wiped it up and licked it. A bunch of 17-year-old girls at the next table loved it.

It was time for Johnny Blitz to solo on drums. Stiv really got into it — literally — sticking head and shoulders into the back of the premier bass drum for most of the number *(Don't they all in New York?—Ed.)* Also onstage, sitting in with them in order to create that distinctive New York buzz-saw guitar effect, was Jeff Salen, lead guitarist from Tuff Darts.

You could say that The Dead Boys like to introduce sexual references into their songs. While singing "I Want To Get Into Your Pants" Stiv crawled across the front of the stage — pulling a stage monitor over — and leaned out almost onto the tables in front to leer at one of the seventeen-year-olds. This was almost as effective as the muff-dive he did earlier in order to lick his way round the hole in the base of his microphone stand.

They like to work up a sweat. They ended with an ironic number, "Who's A Member Of The Anti-Establishment?", with Cheetah rubbing his guitar up against the mike stand, something I've not seen done properly since Hendrix, and with Stiv playing the cymbal with his microphone. I was knocked out.

Miles

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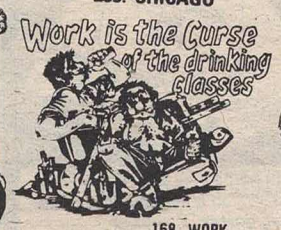

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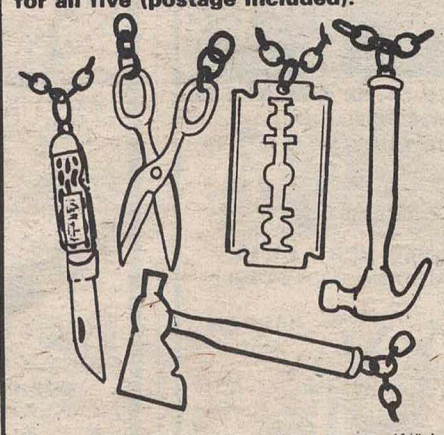

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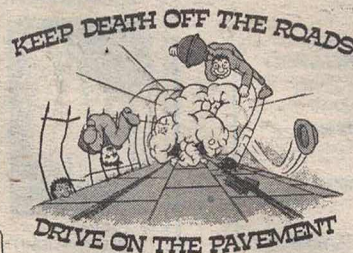
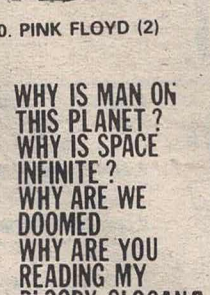
150. PINK FLOYD (2)

129. CONTENTS

227. MILCH TRAY



220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT



680. STUPID

667. PERNOD

682. HAWKWIND

692. NEW FLOYD

694. FOCKINK

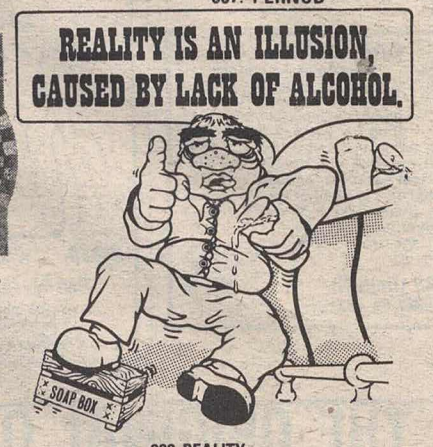
148. LED ZEP

WHY IS MAN ON THIS PLANET?
WHY IS SPACE INFINITE?
WHY ARE WE DOOMED
WHY ARE YOU READING MY BLOODY SLOGAN?

157. BLOODY SLOGAN

691. E.L. ORCHESTRA

693. STEVIE WONDER



232 REALITY

677. SUPERSIGN

No. 240 LYNYRD SKYNYRD

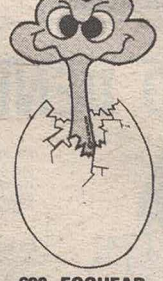
169. EAGLE

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall fear no evil. 'Cause I am the meanest Son of a Bitch that ever walked in the valley.....

143. SON OF A BITCH

681. CLINT EASTWOOD

234. THIN LIZZY



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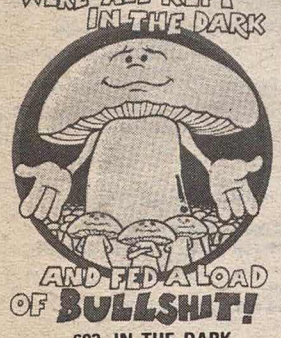
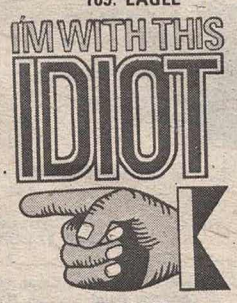


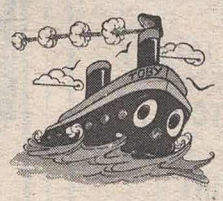
683. IN THE DARK



679. IDIOT

507. FLOYD

508. ZEPPELIN



242. TOBY TUG

664. CAMEL SMOKER

237. STEELY DAN

246. REBEL

199. EAGLES

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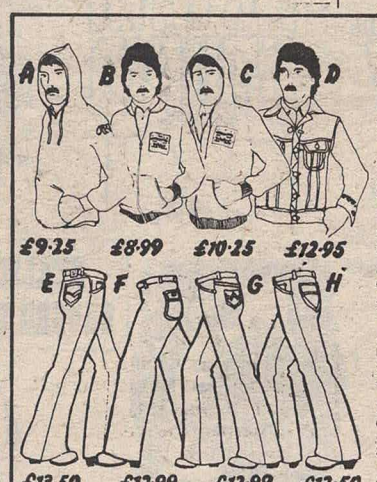

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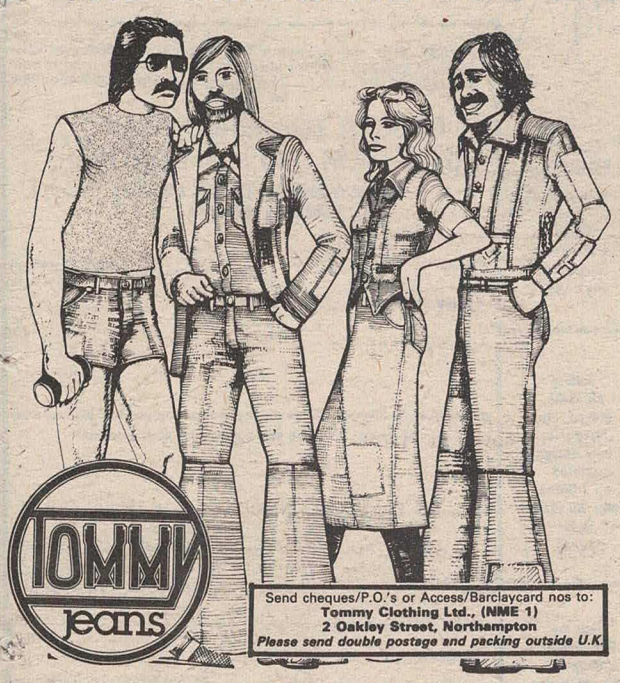

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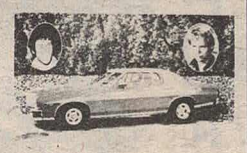

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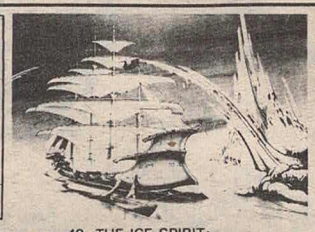
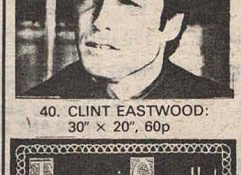
39. M. MONROE (Blk. & wht, 85p)	

47. ANDREWS LIVER SALT: 12" × 18", 50p

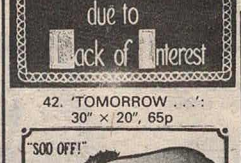


48. THE ICE SPIRIT: (by Rodney Matthews) 40" × 27", £1.50

49. 'TODAY . . .': 15" × 20", 50p

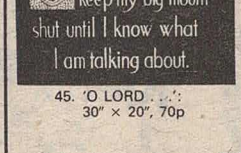


40. CLINT EASTWOOD: 30" × 20", 60p



42. 'TOMORROW . . .': 30" × 20", 65p

44. 'SOD OFF!': 20" × 15", 50p



45. 'O LORD . . .': 30" × 20", 70p

41. 'IF IT FEELS GOOD . . .': 15" × 20", 50p

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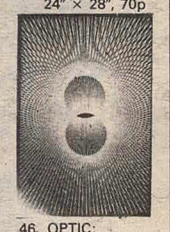

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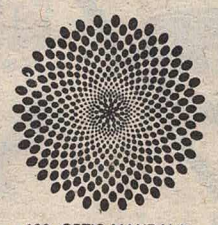

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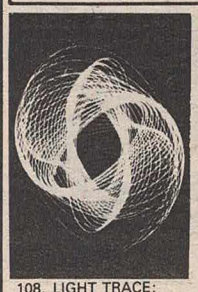

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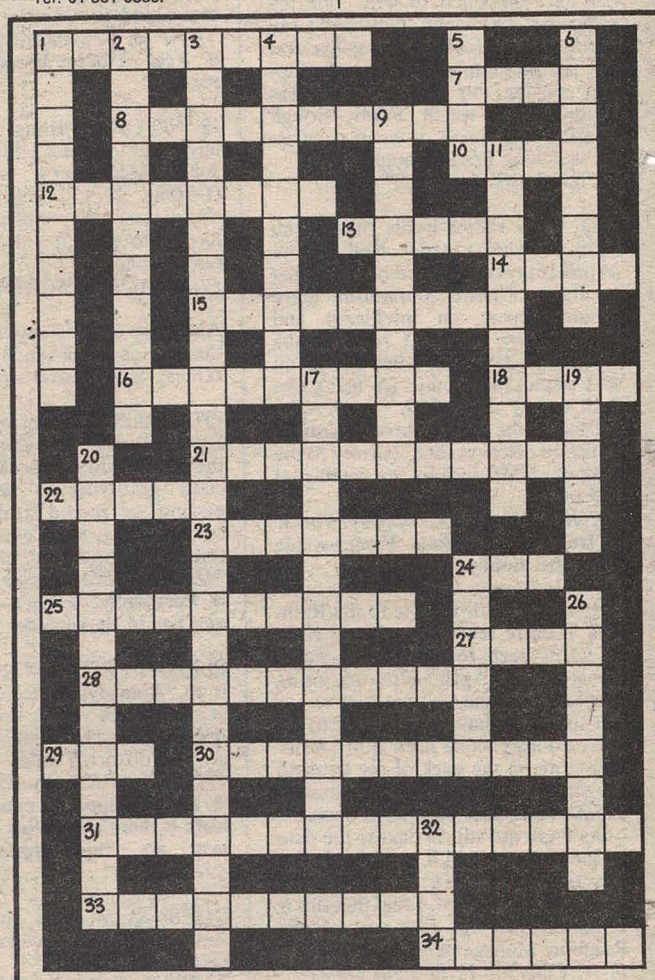

ACROSS

1 Compiler of "Nuggets", writer, and 1st Lieutenant to P. Smith (5, 4)
7 Osterberg the fool
8 He produced/co-ordinated the gross-out Rainbow stage version of "Tommy" (3, 7)
10 Repeated sound in duplicate choir!
12 '60s Birmingham cult band led by Jeff Lynne pre-Move and ELO (4, 4)
13 Moptop last arriving!
14 Rolled Stone
15 Bowie elpee (5, 4)
16 In which Jack Nicholson got his first big break (4, 5)
18 High voice in vocal tune
21 Radio 1 deejay *(ask your mum or dad)* (4, 7)
22 In 1965 they were the West Coast's (and America's) answer to the British Invasion
23 Lee Dorsey's celebration of the revered beast (4, 3)
24 Short titter engagement!
25 Would you let this smoothie invade *your* mind? (5, 5)
27 Sister of Kate
28 Gary Wright's old band (6, 5)
29 Label
30 Sink the mime (anag. 4, 7)
31 Moptops novelty items (6, 9)
33 An academy for the . . . uh . . . hard of hearing? (4, 6)
34 Their roots go back to Linda Ronstadt's back-up band

DOWN

1 Wham, wham, the Memphis guitar man (6, 4)
2 Rolling fens (anag. 4, 7)
3 *Why thank you Stevie, so very nice of you to say so* (3, 3, 3, 8, 2, 2, 4)
4 Contemporaries of Love Affair, they came from Cardiff (4, 6)
5 Arthur Brown's finest vinyl moment
6 The Chicken Skin Muse (2, 6)
9 Wailers' elpee (5, 5)
11 He was the other third of the heavy metal turkey formed by J. Bruce and L. West (5, 5)
17 Soul siblings (5, 8)
19 Rory's old outfit
20 Southern boys — they took their name from their school's gym teacher (6, 7)
24 Larry / . . . . . / Bond
26 & 32 Formed by Robert Wyatt after he left Soft Machine
32 See above

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 "Stratosfear"; 6 Oboe; 7 Dickie Betts; 9 Stiff (Records); 13 The Ramones; 14 & 15 Karen Carpenter; 16 Ian Hunter; 18 Steve; 19 America; 20 Fiddle; 21 "Surf (City)"; 24 (Denny) Laine; 25 David (Dundas); 27 Carly (Simon); 28 "City"; 30 Randy (Newman); 32 Dundas; 33 (Tom) Pretty; 34 (Don) Van (Vliet). **DOWN:** 1 Sadistic Mika Band; 2 Rick Derringer; 3 Fred (Frith); 4 (Francis) Rossi; 5 Robin Trower; 8 It's A Beautiful Day; 10 Frankie Miller; 11 (Mickie) Most; 12 Terry Reid; 14 Kursaal Flyers; 17 Traffic; 22 Simon; 23 Brand X; 26 Vliet; 29 Dub; 31 Don (Van Vliet).

ANCIENT EPIGRAM STANDS TEST OF TIME

LIFE is like a shit sandwich. The more bread you got the less shit y'have to eat!!
JEB STUART, Nowhere.
● **How very unlike the home life of our own dear Queen.**

REFERENCE is made to the unbalanced, heavy-handed, biased, generally ballsed up (but in retrospect predictable) Nationwide BBC television fiasco involving your Mr. Parsons.

I felt compelled to write offering sympathy, but won't. Suffice to say that anyone who read the article and saw the programme has already stopped paying his licence fee, but continues to watch Frank Bough wearing sunglasses: or wears sunglasses watching Frank Bough.
LUIGI VON ARM PIT (JNR.)

IT WAS rather ironic that in the issue in which reader Neil Moore (April 16th) complained of the falling standard of NME journalism, there should appear an intelligent and praiseworthy article. I refer to the Side Swipe article by Mick Farren on that deplorable comic (if that's the right word) *2000 A.D.*

I found the article absorbing and it is nice to discover that contrary to the rumour, NME writers are intelligent **and** moral.
GEORGE P. COLE, Bingley, Yorks.
● **Don't be ridiculous. Farren wrote it for the money.**

ON APRIL 12th I wrote to the Rainbow Theatre requesting three tickets at £3.50 each for the Small Faces Concert on April 27th enclosing necessary cheque.

This morning (April 16th) I received my cheque back with a scribbled note on the back of my letter to the effect that it was "Too late to send cheques this close to a performance".

As there are still 14 days to the date of the concert, and it is probably too late now to receive tickets for the desired performance, I feel that this is a poor effort on the part of the Rainbow Management.
S. N. CONWAY, Redhill, Surrey
● **So do we. In fact, in the entire history of Rainbow productions there has never been such a cock-up. — RAINBOW MANAGEMENT LTD.**

● **The above line is a forgery. — RAINBOW MANAGEMENT LTD.**

● **Yes, but wouldn't it be nice if it weren't? — HIDEOUS BILL.**

AS FOR Paul Morley's review of "Works" by ELP in NME . . . it was the biggest load of balls I have ever read, full of profound uneducated statements like "Maybe Emerson's a good pianist". Who is Paul Morley??? Maybe Paul Morley is a wanker.
NOEL ANDREWS, Buxton
● **True, but Emerson might still be a good pianist.**

TECHNO-ROCK is not dead yet; but it could be burning itself out. I went to see Pink Floyd at Stafford on March 30 and I hope I never see another band so completely enslaved by special effects.

The band might as well have not been on stage. Apart from Dave Gilmour, whose guitar was really excellent, they merely functioned in sequence with the lights, tapes, films, pigs, etc., to more or less exactly reproduce the studio sound. Roger Waters wore headphones throughout — was he listening in to England v. Luxembourg?

The music was good, the effects truly spectacular, but the performance was sterile and pedestrian, right down to the statutory half-time break and the stage-managed encore. Having read Mick Farren's Wembley review before going along, I had hoped that his lukewarm response was due to his own state of mind, rather than that of the band — but I now can see exactly what he was getting at.

Without starting any fan warfare, I reckon that Pink Floyd have got a lot to learn, despite all their credentials. Only last July I saw Genesis ignite the same venue with a highly-rehearsed, virtuoso set which combined all the effects to excite the audience into participating with the same genuine warmth as they could feel coming from the band.

Pink Floyd haven't even got menace!
AN UNASHAMED Old Fart, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs.
● **But they *do* have insurance.**

I READ with interest Andy Wilson's letter in your April 2 edition informing us that his two-year-old son can say "Iggy Pop". My daughter is aged 20 months, and her vocabulary consists of "Mam", "Ta", "Lady", "Pussy" and "Bowie".

She recognises pics of D.B., saying "Bowie". If, however, I show her a pic of D.B. circa "Hunky Dory" she responds by saying "Lady". Has this some hidden meaning?
TONI M, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne.
● **Yes. You're breeding an MM reader.**

IS NO-ONE writing to the NME anymore? Or do you always print John McCarron's letters twice? (Gasbag 19.3.77 and 2.4.77). To avoid you the embarrassment of having to print it yet again, try this one instead.
PHARAOH SESOSTRIS II, Egypt.

AM I too early to say that I will hate the new series of *Rock Follies?*
IGGY, Southampton, Hants.

PHIL McNEIL's informative "Ray Davies Tapes" have done a lot to put the Kinks into perspective. It's especially gratifying to see the NME putting the record straight after the mauling Nick Kent gave The Kinks' recent Rainbow concert.
MIKE HENRY, Newcastle-On-Tyne.
● **Personally, I don't see what the one has to do with the other.**

PLEASE TELL Nick Kent that there is no "Apocalyptic electronic scream" at the end of "Mass Production" on Iggy Pop's "The Idiot" elpee, just a gradual distorted fade.
PHIL CLARKE, Nuneaton, Warks.
● **I'd be happy to comply, but the truth is there's no "Nick Kent" to tell, just an "apocalyptic electronic scream".**

DOES *Roots* mean that all those American TV series will now have *two* token blacks in 'em?
I PAUL KINTE, (No Relation), Brighton.

IS NME conducting a vendetta against one of this country's leading guitarists, namely Bert "Wonder pluck" Weedon?

Being myself a musician, I feel I must jump to "Wonderpluck's" defence. His magnificent playing apart, Bert has also written many booklets demonstrating the great skills of his craft. My own musical ability was greatly enhanced by his "Play In A Day" booklet, the high points of which were, "If you are going to play an electric guitar it is advisable to have a chat with an electrician," and "I always play my solos standing up!"

Surely a man who writes with such a profound insight into "heavy metal" techniques cannot be a novice?
NANDA (HOT LICKS) NEUTRON, Fulham SW6.

THE NME *Book of Rock* makes really good roach material.
MFXZ27CKK (MICK), Marlow.
● **FOOL!** ***You smoke the whole book!***

THIS letter might be boring, but at least read it to the end. Thanks!
NICK of III/8, St Albans, Herts.
● **I agree with every word.**

HAVING found the new wave bands a wash-out, I long for the return once again of my hero, to hear anew that weeping, lilting, dazzling guitar, the inspired, improvisation of the old classic standards brought to a new electrifying, orgasmic, frenzy of sheer musicianship married to emotion and technique — the high, haunting vocals of this veritable colossus of rock.

His keyboard playing flows like manna from heaven, his guitar just drips with notes of pure emotion as he extracts the last ounce of feeling from it and projects himself both instrumentally and vocally into the almost unknown bounds of nerve grinding, hackle-raising *originality*.

Oh, come back *(illegible)*, the world of rock needs you now. Surely *now* the public and rock press will beg your forgiveness for past obscurity, and raise you to that star-studded pedestal where your music belongs, for all to hear.
JOHN D McKENNA, Bristol 6.

● **This letter was boring, but at least we read it to its end.**

WHY CAN'T you knock this whole childish our-wave's-better-than-your-wave feud on the head? NME is healthier than ever right now, and your more-than-just-music policy of argumenting interestingly unorthodox rock features with film and book reviews, one-off-beat pieces, excellent artwork, Thrills, sideswipe *et al* is to be highly commended.

But every week I eventually turn to page 50, and every week without fail there's a bunch of bozos with diarrhoetic ball-points lurking there, just itching to ruin my day.

SAY IT LOUD—I'M BAG 'N' I'M PROUD

Your letters researched by KUNTA KINTE VIII (You bet he's a relation)

Write to NME, c/o The Gambia, West Africa, 1790.

Is everyone so committed — or for committed read "blind" — that they can't accommodate more than one wave on their musical millpond? The Chieftains and The Damned, Sandy Denny and The Clash, Blue Oyster Cult and Little Feat, the 'Otrods and The '00 all nestle lovingly together in my record box — is that really so gauche? Yet week after week you print papier macho, verbal napalm from punks, rock'n'rollers, metalloids, hippies, boring old farts and boring new farts, with only one thing in common — an all-consuming frightened hatred of any kind of music that is not part of their wave — the same sort of frightened hatred that made the first day of Reading '76 so sad.

Panicky in the UK '77??

If these folks can't take the time out to listen and evaluate before they wildly condemn, then it's a crying bloody shame.
JESS, Near Lowestoft, Suffolk.
● **On the other hand, perhaps they're all *absolutely correct.***

TALKING OF Punk Rock, remember Emmylou Harris writes songs with only three chords in them.
GUITAR PLAYER, Nottingham.
● **I agree. Only a confirmed hippy would need that many chords.**

IT WAS refreshing to see someone taking an objective look at one of the new bands (Ian Cranna's Damned review) and coming down firmly on the side of good sense.

I appreciate and welcome the obvious enthusiasm that writers like Tony Parsons evince for the young bands but I think you do us all a disservice by placing practically all the coverage of their albums, interviews, etc, in his hands.

I simply can't have a great deal of confidence in his objectivity after reading his review of The Damned album — and then owning this most miserable artefact for a couple of weeks.

Simply, anyone who knows rock-'n'roll from a rat's ass knows The Damned album is a great big flying (illegible).
ROY WYRAL, Salford, Lancs.

DICTIONARY definition of "punk": n. Fungus, decayed wood used as tinder; idle empty talk, worthless object; worthless, bad, poor, stale, insipid.

Good, eh?
ILLEGIBLE, Lancs.

SO IT'S back to square one, with generation gap, anarchy, musical crudity, narrow minded lyrics, etc. all coming back for a re-run, lovingly tended by *New Musical Express.*

Please can we have progressive music back? Or rather, please can we have intelligent discussion of progressive music back?

And isn't it sad that after years of fighting for progressive music, NME and John Peel are the ones who are desperately trying to stamp it out.
JAMES (no fixed address).
● **The only thing we're trying to stamp out is John Peel. And people called "James".**

I CAN'T see what all the fuss is about. Put anything shiny in front of me and I'll buy it. Do you want a long boring list of all the records I've bought recently? — *D CLUCK, Dronesville.*

P.S. May I just take up another couple of lines to emphasise how boring I am? Ta.
● **LP Winner.**

IN ITS EFFORTS to beat Arista in purchasing the entire world, CBS now believed to be stalking both **The Beach Boys** and **Paul McCartney & Wings** who have only one more album apiece to deliver to their respective labels.

The grapevine suggests that Brothers Records and **James Guercio's** CBS-distributed Caribou label might amalgamate and be sold as a package to CBS in a million-dollar deal. Meanwhile, Macca is said to be considering an offer he can't refuse, believed to be considerably better than the phenomenal multi-million deal Capitol are said to have agreed to.

Yeah, but who's going to sign **John Lennon?** Or, for that matter, **Chuck Berry** who'll be up for grabs soon when his Chess contract expires? . . .

Please Can We Have Our Records Back: CBS (Columbia in the U.S.) is hotting up its battle against reviewers and DJs who "illegally" (to quote CBS) sell off their unwanted promo albums. In future, all CBS products will bear an announcement to the effect that the company is *lending* not *giving away* albums. Their stamp "For Promotion Only, Ownership Reserved By CBS, Sale Is Unlawful" might soon be adopted by other labels. CBS can re-claim our copy of "A Star Is Born" soundtrack anytime.

Graffiti on hoarding down London's Mile End Road: "The **Lone Groover** Strikes Again!"

Is it true **Joni Mitchell** and **Ryan O'Neal** are ascloseasthis?

Rikki KoKaine — slide guitarist with seldom-seen L.A. taco-punk band **Fist** — this week turned down large advances from three major labels. Said KoKaine: **"Fist** ain't

Pic: RICHARD CREAMER

Alice Cooper planning to take events into his own hands after the foul-up at his recent Australian tour — see "Down Under Dept".

interested in making records. We wanna make it on our live performances. We're gonna be the first band to headline a national tour and play Madison Square Garden without ever releasing a record" . . .

Speaking of **Muhammed Ali,** a new D.C. comic has "The Greatest" matched against Superman!! . . .

Steve Miller's next album "Book Of Dreams" . . .

Meanwhile, for those who still care, **Crosby, Stills & Nash** approving final mixes of upcoming reunion album . . .

Looks like **Siouxsie & The Banshees** might sign with Track

Talking of which, **Tiny Tim** now weighs in at 250lbs and is seriously thinking of changing his name to Tubby Tim . . .

NME's Leeds scribe **John Hamblett** was involved in a spot of fisticuffs at his local disco last week. The disco — The Pentagon, in the mill town of Mirfield just outside of Leeds — was booked by punkos **Simon Snakke & The Amputated Leg Band** for their debut gig, admission free. Unfortunately, said gig attracted the now all-too-familiar thug element, and, as soon as Mr Snakke and his cohorts (bassist **Charles Chaos,** guitarist **Paul Insanity** and drummer **Deadly Dave**) finished their set ("sublimely chaotic and wondrously untight", according to John H), these nasty hooligan types mounted an attack upon the stage. Our valiant JH leapt to the defence of Snakke's drumkit

TEAZERS

A WEEKLY FOUL PLAY

"I'm going to do something outrageous," said John Cale before Sunday's Croydon concert. "Be prepared to be deported," he told his American back-up band. "I'm fed up with crappy reviews," further explained Cale before pulling out a meat cleaver and decapitating a dead chicken on stage. "Big deal," said Hideous Bill Chicken, "I used to go down the slaughter house for kicks when I was a kid." You are what you eat, says Tzers . . . Pic: PETER KODICK.

— and found himself beret-less in the centre of an affray which climaxed with Snakke's roadie having two teeth removed by a flying glass. Mr Hamblett, after much cussing and shoving, chose discretion at the bouncers' suggestion and showed his multitudinous attackers the back of his heels as they scurried down the quaint cobbled streets at half twelve in t'morning. John Hamblett is a retired building site labourer . . .

In France, Arista have released a live-en-Paree version of **Patti Smith** doing "Time Is On My Side" as the flip to "Ask The Angels" . . .

New Decca signing, **Sex O'Clock** (yawn) . . .

Crown Court: U.S. Court Of Appeals has reduced by some 50,000 dollars the 145,300 bucks originally awarded to **John Lennon** for damages and loss of royalties from the unauthorised release of the "John Lennon — Roots Of Rock And Roll" TV album . . . In another court, Big Seven Music copped 6,795 dollars from Lennon, having alleged that Rockin' Johnny used "You Can't Catch Me" as the basis for "Come Together" . . . Still in New York, **Allen Klein** released on 50,000 dollars bail by U.S. District Court hearing a grand jury indictment alleging the sale of promo LPs and tax evasion . . . Over in L.A. the **James Gang** awarded damages in excess of a million and a half dollars stemming from lengthy litigation with the group's former label ABC . . .

Watch out for your record collection: Noo Yawk's most notorious oldies dealer, **Bleecker Bob,** current roaming the streets of London armed with a fist full o'dollars . . .

Sniffin' Glue's **Mark P** (The "P" stands for Perry) inaugurating Step Forward production company to be distributed through Polydor. **P** claims to have signed **Chelsea** and **The Cortinas** to launch his venture . . .

Upcoming Warners' **Everly Brothers** compilation includes one cut featuring **Don & Phil** crooning with **The Byrds.** Rumours persist that because of current interest in the dynamic duo's back-catalogue, pressures are being brought to persuade them to reform for an extensive world tour . . .

Down under dept: **Alice Cooper** placed under house arrest by Oz fuzz in Sydney after he'd come offstage to a 40,000 strong crowd. Cooper was confined to his hotel suite while legal problems concerning his scrapped Australian venture of two years back were resolved. The outcome was the Coop had to post a 59,632 dollar bond pending a court decision about just who was to blame for the '75 tour falling through . . .

Warner and His Brothers presented **The Eagles** with a London Survival Kit on their arrival here last week. Included were tequila, grenadine, oranges and orange squeezer (i.e. everything to make a tequila sunrise), plus a guide to Soho, a camera and film, a plastic mac, and a Jubilee mug. Suitably chuffed, Les Eaglos then asked their record company reps the way to the nearest tennis courts, and to London's top gambling casinos. Desperadoes? Bah . . .

No **Clash** free EP offer this issue, but we'll be giving you one final chance to score this collector's piece goodie via next week's edition . . .

When *Cosmopolitan* recently published a photo survey of "America's sexiest man", the only rock personality featured was **Bruce Springsteen.** But what about **Joey Ramone** asks *Tzers?* **Johnny Thunders? Mick Jagger? Max Bell? Demis Roussos** . . .

Correction to last week's **Penetration** and Portuguese football fans item. **The Adverts** are *not* a Warm label band — an error perpetrated *not* by Phil McNeill (13) but by the sub (109) who has now been fired. "We've nothing to do with Warm," quoth **Howard Advert.** "We manage ourselves, though we can be contracted via a chap called **Michael Dempsey** (385-1330). **Rui de Castro** does not manage us and never has." Hang on, we're not finished yet. The band called **London** mentioned in the piece do not come from Leeds, but from London . . . And we're still trying to figure out where the band called **Leeds** comes from . . .

We already reported the *Sunday Times* blooper of *last* week when they captioned a portrait of **Bruce Springsteen** by artist **David Oxtoby** as his likeness of "Jimi Hendrix" (see *Thrills* page 15). *The Observer* followed up in fine style this week by captioning Oxtoby's painting of **Eddie Cochran** as "Bruce Springsteen".

Stop Press: Result of the *Gay News* trial (see *Thrills)* was that one hundred copies of Richard Amory's novel *Frost* were ordered to be destroyed by stipendiary magistrate C. J. Bourke at Clerkenwell Magistrates Court, following the interception of the package of books by Customs last year. As mentioned in *Thrills,* it was already published here, thus rendering it *not* obscene. However its confiscation on import means that it *is* indecent! Work that one out . . .

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